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ART. I.—*Johann Henry* JUNG's, *genannt* STILLING, *sämmtliche Shriften, in* 13 *Bändern. Stuttgart.* SCHEIBLE. 1835—1837.

Vol. I. *Stilling's Leben.* (*English, by Jackson.*)

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XII. *Erzählungen.*

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By the favor of more than twenty years' peace, and with the assistance of an understanding which by its general soundness and vigor more than compensates for what it may want in profundity and comprehensiveness, we English have now arrived at a pretty satisfactory solution of the common problems of German literature. Many things are known now—and form indeed part of the common atmosphere in which cultivated minds breathe—that twenty years ago were either altogether unknown, or known only to those few "extravagant and loving spirits" that will at all times make a conscience of going for weal or woe into every region where no other person ever went before them. We know now almost universally that Immanuel Kant is not a mystic, and that Göthe is not a whimpering sentimentalist, as little as he is a god. But there remains behind these vulgar prolegomena a

wide unbounded region of German thought, descending deep into the abyss of metaphysical questioning, and rising high into those loftiest regions of religion where we are invited to drink of the waters of the river of life that flow from beneath the throne of the Everlasting. This region is as yet untrodden by the most of us; and so far as we can judge from the echoes of strange Babylonic voices, and the dark shadows of gigantic distortions that have thence wandered over to our coasts, there seems to be no sufficient reason why we should disturb the peace of our souls by launching forth into this new voyage of perilous discovery. So far as we, from our point of view, can perceive, German theology, or German metaphysics, (for they are at bottom the same,) is a waste howling wilderness of hopeless scepticism—an ἄθατος ἐρημια more wild and wintry than that in which Prometheus was rock-bound by the anger of Jove—a province of Cimmerian darkness, where there is only light enough to see long dismal rows of cold intellectual faces prying curiously into the dissected body of the dead Beautiful. Nor do we allow ourselves to be deceived by the number of wandering lights that ever and anon perform strange evolutions through that atmosphere of darkness. We see that these luminaries have no healthy permanency like the sun; and we know that the fields do not grow green beneath them. And if at any time some calm dignified shape (a Novalis perhaps), with the carriage of an angel, sails solemnly through the inextricable tumult of vain opinions, we are more confounded than consoled by such apparition; we have not been accustomed to deal with religious phantasmagoria; at all events a little floating poetry in the air will not compensate for the cold barren reality of the earth; the Englishman as yet sees nothing that can invite him to the serious study of German theology.

There can be no doubt that the Englishman in thus concluding, is acting in perfect conformity with that sound sense for which above all the races of men he is so remarkable. A genuine Englishman (we speak not of the few who delight in playing mountebank tricks) will not embark on a journey, merely for the pleasures of sailing in a balloon; he must know where he is going, and he must also know that the vehicle in which he travels will convey him thither in the most direct and expeditious manner. Now, what does German theology offer to us by way of useful helps and aids in the perplexed journey that we all travel to the grave, and to the undiscovered country beyond it? Has Immanuel Kant with his searching analysis and his comprehensive grasp—has Herder with his restless spirit of investigation, and his fiery heart that literally raged with humanity—has Schleiermacher with all his pure Platonism of sentiment—has Gesenius

with all his Hebrew—or Wegscheider with all his reason,—been able more clearly than we do to see through that rent in the coffin of mortality beyond which the star of the Christian's hope shines benignly? Not they. On the contrary, the tendency of all their doings seems to have been to undermine the foundations of Christianity, and to leave us (with the exception of some smooth pious phraseology) exactly where we were when Tacitus denounced the "*exitiabilis superstitio*" and the "*odium humani generis*" that distinguished the vulgar sect of the Nazarenes. The fact is undeniable. The Germans are not an irreligious nation—far from it; but they certainly have succeeded most effectually, so far as their own national belief is concerned, in evaporating all that is solid and substantial in Christianity, in taking away from beneath our feet all that is real and historical in the faith of centuries. If to the English theologian the life of Christ is sometimes little better than a mechanical series of miracles, here at least we have a frame-work into which a soul may be breathed; but to the German theologian there is no life of Christ at all; the whole is mythus, allegory, epos; the miracles, if they are not old wives' tales, are mere magnified and glorified pictures of nature's most common common-places; and to be a Christian is merely to live in the God-begotten idea of moral perfectionation, of which the name of the Messiah doubtless is the enduring type,—but the name of Plato as much so. The Titanic architecture of the Old Testament evaporates by a like process into smoke. As Wolf taught a new catechism to the scholars of his country, so that we now hear no longer of Homer's Iliad and Homer's Odyssey, but only of the Homeric ballads; so he also seems to have lent a watchword to the theologians, and we hear no more of the books of Moses, but merely of the Mosaic legend, the Mosaic mythus, the Mosaic epos; and that which was late a mystical volume, out of whose pages flowed fountains of living water, has now become an ancient scroll for the curious to read, a Hebrew parchment for the learned to comment on. The finger of God moves no longer visibly, writing bright hopes upon the walls of our prison-house; like Homer's ghosts (εἴδωλα ἀμαυρα) we wander melancholy, dark amid darkness; and we hear nothing but confounding voices of foolish opinions, and infantine babblings, of which, whether coming from ourselves or others, we had long since been sick even unto the death. The anchor of certainty has again been torn from the intellect of man; our brightest hopes, which Christianity made to shine like the stars in the firmament, are now a second time sent to float as loose bubbles on the ocean of bottomless speculation; we cannot even look devoutly for the second advent of Christ to convince us that there ever was a first; for

Immanuel Kant has made every man his own legislator, and the Categorical Imperative will not submit to be taught even by the Epiphany of a God.*

* In confirmation, or rather attestation, of these general views which we have ventured to express on the subject of the present state of Christianity in Germany, we beg to submit two interesting and very characteristic specimens of religious criticism from one of the first literary papers of the day—Menzel's *Literatur-Blatt*. We make the extract purposely from a *literary* paper, because the state of religion is always to be sought for more among the laity than the clergy, who have an official character to preserve, and represent more the opinions of a caste than the sentiments of a people. The first extract is in the shape of a criticism on *Bohlen's* exegetical work on Genesis, Königsberg, 1835. The second expresses some general views on the state of Protestantism in Germany, that fully justify any expressions, however strong, that we have been led to use on the subject:—

"We think the author has treated the historical contents of the book of Genesis somewhat too cavalierly. We are far, indeed, from wishing to conceal our ignorance behind what is called an orthodox exegesis. We give up the whole form of this book to the sharpest grammatical and historical criticism. It is to us a matter of the utmost indifference whether one author or two have composed it, or who that author was. But the Mosaic legend of the creation has an internal significancy which raises it far above all other mythological representations of the ancient world. It is at once more simple, and more profound than all the rest. The manner in which the mysterious separation of the sexes, and the origin of evil are explained, sufficiently attest this. We ought accordingly to place the superior excellence of the book of Genesis, not in the merely external circumstances of its age, of Moses' authorship, but in the weight of its contents, and the depth of its ideas. To estimate this properly, to penetrate, so to speak, the mystic kernel of the narration, is far more edifying for the purposes of philosophy and religious consolation, than occupying ourselves with the mere shell. It is the thing, not the author that concerns us. The eternally true and beautiful requires no documents to prove it; as little can it be quibbled away by sophisms and subtleties. It attests itself, and asks for no outward witness. A sublime idea remains the same, from whatever brain, and in whatever region, it had its birth."—*Literatur-Blatt, redigirt von Dr. Wolfgang Menzel*, 28 *Novbr.* 1836.

"Christianity with us seems to stand pretty much in the same position that Heathenism did in the days of Hadrian. As in those days foreign gods were greedily adopted from all parts of the world, and the immeasurable population of Rome ran in rivalry after the worship of Egyptian and Syrian idols, more for curiosity's sake than from real pious motive, amusing themselves also learnedly in the accommodation of these several systems to any philosophy that might happen to be fashionable for the day—so the German Christians are now hovering in uncertainty between every different Confession of Religion, without seriously adhering to any. The Catholics march in the van of modern enlightenment, and become as sober and rational as any Protestant; the Protestants begin to think they have gone too far, draw back from their original stout reliance on private judgment, and have commenced a public coquetry with Catholic ideas, and Catholic forms. (The Oxford tracts among ourselves!) The difference between Lutheran and Reformed is no more heard of. A whole herd of North-German poets and philosophers, born Protestants, have made a pilgrimage to the Catholic world, and thence, metamorphosed into the most violent ultramontanes, they have sent forth a new Crusade against the ancient brethren. Among the Catholics again, we have a whole party, the Anti-Celibatists, between whom and the Protestants there exists really no essential difference. Then we have the fashionable philosophies succeeding one another, or co-existing, and these philosophies possess a wonderful flexibility by which they can be adopted to any of the existing religious creeds, as easily as they can be made the instrument of creating a peculiar religion, each for itself. In the midst of all this confusion, the majority of the people find it most comfortable to remain in indifference, and, where one thing seems as good as another, generally remain in the religion of their fathers."—*Literatur-Blatt*, 7 *Novbr.* 1836.

Why therefore, it will be asked, do we tempt God, by opening up this shoreless sea of doubt, and throwing the helmless barks of human souls abroad upon its waves? Are we envious of the fate of Pliny and desirous to throw away the precious gift of existence, for the idle curiosity of contemplating with nearer gaze this smoke and fire of a burning mountain? If this analogy were perfectly appropriate in all points, the course of every wise man would be clear—to keep out of harm's way. But if God has thrown the dark valley of the shadow of death in the direct road between us and Heaven, it is not for us to turn aside from that perilous passage, because the light on the road which we have hitherto travelled has been uniformly pleasant and comfortable to the eye; and most certain it is that doubt and perplexity are the portals of Faith, as sorrow and anguish of soul and honest self-reproach are the beginnings of Sanctification. True it is that human nature in its present frail estate can scarcely afford to lose the glorious hope of immortality for any thing that Kant, or Hegel, or Göthe, have to offer in its stead; but still less can human nature afford to lose truth, and the love of truth, and the search of truth, and the constraining power of reality. What avails it to me that I hold the sceptre of the world in my hand, if all the while I am haunted with the suspicion that it is the mere bauble of a child? And thus in religious matters especially it is of the utmost importance that what a man believes he believe with his whole soul; for certainly not so much upon the quantity as upon the quality of his faith does his salvation depend. If a man, therefore, has any doubts upon religious subjects, and German theology comes in his way, it is in vain for him to say to his difficulties:—Get ye gone for this time; when I have a more convenient season I will call for you. If the faith in which the religious man seeks to live is to be any thing better than a floating cloud, he must examine and question; and no one ever examined and questioned to any purpose who had not first learned to doubt. If our religion is to be anything better than a mere garment, a mere piece of heraldic blazonry—it is of essential importance that we should know exactly where we are. If there be any suspicion about the matter, let us make minute inquiry whether it be mid-day or midnight, or merely the "morning-rednesse" of a day that shall be. And if the Devil be abroad any where, let us by all means see him; for the prince of the power of the air works ever most dangerously in the dark.

But the fact of the matter is, that there is, after all, not near so much of the devil in German theology as people are apt to imagine;—a proposition which might sound strange after what

we have said above, did we not know very well that in this world, so full of multitudinous and inextricable folds, the best things are often strangely mingled up with the worst. The French Revolution was at once the most energetic assertion of the moral liberty of man, and the most humiliating manifestation of the use he makes of that liberty. The history of Christianity in Germany presents a spiritual revolution of similar character, and similar aspects; and as we have shown the one side of the picture sufficiently black, it is but fair that we should look for a moment upon the other. Let us, therefore, inquire a little more particularly what this phenomenon called German Neology, or rather more at large German Protestantism, really is—whence, and how it arose—what the manner of its working—what have been, so far as yet discernible, its effects—and what are likely to be its future results. And, in the first place, they appear to us to err egregiously, who look upon German Rationalism as something peculiarly German, something of which the origin and causes are to be sought for within the narrow limits of the Augsburg Confession, or the Heidelburg Catechism. It is not a German, but a European, fever, that here disturbs the calm flow of the vital humours; nay more, that which we denounce and anathematize as the most insidious foe of our common Protestantism, is neither more nor less (as has been often remarked) than that same Protestantism run to seed. We do not mean by this to defend the maxim, that religion, like chemistry, or any of the experimental sciences, is a thing that must grow and expand with the times, and with the development of the human mind, (though certainly religion will always be one thing to an enlightened, and another thing to a darkened intellect): we do not mean to say that the Reformation, in the mind of Martin Luther, was merely the commencement of a series of changes destined to progress onwards to that happy period when the Bible shall be stripped of everything that now distinguishes it from the Enchiridion of Epictetus, or Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments. But we do say that the principle of individual judgment, apart altogether from the tradition of the Church, arrested by the early reformers, though not applied to that effect by them, has nevertheless, if rigorously carried out, the necessary tendency to produce, when external circumstances are favourable, exactly such a state of things in the Christian Church as was exhibited in Germany in the latter half of the last century. The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, is the Shibboleth of all Protestants; yet what Protestant teacher ever puts the Bible into the one hand of his scholar, without at the same time putting the Church Cate-

chism into the other? A book of statutes only serves to confound the ignorant, unless he receives certain rules and principles of interpretation along with them; how much more are such rules and principles necessary in the Bible, which is not an orderly fabric of systematic theology, nor a formal decalogue of human belief, but a miscellaneous collection of histories, explicable only as they form a part of the great ethico-religious institution, the Church of Christ? But the rule of private judgment is evidently no such principle; being indeed only another name for every man's individual whim, and fancy, and presumption. Instead of one Universal Church, the Reformation, misunderstood, made every man a Church to himself; and in what a Babylonish hubbub and confusion, and annihilation of all religious reality, this has ended in Germany, we all know. In the primitive ages of Christianity, when some wise respect was paid to tradition, it was a comparatively easy matter to settle theological controversies. "Τὰ τοιαῦτα γὰρ οὐ παρελαβομεν,"* We know no such tradition, was the plain concurrent testimony of every father in God to his inquiring flock; and this answer was considered sufficient, or at least allowed to weigh nine-tenths in the balance, and justly so. For the Catholic Christian tradition was then an atmosphere which all breathed; and heresies were smoke, and cloud, and meteors that every one could perceive and distinguish. But now the silver chain is broken: every man stands on his own legs as well as he can stand, and no man knows a spiritual atmosphere to live in, wider than the atmosphere of his own brain. There is no bosom of a Universal Church in which all Christians delight to repose. We believe in no tradition: we study theology and systems of theology, and set these battling against each other, like a Roman mob, estimating the quality of our intellectual enjoyment by the number of gladiators that we see bleeding. This is one of the consequences of the Reformation; and it requires not that a man should be a Papist, but merely that he should keep his eyes open, and love truth, and speak it out plainly, in order to see that it is so. The Anglican Church, indeed, has always consistently maintained the sanctity of ecclesiastical tradition, and the absurdity of every man's building up, or attempting to build up, a creed for himself, begotten between his own brain and the naked Bible, apart altogether from the atmosphere of a common tradition, in which primitive Christianity lies embosomed. With these views we shall certainly see much ground for the exercise

* Letter of Serapion to the Church at Antioch.—*Eusebius.*

of Christian charity in judging of German Rationalism. In that phenomenon, however much noise it may have made, there is in reality nothing that can surprise a reflecting mind. The principle of freedom of investigation, and independent inquiry common to all Protestantism, found in Germany more profoundness of philosophical investigation, more rich abundance of academic erudition to work upon; and the natural and necessary consequence of the fermentation thereby occasioned was German Rationalism. Mr. Rose has taken a very narrow view of the case indeed, when he ascribes that great revolution of religious opinion principally, or in a great measure, to the vagueness and looseness of the symbolical books of the Lutheran Church. The Westminster Confession is tight enough certainly; but that did not hinder many "new lights" from wandering into Scotland, about the middle of the last century; nor did the great "Mystery of Moderation"* less triumphantly lift up its head out of the very deepest bosom of Calvinistic orthodoxy. Human reason, when the fit of free inquiry is on it, is in truth like a wild beast; the smaller the cage in which you confine it the more fiercely will it rage. To allow a certain latitude of speculation within the bosom of a Church is the sure way to prevent the public prominence and noxious working of any secret heresy that ever and anon may, and from the constitution of human nature *must*, arise out of the depths of human thought. No one willingly brings upon himself the daily disagreeable "*monstrari digito*" of heresy; and it is of the very nature of a true Catholic Church to allow every possible scope to the free activity of the individual that is consistent with the existence of the community as an organic whole. This is a truth deeply founded in the very nature of all human associations; and yet it is impossible to say how much harm may have been done by its notorious neglect in public councils and assemblies. Not how much they might embrace,

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* "Ecclesiastical Characteristics, or the Arcana of Church Policy, being an humble attempt to open the *Mystery of Moderation*, wherein is shewn a plain and easy way of attaining to the character of a Moderate Man, as at present in practice in the Church of Scotland." *Mottershoon's Works*, vol. vi. edit. 1805. One of the finest pieces of Christian satire that ever was written. It were an interesting problem to inquire how far the Moderation of the Church of Scotland, whose palmy days are now gone, was not a sort of concealed Rationalism, only prevented from breaking out into full manifestation by the natural conservatism of the British character, and the salutary terror of the French Revolution. Certain it is, that the peculiar doctrines of Christianity were then as slanderously kept in the back ground, as they are now most irreverently brought forward on every vulgar occasion, and converted into a squeaking pig for every fool to ride on. But this subject were well deserving of a separate and a sifting inquiry.

but how much they must exclude, seems to have been the question with those who drew up the creeds of our zealots; and while with a most marvellous inconsistency each proclaimed itself aloud as the only true Church of Christ, (assuming thus to itself the Popish quality of infallibility,) they were all sufficiently consistent in this, that they excluded from salvation those not within the pale of their self-constituted infallibility, and denounced all others, without ceremony, as "enemies to the Christian religion."* And thus it may have happened too that councils assembled together ostensibly for the purpose of suppressing heresy, have, for want of a proper spirit of moderation and humility, been its strongest unintentional support, and the means of establishing and perpetuating it. The first ecclesiastical council that with rash dogmatism presumed to fix down the generality of the Catholic Christian tradition to a system of dogmas left by Sacred Writ in wise indefiniteness, was, if not the author of the first heresy, at least the first to put heresy into stereotype. Babbling voices of fools have oftentimes spoken foolish opinions to the wind, and with the wind they have also been carried away: but an œcumenic council has power to give an abiding habitation to a floating cloud, and confer immortality upon a whim.

That the Lutheran Church, in particular, has suffered more from this ancient itch of theologians to put their creeds into immoveable stereotype, than from any looseness of faith, such as that of which Mr. Rose complains, has been already so fully elucidated by Mr. Pusey in his excellent work on German theology, that it would be idle for us to do any thing else than allude to it here. The assertion of intellectual independence by the first Reformers was, in all the Protestant countries of Europe, followed by an age of polemics and formal dogmatism, and a cleaving to the letter of the Church creed;—an age of true Protestant Popery, that in no country attained to such perfect development as in Germany. What shall we think of the Christianity of a time (the latter part of the 16th and the whole of the

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* "Papists, Anabaptists, Arians, and other such *enemies to the Christian religion.*" —*First Book of Discipline of the Church of Scotland*, c. iv. § 3. "Against the holy communion war two raging armies of the incarnate devil; on the one side the ungodly Papists, on the other, the over curious and conceited Calvinists. The wretched heathen Ovid is a better theologian than our Calvinists." (Exordium of a Lutheran sermon, quoted by Dr. Pusey on German Rationalism. Part i. p. 45.) Compare with these modern styles of pious denunciation the ancient phrases of the orthodox Byzantine emperors: "Καὶ εὑρόντες τίνας τῇ νύσῳ καὶ μανίᾳ, κρατουμένους των ἀσεβων Νεστυριου καὶ Ευτυχους των ἐχθρων του Θεου καὶ της ἁγιας καθολικης καὶ ἀποστολικης ἐκκλησιας."—*Basilicon*, lib. i. mas. vi.

17th century), when one theologian was imprisoned for maintaining that man is not entirely passive in the work of redemption, another banished for maintaining that Christ died for all men, and a third deprived of the just rites of Christian burial for addressing the Almighty in prayer *Unser Vater*, &c. instead of *Vater unser?* That these things, however, took place in Germany during the high and palmy days of Lutheran orthodoxy, is matter of undeniable historical fact; and truly it is extremely difficult to say whether the tyranny of this formal dogmatism, or the anarchy of the subsequent formless resolution of all dogmas and of all facts, be more inconsistent with the spirit of true Christian liberty.

If, to the action of these two great causes, the principle of dissolution inherent in Protestantism consistently carried out, and the reaction on the barren formalism that encrusted itself on the Lutheran Church very soon after the death of its great founder, we add also the influence of the godless French literature, and the deep movement of European intellect that every where preceded the breaking out of the French revolution, we shall be at no loss to see what the real causes and organizing principles of German rationalism were: and what its real character and worth in the intellectual development of Europe are, or may prove to be, is a matter concerning which it is by no means so easy to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. To perceive that the troubled fermentation of German religious thought, is a very different thing from the square crystal of English orthodoxy requires no very peculiar gift of insight; to bawl aloud and anathematize a whole people, because we find it somewhat difficult to lay hold of their magnificent volumes of thought, and mould them into a British brick, is also no trick of a great prophet; but to cast a sympathetic glance into the secret organism of a new world in the process of creation, and to taste, as it were, in spirit the clear and sweet wine that is gradually working itself out of the yeasty troubles of the past, is a very different affair, and not certainly every man's business who, in this paper age, can write a book that shall be read. But there are some truths with regard to this matter that are more evident, and will be recognized at once by the liberal mind as belonging to that favourable aspect in which the true philosopher desires habitually to look upon all things. In the first place, if we have any faith in truth at all, we may easily see that in the long run it can only be the gainer by deep and searching investigation into its first principles. We may here be allowed to use the words of a man who fought an unwearied champion for Church orthodoxy in the very heat of the great

battle of neologic scepticism—Henry Stilling. "Whether such a state of things," says he, "can consist with the kingdom of Truth, is a question which the great Apostle of Truth answers in the affirmative, when he says,—'There must needs be division among you, that the truth may be made manifest.' When every one is at liberty to think as he pleases, millions of doctrines appear which every one may test; hence a *general ferment arises which gives the spirit more light and purity.*"* This is spoken like a calm rational man, and not in that mad spirit of sweeping condemnation, in which Stilling himself too often, and our British theologians generally, delight to discourse of German neology. We fix our eyes upon the stable statutory rule of orthodoxy, and plume ourselves before God upon our Sabbath Bills, and our decent and respectable Church-goings, and our abstaining from theatres and operas, as also from cricket-playing and dancing (though not from gin-drinking and riotous living), on Sabbath afternoons; and we look down with pious complacency upon that poor German publican, who is groaning in spirit through much tribulation of metaphysics, and biblical criticism, saying, Surely in the sight of God I am holier than thou. But did it never occur to us that a regular observance of the outward forms of religion is one thing, and a deep yearning of the soul after its high and ennobling truths is another? Did it never occur to us to ask, whether, though there is less of the former, there may not perhaps be more of the latter in Germany than among ourselves? Do we imagine that the vital energy of the chafing soul within is always in direct ratio to the distinctness of the contour, and the solidity of the material that is observable in the outward body? Or does not the soul rather oftentimes withdraw itself into inertness, in proportion as the body shapes itself into a stony architecture that stands against the storms of time unmoved? These are questions which are well deserving that every British Christian should ask themselves, and answer them seriously. Our excellent establishments keep the outward form and architecture of Christianity steady; but in themselves and in their own proper character as establishments, they have no necessary or direct tendency to preserve the vital spirit of devotion, or diffuse the Catholic atmosphere of Christian love. All church-establishments are not equally favourable to the free development of natural and healthy views on points of doctrine, and matters of theological disputation.

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* From Jackson's translation of the Life of John Christian Stahlschmidt, a German Missionary. London, 1837.

Over these things the mitre and the crosier have no control, any more than a provost's wig, or a magistrate's mace; out of the depths of the human soul the question comes, and out of these depths God sends forth the answer. A Church may ordain, and Churches have always been in the laudable practice of ordaining, a form of sound words; but so far as an act of parliament ordains this, it is a *form* only. A church-establishment has power to make a mummy of a dead body, filling it with sweet spices, having some resemblance to the odour of life, swathing it round with fine linen, and marking it with curious cabalistic phrase in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but to put the regenerated soul of true piety into that which hath a name to live while it is dead, this is beyond the power of any church: a vital emotion can proceed only from a principle of vitality; the free glance of a heavenward looking intellect can alone create that which is worthy the name of theology; the free uprising of a God-moved heart can alone create that which is worthy the name of religion.

We desire that these remarks may be taken in no respect as hostile to the general principle of religious establishments, but merely as an answer to those blind and bigotted people, living in the letter only (if it be a life) and not in spirit, who imagine that because the churches are not so fully attended in Germany as in Britain, and because the Augsburg Confession is not of such omnipotent authority there, as the Thirty-nine Articles are here, that therefore the spirit of true piety and the life of religion in the soul is dead and defunct in that part of Christendom. Never was a more false and one-sided proposition expressed; never did the most vulgar and narrow-minded Englishman even, smooth himself over with a more deceitful oil of self-complacency. We state it as a notorious fact of which no student of German literature can be ignorant, that there is infinitely more of a deep, earnest, searching spirit of true piety in that literature than in our own; that though it may sometimes be difficult to state in so many words wherein the exact creed of each pious German man consists, still his piety is there, feeling and felt, colouring, interpenetrating, informing all things; you cannot touch it, but you feel sensibly that there is a soul present, that you are not far from the influence of God and good things: whereas our literary men and our great writers do too generally keep studiously aloof from all mention of religion. We desire also to mention another thing as an undisputed fact, of which no person even superficially acquainted with German philosophy and theology can be ignorant, viz.:— that in *the same proportion that the outward and historical evidence of Christianity has been discredited in Germany, its inward*

divinity and sanctifying influences has been recognized. This is a great achievement; and it is fit that it should be publicly mentioned, and that the Germans should be publicly thanked for what they have done in this most fruitful vineyard of spiritual activity. Kant's celebrated book, "Religion within the Bounds of Pure Religion," was at once the most subtle and curious undermining of the Christian religion as an historical faith; and, at the same time, the most sublime and glorious apotheosis of the same religion as a means of moral purification, that the world ever saw, or—as we may say with confidence—ever will see again. Here there was no mincing of the matter as in our elegant, smooth, kid-gloved moralities of the old French school. "Verily, I say unto you, except ye be born again, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven!" This great truth, which only the shallow and superficial understand not, the philosopher of Königsberg preached with sacred solemnity to the German people as it was preached to Nicodemus. And since his time Lord Shaftsbury has never been able to obtain a decent hearing in Germany; for all rational people in that quarter of the world are now convinced, that whatever may be the state of the case as to the historical basis on which the Christian religion rests, that religion, so far as it goes to regenerate human nature, and sanctify the human soul, is indeed a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation; and as for the miracles, they have at least not been performed, or alleged to have been performed, in support of an unworthy cause; for even if the miracles be denied altogether as historical facts, there is no necessity for denying a secret extraordinary working of God in favour of the author of Christianity, and the exertions of his messengers; in which view the growth and spread of the Christian religion may almost appear more miraculous without the miracles than with them.

Besides this most universal appreciation of the internal worth and dignity of Christianity, the Neologic ferments have also led to another result, if not in itself a positive gain in the matter of religious truth, at least a necessary preliminary to the admission and profitable reception of all truth,—we mean a spirit of love, and mutual forbearance, and an enlarged tolerance; founded, not (as religious tolerance too often is) upon absolute indifference to all creeds, or positive hatred to all genuine piety, but the faithful exercise and training of an inward sense to love truth wherever it is found, because it is divine, and to sympathise with error because it is human. No one can hold converse with such men as Tholuck and Neander, without being made pleasingly sensible that these men are not Lutherans merely, but Christians, not

Christians merely, but also men; whereas among ourselves it is but too common that Christian theologians, instead of having their sympathies expanded by riper knowledge, systematically contract them; they allow their humanity to be swallowed up by their *Christianity* (as if these two things were inconsistent); their Christianity dwindles down to sectarianism; and then the ossification of the inner man takes place, so that you cannot with the utmost diligence discover a single trait in the character that distinguishes this Christian from the Pharisee. No greater monster walks the earth than that which is begotten between the selfishness of religious bigotry and the selfishness of political partisanship; and the Germans, with all the anarchy and the confusion of their neologic speculations, are happily freed from the presence of this curse. The prayer of Melanchthon has at length been granted—"*ex contentario theologo libera nos, Domine!*" The Germans contend, indeed, and labour earnestly, but they contend with honest doubt, not with presumptuous dogmatism; the Church orthodoxy of the old Calors and Quenstaedts (whom Mr. Rose lauds so much) was a thing of a very different complexion from the Catholic Christianity of Tholuck and Neander; the *odium theologicum*, that old serpent in his most deceitful avatar, has been partially if not wholly subdued in one province of Christendom. We let Hengstenberg pass, for he is but one; but with us the name of bigotry is Legion. We certainly had some right to expect that here too in enlightened Britain, the nineteenth century should have seen the sacred hatred of theologians laid low in the dust. It might now be the season, we imagine, for thoughtful men to look into the creeds of their neighbours, not for the sake of cursing that which is bad in them, but of blessing that which is good. We remain far however, it is to be feared very far, from this devout consummation. The political devil has in this country associated himself with the ecclesiastical one; and when purse and piety draw together, the latter is always invincible. Can we conceal from ourselves the lamentable fact? How many of us are employed daily in the ignoble occupation of literally throwing dirt, one Christian man upon his brother, because he differs in opinion from us, or because he cannot be brought to believe that it is contrary to Holy Scripture that the Bishops should have a seat in the House of Lords? It is a matter of daily occurrence with us for respectable people to have their names bandied about in the public prints as blasphemers and infidels for matters of less importance than even these. If so, are we to wonder that intelligent foreigners should often be at a loss to find in what vital

function that much-vaunted British religiosity is manifested? If so, may there not be reason to fear that in respect of the true living spirit of Christianity, we, with all our Church-orthodoxy, still remain in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity? and is it becoming in us, among whom such things wax rank, and show themselves unblushing to the broad eye of day, to institute a crusade of hard names and anathematizings against the honest, inquiring, truth-loving Germans, who, if they do quarrel among themselves, at least quarrel like men, and not like dogs? But, in truth, we sit here in a corner of Europe, from which we have, by the blessing of Providence, long been permitted to command the material world, and vainly imagine that from the same position we can command the spiritual world also; but the light that illumines that world comes from another quarter, and many of its latest and most refreshing rays have not yet reached the Ultima Thule, where we are dwelling in dark caves, and worshipping dumb idols. This is a hard thing to say, and a yet more hard thing to believe; but it can do no harm to make it a matter of self-examination to see if it is so. In regard to German theology, at least, we must give up our habit of railing, and take to a sober, serious, and profitable study of it, not fighting with barren strokes in the cold region of negation, but stretching forth our arms every where to receive, to embrace, and to hold fast that which is positively good. No one indeed is called upon to enter at all upon this region of many strange voices. Without a cool clear head, and an open sympathizing heart, it is indeed much better for the British Christian to read his Bible quietly at home, and do as many good deeds as he can, before the roll of his short earthly existence be closed. But if a man will go as a spy into the land of the Canaanites, Canaanites though they be, he must bring back a true report both of the land and of them that dwell therein. He must not only tell us that there are mighty men there, sons of Anak, but he must also tell us that it is a land flowing with milk and honey. If a man will speak upon the subject of German theology, he must speak in such a fashion that men may clearly perceive that he is in honest, reverent earnest bound by a solemn oath to do justice to his theme; not conceiving the theme to exist for the sake of exalting his folly, but himself, for the sake of exalting the wisdom of the theme. Now with one solitary, and that nascent rather than full-grown exception (we mean Mr. Pusey), there has as yet been no attempt made amongst us rationally, quietly, philosophically, and with a deep, reverent, all-embracing spirit of love, to develope the Fate of Christian faith and feeling and life in Germany. It

will not do to marshal forth a long array of neologic heresies, piercing with a thousand wounds (Falstaff-like) the body of a warrior who is already dead, or only half alive. This style of criticism, which raises up the mummies of dead Titans, that the learned gentleman may display his wonderful prowess in cutting off all their heads at one blow, is a poor affair—very, very *negative*, as Göthe would have phrased it. All criticism that does not go forth from a creative re-conception and re-organization of the thing criticized (to which a principle of sympathetic vitality in the critic belongs), is worse than nothing and vainly. It is an ill-natured or at least an idle bird, picking at berries which it cannot eat. But where is the man to be found within the wooden walls of these three kingdoms who shall gird his loins worthily to the task of writing such a critical history of the Christian religion in Germany? A work like this would exhaust every possible cycle, and exhibit every possible phasis of religious insight of which the human intellect may reasonably be supposed capable. The diversity of religious opinions in that country is greater than any thing that has ever been exhibited in the history of mankind; the different shades and variances of religious character are altogether numberless. What a fine exercise here to dispose all this into harmony for a soul vast enough to embrace its whole extent, and wise enough to separate with careful hand the accessary every where from the essential, the ephemeral from the eternal! But where is the man, we ask again, equal to the task? Shall a Churchman do the work? His eye is not in the centre, and it is to be feared he will look at the whole matter through Episcopalian or Presbyterian spectacles, and these will not only lend a false colouring, but marvellously distort the shapes of things. Shall a philosopher do the work? There are very few men who deserve the name in this island; and the chance is that he wants warm religious sympathy, and that his philosophy is too mechanical for the theme. Shall a man of science do it? He is too dry, too square, too material. Shall, in fine, the literary man do it? Here there might be some hope; but he is for the most part too sparkling, and too superficial, to be a fit questioner of the oracle of Trophonius; besides, his publisher tells him that nothing but an amusing novel in three volumes will sell. And yet we think that there is one literary man in this country who could do this, and might do it well, if he would discard some extravagances.—We mean Carlyle, for Coleridge is dead.

The views which we have thus tentatively, as it were, thrown out on the subject of German Christianity, have been suggested by the republication of Stilling's works in the uniform edition

whose title we have prefixed. The career of this singular individual offers to the European reader something of a psychological, much of a religious, very little of a literary interest. What Stilling wrote did indeed, amid the barrenness of the last century, succeed in vindicating for itself no disreputable position in the elegant literature of the day. But much that the Germans admired in those days of their first awakening from a long lethargy, they have now discovered to be very childish and very weak, the mere froth and drivel of a fermenting imagination, indicative of motion and incipient life, but without stable organization, without the ripeness of health;—to a sound English taste altogether unpalatable. Stilling, however, at no time, even when his literary reputation stood highest in Germany, aspired to walk forth before the public in the harlequin glitter of a great wit and a clever writer. His wine was *Muttergottesmilch* and *Lachrymæ Christi*, not champagne. To speak the truth, God never gave this pious tailor any of those talents that are necessary to produce the intellectual coruscations that delight us in the epiphany of eminent literary characters. But He gave him something equally good, perhaps better; a deep under-current of pure Christian emotion, flowing perennially through the holy caves of most reverent thought. Perhaps, indeed, the French have perverted our notions with regard to the true nature of genius; for with them a "bel esprit" has always been a man of quick wit and lively fancy. With this national notion in his head, the Abbé doubtless asked the celebrated question, "*Est agréé un Allemagne peut avoir d'esprit?*" and notwithstanding all that has been advanced to the contrary, we think he was entitled to receive the answer he expected. The Germans have no claim to *esprit*, as the French understand it; (neither had the Greeks, for what we call a man of genius, they, by a much more sensible phrase, called ἀνὴρ εὐφυής, a man of a sound healthy nature); but the Germans have a national claim to a talent, not perhaps so entertaining, but more loveable than *esprit*,—we mean *Gemüth*, the poetry of quiet pure emotion. When this capacity is developed in a state of high and energetic potency, we see no reason why it should not be entitled, as much as the fervid brilliancy of wit, to the designation of genius; and if so, then Stilling is certainly a moral and a religious genius of a high order; for in no man, perhaps, was Christian emotion ever developed in a state more pure, more delicate, and more sensitive. In the simple and natural outpouring of this emotion consists his great and original merit as a writer. Pious edification, not literary amusement, was his aim. He had no time, no inclination, to wander into the land of romance, seeking combats with imagi-

nary monsters. The one, living, many-headed hydra of neology seemed too strong for the continued exertions of a man whom nature had never moulded for a Hercules.

The position of Stilling, in reference to neology, was very simple. He believed with his heart what Baludt and Lemler denied, or attempted to deny, with their head. Hamann and Herder and Richter, Jacobi the Faith-philosopher, and many other profound thinkers and noble-minded men, took up the same position: yea, even the Professor of the Categories, after pulling down the ancient Egyptian architecture of ontology, and cosmology, and theology, reserved to himself the right to charm up a shape of divinity from the deep ethic substratum of the soul. But these men worked consciously and systematically. Stilling, while he seemed to be busy with an architecture of the understanding, was, from the beginning to the end of his long religious career, moved only by a deep inward emotional necessity; happy, indeed, on all occasions, to find a reconciliation with the argumentative intellect, but living and growing by the law only of its own organization. To him religion, pure Christian emotion, was the atmosphere of his spiritual existence. To him Christian piety was an inward experienced fact, more certain than any matter of outward occurrence that was ever settled by the evidence of the most unexceptionable witnesses. To him the Christian revelation was a sun, to which, by an instinct like that of the sun-flower, his spirit unfailingly turned. He fulfilled the celebrated condition of Hume, being conscious in his own person of an eternal miracle. To such a man the most magniloquent wisdom of the neologists was but the noisy prate of ignorant and presumptuous boys.

What Stilling opposed to the doctrines of the theologists, we shall see anon more particularly. In the first place, however, it may be interesting to hear from his own mouth a description of his adversaries, overcharged of course in some points, as these things will always be, but true in the general character, and drawn from the life. The following passage is a description of his early theological studies by the principal interlocutor in one of Stilling's Christian Dialogues of the Dead.*

"I am the son of a preacher in Germany. My father was a good orthodox man, who believed all that was in the Bible and in the symbolical books, and wished me to believe the same. I followed his wish faithfully, did everything that he asked me to do, and believed everything without any rational ground of conviction. This unanimity of

* Scenen aus dem Geister-Reiche. Werke, ii. p. 55.

sentiment, however, lasted only till I came to the University; for I also was destined for the church, and my mother was looking anxiously for the day when she should see me, a learned theologian and a pious Christian, preach my first sermon from my father's pulpit. To the University therefore I went; and with the full expectation of learning a *science*, and returning armed with such a panoply of unanswerable evidences of Christianity as would stop the mouth of every gainsayer. I hoped no longer to be a child, but a strong man in the faith. Vain hope! The doctors who publicly expounded the divine law, seemed secretly to be giving themselves every possible trouble to excite in my mind suspicions against the Bible. The Old Testament consisted of mere popular legends of the Jews, silly fables, and uncertain traditions: Moses was a wise man certainly, and a great lawgiver, but also a great cheat,—at least, to a simple man it seemed almost impossible to reconcile his doings with common honesty. And as to the Supreme Being, *directly*, at all events, God had nothing to do with the matter. All this they taught, not indeed *totidem verbis*, but by such clear implication, that a man must have been *stultissimo stultior* not to perceive how the wind was blowing. The prophetic books were called Hebrew poems, in which some *past* events were prophesied, in an elevated style, as *future;* and not a few things, at first but dimly imagined in the mind of the bard, afterwards either actually happened by accident, or admitted of a convenient application to what did happen. Christ was always mentioned with the greatest reverence; but when one put himself to extract the true sense of all their big hyperboles and vague eulogies, it appeared plainly that the Saviour of mankind was in their eyes nothing better than a virtuous, pious and wise man, who sealed his life and his doctrine by the death of a martyr.* That they called many things in the Bible not *fable*, but *allegory*, was a piece of well-considered policy, and nothing more. After all this evaporation nothing solid remained of Christianity but the morality, and this indeed seemed to be the aim and essence of all theological learning, everything else being a matter of absolute indifference. 'Do what the moral law commands, and then believe any thing you please,—or, if you please, nothing at all!' This is the sum of the theology that the learned professors taught me; and indeed it is quite plain, that as soon as the Bible becomes a common old chronicle, one believes either nothing at all, or only so much as reason can comprehend. We have, it is true, a clear anticipation of a God, but he remains a stranger to us: we are utterly ignorant of his relation to man. We anticipate immortality, but what that immortality shall be, we have not the most remote conception. We feel ourselves free; but when we examine this freedom minutely, we appear to be bound to an iron necessity, and yet are bound to do what we cannot do. Such was my curriculum of the logical study! I had conscience enough not to

* "And yet Christ represents himself without equivocation as the only begotten Son of God, who was with the father before all worlds. Could a virtuous, pious and wise man have said this, knowing that it was false?"—*Note by Stilling.*

enter the church. I devoted myself to literature and philosophy; read Helvetius, Hume, and Shakspeare twenty times through; the Greeks and the Romans were a world in which I lived. I expounded morality, but how I practised it, disease and rottenness soon proclaimed. I spoke from the professional chair of the true, the good, and the beautiful; but took no cognizance of the existence of such a thing as religion. I lived to see the great triumph of humanity in the universal diffusion of *liberty* and *equality*. And now I find myself suddenly in this other world, convinced by the uncontradictory evidence of reality, that whatsoever I had deemed false is true, and all that I deemed true is a lie!" . . . .

In another passage the new opinions are described more particularly in reference to their historical genesis from France. We say *historical*, for we have already seen, that the inward germ of neology lay much deeper. France was merely the outward occasion.

"King Louis XIV. of France, after him the Duke of Orleans, and then Louis XV. had, during the course of a hundred years, led the French nation into a state of unexampled luxury; a people sunk in licentiousness, and weakened by all the arts of over-refinement, receives the unholy wit of a Voltaire as philosophy, and the sophisticated dreams of a Rousseau as religion; by this means a national character arises, possessed of every charm by which the sensual outward man is attracted, garnished too with all the formal equipments of a system, and glittering in an intellectual polish that commands the attention even of thinking men, and wins the approbation of all cultivated minds.

"Hence came it that our German nobility, high and low, considered France as the exclusive school of refinement, cultivation, and good manners. The strong language of the Germans was laid aside, and French became the language of the higher classes. French adventurers, French *friseurs*, and French nondescripts of all kinds became the chosen instructors of our royal and princely youth, and not seldom French milliners officiated as the *gouvernantes* of our princesses, countesses, and fashionable young ladies. The national character of the Germans, and with it religion, were thrown into the lumber-room.

"Our literati and learned men now joined the great march of improvement, and the theologians especially felt themselves called upon to come forward. They had a difficult part to play; they chose the system of accommodation; they exerted all their abilities to establish a reconciliation between Christ and Belial; each party was to concede something, and meet the other halfway. Christ was to give up the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, Belial the most offensive vices, and both united should acknowledge no fundamental law of religion but morality: for in this all were agreed, that good morals must be publicly taught; as for the practice of morals, that was a matter betwixt every man and his own conscience, and the philosopher was not called upon to examine too curiously into the quality of individual actions. This Christo-Belial system

was *par honneur de lettre* still to be designated 'The Christian Doctrine of Religion' (*Religionslehre*); for it was not wished openly to affront the professors of revealed religion. In this arose the so-much bepraised *enlightenment* of these later times, and the *Neology* of the Christian religion.

"But let me not be misunderstood! I do not say that all these new-fangled teachers, or the majority of them, had any clear purpose of forming a league between Christ and Belial,—for most of them denied the existence of the latter altogether,—but the spirit of the age had with such a poisonous infection worked itself into the bone and marrow of these men, that they no longer saw biblical truths through a healthy medium: their French-educated moral principle found the most sublime doctrines of revelation, superstitious, ludicrous, and absurd,—new reason took a jump over the circumvallation of old prejudices,—and the leading theologians of the Lutheran Church applied themselves publicly to that greatest work of all—A REVISION OF THE BIBLE. Here was the beginning of that great defection which Christ and his apostles, and above all St. Paul, had so clearly foretold; what awaits now but the man of sin, the incarnated Satan, to walk abroad, that by the sudden coming of the Lord he may be plunged into perdition?"*

Let us now inquire shortly what ground Stilling took up against the Neologists, and by what circumvallation he fenced himself. We have already said, that his opposition to the intellectual scepticism of the age sprung from a deep emotional necessity of the inner man. He was a Christian by feeling and practical experience of the power of the Christian religion to purify and to sustain the soul. This consideration supplies us with the surest key to his creed. Not the curious speculation of Church orthodoxy, but the experienced efficacy of certain doctrines to satisfy certain cravings deeply rooted in the religious and moral nature of man, dictated to Stilling the following four essential articles of the Christian creed:

"There are certain great Bible truths which form the foundation of the Christian religion, and are, in the proper sense of the word, the symbols (συμβολα) of the true Christian. He who by a learned exegesis cozens these truths out of the Bible, may make of it what he pleases; but he has no vocation to put himself forward as a teacher of the religion of Christ. These symbols are, that

"(1). The natural tendency of human reason, when left to itself, is to depart ever further and further from true holiness, and from the knowledge of the truth, and to lead mankind into temporal and eternal perdition.

"(2). Every individual is bound continually to strive after a constantly increasing sanctification; and this by means of a firm and unremitted

* Das Heimweh, vol. i. Werke, vol. iv.

faith in Jesus Christ and his plan of redemption, an unceasing watchfulness and unwearied struggle against every sinful inclination, and constant prayer and submission to divine influences.

"(3). He must believe in his heart, and without wrath or doubting, that Jesus Christ from his resurrection to all eternity continues to exist in glory and blessedness, sole governor of the kingdom of God, at least among men, and worthy to be worshipped of all.

"(4). That a truly repentant sinner, who to the constant purpose of progressive amelioration of character adds the honest endeavour to indemnify all and each, so far as in him lies, for the evil that his sins, whether of purpose or carelessness, may have brought upon them; such an one has good ground of hope, that in the sufferings and death of Christ all his transgressions shall find such perfect remission as if they never had been committed."*

Whatever the pious reader may think of these symbols of the Christian faith, he cannot fail to admire the liberal and catholic spirit in which they are drawn up. Not a harsh determination to exclude, but an anxious endeavour to include as many sincere inquirers as possible within the bonds of Christian fellowship, is here a regulative principle. If the doctrine of the absolute corruption of human nature, the necessity of regeneration *ab extra*, and the expiatory virtue of Christ's death, are laid down in terms that cannot fail to come in collision with the honest convictions of many Arminian and Socinian Christians of the present day, we must bear in mind that Stilling had to do with men who had converted Christianity into a pious-mouthed Deism within the Church, and he was by this situation necessarily compelled either to give up Christianity altogether, or boldly and without mincing to arrest its peculiar character as distinguished from the philosophy of Socrates or Epictetus. But how wisely on the other hand has the pious German kept free from those vain subtleties and unprofitable distinctions, disputations of science falsely so called, with which the conceit and rashness of phantasy has in all ages perverted the simplicity of the faith delivered to the fathers! What an advance, for instance, from the bigotry of Byzantine faith, when an "eternally august" Theodosius or Justinian could define a Christian to be synonymous with an Athanasian,†

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* Das Heimweh, 1ter band, p. 663. Werke, vol. iv.

† Χριστιανὸς ἐστὶ ὁ πιστευων μιαν εἶναι θεοτητα ἐν ἴσῃ ἐξουσιᾳ τοῦ Πατρὸς, τοῦ Υἱοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ἁγιου Πνεύματος· ὁ γὰρ παρὰ τὰ εἰρημενα δοξαζων αἱρετικός ἐστὶ. These are the first words of the *Basilicon*. And in the *Nemocanon* of *Tholius*, tit. xii. c. 2, we have the same doctrine expressed in much stronger phrase: Ὁ μὴ δοξαζων τὴν ἁγιαν τριαδα ἐν μιᾳ θεοτητι ισυδυναμον οὔτε Χριστιανὸς λεγεται, αλλὰ ἄφρων ἐστὶ καὶ αἱρετικός καὶ ἄτιμος καὶ τιμωρειται. In plain English, whosoever is not an Athanasian, is not a Christian.—"*Judge not, that ye be not judged!*"

and stamp the minute differences between θεοτόκος and χριστοτόκος as the passport to heaven or hell! Not that Stilling was indifferent, or would have any Christian man to be indifferent, to whatsoever is taught, or merely indicated in Scripture, of things however remote from human comprehension, and however barren of any practical results; but that partly his true Christian humility prevented him from being hasty to dogmatise on these subjects at all, and partly his true Christian charity forbade him to cast a rash anathema against a dissentient brother, who, with a few points of difference in matters properly theological, was yet in the main an honest practical Christian "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." How often do we observe, and in this country especially, that those who are most eminent for the profession of doctrines peculiarly evangelical, are at the same time the most eminent in exhibitions of wrath peculiarly bitter and malignant! How often is superior piety only another name for superior pride! The celebrated mystic prophetess Antoinette Bourignon (once well known in Holland and Scotland), used to say "I am unable to find one true Christian in the world; God made me the first, and sends me out to create others." Henry Stilling (though both a mystic and a prophet in his way) would have been the last man in the world to give utterance to such a sentiment; he was the most humble and therefore the most tolerant of Christians, as Antoinette was perhaps the most arrogant and over-bearing. He warned against no sin so much as censoriousness. Putting Christianity altogether aside, he was too deeply read in the strange lessons of the human heart not to know, that that pride is anything but the most dangerous which parades in a coach and four, and a host of livery servants. He knew that the heart of man is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" and in the practical knowledge of this truth, he was disposed to place, if not a great part of Christianity itself, at least the only soil in which Christian seed could be sown.

With regard to the *evidences* of revealed religion Stilling is not likely to give satisfaction to any sound-headed British inquirer. In common with most German theologians, he is far more apt to dwell on the internal than on the external evidences of Christianity. So far indeed as our observation has gone there is such a radical difference between the German and the British mind in all matters of reflection, that it would be almost impossible to find two thinking individuals of the two nations who had arrived at a conviction of religious truth in the same way. The Englishman here, as in every other difficulty, arresting the practicality of his nature, builds a bridge to heaven; the German sails up in a balloon. Had Jung Stilling been left to his own feelings he

would never have dreamt for a single moment of asking any other proof of Christianity than the instinctive ascent of his own feelings heavenward; but he had been early forced out of his native circle of pious friends; he had studied at a German university, he had met with Göthes and Herders, and been moved by the mighty influences of thought that emanated from their neighbourhood; cold, cutting knives of Voltairean wit had early wounded his sensitive soul: being a German also he could not escape from metaphysics, and the Leibnitzian philosophy which moulded the minds of his contemporaries, seemed to establish the harmony of the universe only at the expense of the freedom, and therewith of the religious existence, of man. Poor Stilling! for twenty long years had his pure Christian heart battled with the doubts of a head, not strong enough to elicit truth out of its own workings, but open always to see it when evolved by the workings of another. For twenty long years did the demon of determinism lie, like a night-mare, upon his soul, till at last the redemption came. And whence did it come? When the reader bethinks himself that Stilling was born in the year 1740, and was thus a contemporary of Göthe and Immanuel Kant, he will have little difficulty in perceiving whence the redemption came. From Göthe it could not come, for this man had little or no connection with the religious world. Kant was the other great prophet of the age, and metaphysics, as every body knows, supplies the only *που στω* of theology. This it does in two ways. It either reconciles faith and reason by showing, in a Theodice, their harmony and identity, which was the fashion of Leibnitz; or it removes the necessity of reconciling them, by nicely separating the domain of the sensible from that of the supersensible, confining the activity of reason to the one and giving up the other exclusively to the dominion of faith; which was the effect of the Kantian philosophy. Strange phenomenon indeed! that that philosophy which was set forward by its author as an infallible safeguard against all Platonic dreamings and theologic speculations, should have supplied the most religious Germans of the age with the long-sought solid ground-work of a mystic faith. But so it was: and when we consider it well the phenomenon is simple enough. It is merely another edition of the "*Traité de la Foiblesse de l'Esprit Humain, par Daniel Huet.*" Once prove to a man that his legs are not able to bear him, and he will thank you for any crutch however crooked. We scarcely think that the great Immanuel himself intended his philosophy to be used in this way, in the support of the authority of revealed religion. The religion which he himself has given us in the celebrated work formerly referred to, is a system of *pure Chris-*

tianizing Deism, recognizing indeed the possibility, but not admitting the actuality of a supernatural revolution. The piety which he preaches is no religious feeling in the common sense of that word, but merely a reverence for the moral law. The only peculiarity of his ethical religion seems to be this,—that he admits the corruption of human nature and the necessity of regeneration in the same degree and to the same effect that Christianity does. But the corruption of human nature, as Coleridge says, is a fact, of which regeneration is the necessary consequence. Both these things may be admitted without acknowledging a supernatural revolution. But whatever Kant's private opinions may have been (and notwithstanding the pious imaginations of some people, our strong conviction is that he was a Deist*) it is certain that his system was by no means necessarily exclusive of, much less opposed to, a belief in Christianity as a revealed religion. This we see practically in the case of J. Stilling, whom we shall now hear upon the subject. The following passage is interesting, not only as exemplifying the experimental influence of the Kantian philosophy on Christian faith, but also as containing an excerpt of a letter from Immanuel, showing how far his philosophy was from wishing to deprive others of a spiritual consolation that perhaps he often felt the want of himself.

"In studying the critical philosophy the 'Critique of Pure Reason' was of course the first work that Stilling read; he found no difficulty in making out the drift of it, and found himself at once freed from the incubus of determinism that had weighed him down so long. In this work Kant proves, by the most irrefragable arguments, that human reason can boast no knowledge beyond the limits of the sensible world; that in supersensible things it no sooner begins to argue from its own principles than it stumbles on contradictions, *i. e.* contradicts itself.

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* This is distinctly admitted by the most able and energetic, and at the same time the most honest translator that the Königsberg philosopher has yet found in this country, Mr. Semple. In the appendix to the Metaphysic of Ethics, translated by that gentleman (Edinburgh, 1836), we find the following passage. "Kant was a rationalist; he invariably admitted the possibility of a revelation, but maintained that such historical belief could be nothing more than a mere vehicle towards the ethical. As a rationalist indeed he was, by his very assuming of such a name, compelled to abide within the bounds of all rational insight. Hence he never did, as the naturalists do, deny and dispute the possibility of revelation, nor yet the necessity of such a thing as a divine means towards the introduction of a true religious faith. He left, on the contrary, ample room for super-naturalism, and even said, *the ethical faith leaves a man always open for the historical, in so far as he may find this last conducive to the enlivening of his pure moral and religious sentiments, which belief can only in this way have any inward moral worth, as it is then free, and unextorted by any threat.*" The meaning of which in common English is this: that if Christianity be nothing more than a republication of the religion of nature, or rather a public authoritative proclamation of the moral law, Immanual Kant has no objection to believe in it, if he finds it convenient.

Kant's Critique is in short a commentary on the words of St. Paul. 'The natural man understandeth not the things which are of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him,' &c.

"This discovery lifted Stilling's soul as on wings. Hitherto he had laboured in a thousand ineffectual ways to reconcile reason, this divinest gift of God, with religion; now the difficulty was removed, reason was confined within its proper province, and revelation appeared to be the only natural and true source of all supersensible knowledge. Stilling took an early opportunity of communicating with Kant himself on this subject; and in a letter received from the philosopher, there were the following remarkable words:—

"'Herein also you act wisely to seek your only solace in the Gospel, for it is the inexhaustible fountain of all truths, which, after human reason has measured out its whole domain, are to be found there and there only.'

"Afterwards Stilling read Kant's 'Critique of Practical Reason,' and then his 'Religion within the bounds of pure Reason;' and in these works he at first imagined he had found something like the truth; but on more minute inspection he perceived that Kant placed the source of all supersensible truth, not in the Gospel, but in the moral principle. The deficiency of this principle might seem to appear sufficiently from the uncertainty of its application, and the great variety and even contrariety of its development among different individuals and races of men; and if it be said that the pure, not the corrupt, moral principle is to be taken as the source of moral and religious truth, then I answer that the pure moral principle is the mere *form*, the bare capacity of knowing good and evil; but where can you point out to me any mortal man whose concrete existence I may take as the living type of this pure moral principle? We are all equally the children of error; we all equally mistake, as lust or whim may seduce, evil for good and good for evil. If the moral principle is to be in any wise practically useful as a guide of human actions, then the true, the good, and the beautiful must be presented to our minds *ab extra* from a pure infallible source, otherwise it remains for ever what it is, a mere undefined capacity to be; and it is sufficiently manifest that the history of man exhibits nothing that can come up to the demands of this postulate, unless it be the BIBLE," &c.—*Stilling's Leben*, 5ter Thiel.

Upon the same foundation of Kantian philosophy the following short appeal proceeds.

"Awake! open your eyes, and see the abyss that lies before your feet. Consider seriously that to cure that unnatural disease which eats up the vitals of humanity, a supernatural remedy—revealed religion—is necessary!! Cease at length to put questions to your reason that your reason can never answer, for the answer to these questions is to be found not in *speculation*, but in *history*;—rests not upon *thoughts*, but upon *facts*, which only a madman can doubt, for their immediate consequences lie before every man's eyes!"—*Das Heimweh*, 2ter Band. *Werke*, v. 243.

This appeal to fact and history recals to our mind a doctrine many years ago propounded by Dr. Chalmers, that in preaching Christianity the external evidence alone is to be built upon, the appeal to the internal having no other effect than to make a judge of him whose only duty is to listen. It is much easier, argued the reverend doctor, to convert an Atheist than a Deist, because the mind of an Atheist is blank, and you may write what you please upon it. This is somewhat in the spirit of Cardinal Bellarmine, who would not allow Plato to be read in the schools in case some dream-rapt student should mistake the Phædrus for the Gospel of St. John. But the doctrine of a supernatural revelation is a theory which then only comes into existence, when a combined view of the inward spiritual necessities, and the outward spiritual history of man, renders it necessary to assume it.

We have allowed ourselves to take for granted, in the preceding observations, that such of our readers as may honour these pages with a passing glance have already formed the personal acquaintance of Jung Stilling, from Mr. Jackson's English translation of his auto-biography. It does not fall within our province to expatiate upon a theme that has already become the common property of the English reading public. To those, however, who have not seen Mr. Jackson's work, the main line of the pious tailor's terrestrial Fates may be easily indicated. Stilling was a shoot of that pious race called in foreign phrase, Pietists; who from the days of Jacob Böhme up to the most recent fanaticism of the Prussian *Muchers* have been peculiarly abundant in the North of Germany. The student of Church history will at once bethink himself here of Arndt, and Spener, Francke, and the Halle school of theologians. The names of Dippal, Hochmann von Hohenau, Tierstegen, &c., are of a more narrow reputation. Count Zinzendorf, however, is known over the whole world. One of the principal seats of the Pietists has long been Elberfeld, in Westphalia; not far from this Stilling was born, and here he spent ten painful years of an existence, curiously swinging (as the existence of sensitive people is apt to do) between the ecstasies of heaven and the torments of hell. Stilling's father was half-tailor, half-schoolmaster in a small country village of Westphalia; and he himself was now a tailor, and now a schoolmaster, as the necessity of bread and the disposition of circumstance compelled. To set forth how the poor, weak, unfriended, pietistical tailor-boy, led by strange jumps, and curious cross-ways of providences, rose from one degree of dignity to another, till at last he became Aulic councillor to the Grand Duke of Baden, operator of cataract to all the blind of Germany, and worshipful Father in God and writer of apostolic epistles to all the pious

Herrnhuters and Moravians in Christendom; and how he achieved all this through the course of a long life (from 1740 to 1817) without losing one pleasant line of that primitive simplicity of character, the great virtue of the pious race from which he sprung; such is the simple purport of one of the most curious and singular auto-biographies that the history of literature can boast. No mere Englishman can have any idea of the transcendent simplicity of this book. A German Methodist, living exclusively among Methodists, reading Methodistical books, dreaming Methodistical dreams, seeing and hearing nothing but Methodism during the first twenty years of his life, is a phenomenon of a very peculiar kind, worthy to be taken notice of by all thinking men. An inhabitant of Venus, or any other blessed planet, suddenly transported into the British House of Commons in the midst of a debate upon the Irish Tithe-question, could not be more completely confounded by the jabber of parties, than the commonest voices proceeding from a world that lieth in wickedness startled the pious hearing of the boy Stilling. Where, for instance, shall we find a *sancta simplicitas* equal to the following?

"Henry was about eight years old. He sat on a chair and read a book, looking, as was his fashion, very serious; and I believe in honesty that up to that time of life he had never yet indulged in any thing worthy the name of a laugh. Stähler looked him in the face and said. 'Henry, what are you doing there so seriously?'

"'I am reading.'

"'Have you learned to read so young?'

"Henry looked him in the face, expressed surprise, and said: 'That is surely a foolish question; am I not a man?' And straightway he began to read aloud, with great fluency, giving at the same time the proper emphasis and expression to every word. Stähler was astonished. 'May the devil take me,' said he, 'if I ever saw the like of that!' When Henry heard this oath he sprung suddenly up, trembled, and looked fearfully around. When, however, he saw that the devil did not make his appearance, he said, 'God! how gracious art Thou!' Turning then round to Stähler he said, 'Man! hast thou seen Satan?' 'No!' replied Stähler. 'Then never call on him again,' said Henry, and went into another room."—*Stilling's Jugend.*

Truly the hero of this tale is a very German of the Germans; and shall we wonder that when such a guileless simple soul as this, remaining guileless and simple to the end, overcame the world and the wickedness of the world by the sheer might of this honest simplicity, he was irresistibly compelled to attribute his own advancement to the special guardianship of a benevolent providence? Our profane modern speech, indeed, would prefer to ascribe all dispositions of the inward as of the outward world

to a strange concatenation of circumstances; but the θεῖα τύχη of old Herodotus sounds as well, and we have no objection to the term special providence if wisely used.* Let a man beware, however, how he comes to look upon himself as the pet-lamb of the Almighty. This can only make himself vain, and religion ridiculous. We do not conceal our opinion that there is a considerable leaven of this silliness in Stilling's autobiography, especially in the latter part of it, which we wish sincerely had never been published; but then Stilling is a German, and we have experience enough in the character of that truly honest and most loveable people, to know that a German may both say and do many things that have the air of foolishness and yet not be a fool. We do not pretend to explain all the strange things that are set forth in Stilling's life; the wonderful interpositions of which he makes so much parade seem, for the most part, to prove more of his own folly than the wisdom of God; but we are willing to be taught one important lesson from the spirit that pervades this, as indeed it does all the works of this pious German. To wait upon Providence, to receive humbly and improve wisely those good gifts of God which the heaven-storming Titan demands as a right and uses merely as the nutriment of an insatiate selfishness, is, and must remain, the only true wisdom of man.†

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* "When I make an axe, I make it to cut, and I cut with it; and when God makes a man for any purpose, for that purpose he uses him."—*Stilling's Grandmother.*

† Though somewhat lengthy, we think ourselves bound here to insert, for the sake of completeness, Göthe's characteristic of Stilling, as it is found in the 9th book of the *Dichtung und Wahrheit.* Göthe became acquainted with Stilling at Strasburg, when the hitherto tailor, at the age of thirty, was preparing himself, by a regular course of medical study, for the celebrity he afterwards acquired as an oculist. "Among the new arrivals," says Göthe, "was a man who particularly interested me. His name was Jung, the same who afterwards became known under the name of Stilling. His figure, notwithstanding a certain antiquated appearance, and a bluntness of manner, was delicate. A bag-wig was not able to disfigure his significant and pleasing countenance. His voice was soft without being weak, and when he was moved by enthusiasm (which often happened), full and strong. On nearer acquaintance I perceived in him a man of sound, clear understanding, based upon emotion, (*ein gesunder Menschen-Verstand der auf dem Gemüth ruhte*), and liable to be influenced by inclination and passion; but this same preponderance of the emotional in his character, was the origin of an enthusiasm for the good, the true, and the right in all possible purity. His life had been singular, simple, yet crowded with events and manifold activity. The element of his energy was an indestructible faith in God, and a divine assistance flowing immediately from him, and manifesting itself in an uninterrupted guardianship of the individual, and open deliverance from impending evil. Jung had had experiences of this kind not a few, both previous to his arrival in Strasburg, and recently, since commencing his medical studies; and to such a degree did this living faith operate, that, though at no one time has he had security of subsistence from one quarter to another, he nevertheless continued to devote himself to his studies with the utmost earnestness, and lived in a manner as cheerful as it was moderate. In his youth he had well nigh been a charcoal-burner, but he followed the

Except a few edifying tales, Stilling's biography is, we believe, the only work of this author that is known to the English reader. There is however another very singular volume, into which no German scholar will forget to look, who wishes to obtain any insight into the nature and character of German Pietism. "Theobald, or the Enthusiast," though put into the shape of a novel, is in reality a true history of the character and doings of the West-

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vocation of tailor, till the knowledge which he acquired for himself in leisure hours enabled him to try the more dignified employment of a schoolmaster. This attempt miscarried, and he returned to the trade, from which, however, he was once and again called away by different persons, to whom his engaging character had recommended him as a fit person to perform the duties of a family tutor. But for his essential education, and the formation of his character he was indebted to that race of men who seek salvation at their own hands (*auf eigne Hand ihr Heil suchen*), and by the reading of the Scripture and devout books, as well as by mutual exhortations and pious exercises, attain to a grade of spiritual culture truly wonderful. For inasmuch as the religious interest by which they are led, rests upon a foundation of the purest morality, kindliness, and benevolence, and the varieties of character among men of such limited circumstances are but few, whereby their conscience is for the most part kept pure, and their spirit cheerful—in this way there arose a culture, not artificial as some might imagine, but truly natural; and in this respect preferable to all other sorts of culture, that it embraced all ranks and all ages, and was in its nature essentially social; whence it came to pass that these people in the circle that understood them, were gifted with a natural eloquence, that uttered itself on all matters of the heart with the utmost propriety and grace. Such was the case with Jung. In the company of those few who could sympathize with him, this man was not only full of an amiable communicativeness, but truly eloquent. In particular he told the history of his own life in the most pleasing manner; and there was a peculiar vividness and truth in his descriptions. I asked him to write his biography; and he seemed pleased to follow my advice. But in mixed society Stilling never felt quite at home; he was like a somnambulist walking upon the top of a house, whom you must interrupt, or he will straightway be precipitated to the ground; like a smooth stream, to which if you interpose any impediment it will straightway roar. His faith could tolerate no doubt, his conviction no raillery. Inexhaustible to communicate, contradiction froze the virgin stream of his eloquence. On such occasions I was wont to interfere in his behalf; for which kindness I received his most sincere thanks. I was, indeed, no stranger to the sentiments that were the soul of his existence: I had had ample experience of them in some of my own best friends: their naturality and *naïveté* rather pleased me; and in this way I of all his fellow-students at Strasburg most easily tolerated his peculiarities. The religious bias of his mind I delighted to contemplate: and his belief in extraordinary providential interpositions I did not contradict. My friend Saltzmann also treated him with great tenderness; and this was the more remarkable in Saltzmann, as he himself belonged to that class of rational and sensible Christians, whose religion properly consists in a rectitude of character and in a manly independence, and who have, therefore, a natural aversion to lose themselves in emotion which is apt to become cloudy, and in enthusiasm which ends in obscurity."

This is a *morceau* truly Göthian in all respects; calm, clear, benevolent, with a slight amiable tinge of indifference and self-complacency. We may observe with regard to Göthe's share in the autobiography affair, that when Stilling afterwards penned the first part of it, he entrusted it to Göthe, thinking it wise to leave the publication of so singular a performance to the discretion of the world-wise young poet. Göthe, who was very fond of Stilling, took the whole responsibility upon himself. The book was published, the success was wonderful; and Stilling received from Göthe an *honorarium* of some hundred *gulden*, an Elijah-morsel amid much need (he was for a long time closely pinched), and *just after the pious man had been praying to God the whole morning for relief*.

phalian Pietists of the last century, with regard to which Stilling could conscientiously say—"*et quorum pars magna fui;*" and as such it is one of the most curious, and at the same time one of the most authentic documents that the strange history of religious aberrations can boast. Perhaps no man ever possessed such qualifications for writing a book of this sort as Jung Stilling, for he was himself a Pietist by nature as well as by education; and when he exposed the folly and madness of their ways, he did so in the spirit of friendly warning and wise precaution, that every occasion of evil speaking might be removed, and the mouth of the gainsayer silenced. Herein he prefigured the policy of O'Connell, who first taught the multitudes systematically to evade the laws, without daring the bold front of resistance. Thus Stilling taught the Pietists to separate themselves from the world, without running a muck against it; remarking wisely, that it was enough for an humble-minded Christian that the light of God should shine within his soul, while the visible glory without might minister to the vanity of a saint. It was the duty of a Christian man, he said, to respect even the prejudices of those whom he significantly called the "orthodox heterodox;" much more to avoid injuring the cause of true evangelical piety, by mixing up the practice of it with childish and superstitious observances. Nay, the pious man went so far as to declare against all sects and separatism of whatever kind; here, in showing himself to have arrived at true practical catholicity of soul, and differing from the vulgar declaimers against sectarianism only in this, that he conceived the self-styled Church to be oftentimes only a great established sect, ten times more pernicious than any other sect, just because it was great and because it was established. When we add to this truly catholic spirit of mind a quiet observant eye, and a conscientious truthfulness of character, we shall see how admirably fitted Stilling was for the task which he undertook in "Theobald." This singular work—superior in interest, we think, even to the autobiography—can be designated no otherwise more fitly than as a rank fermenting bed of religious emotion, wherein many noxious weeds grow rampant, but also a few flowers of most delicate and surpassing beauty. This variety indeed, and contrast, form the true charm of the work; it gives it a peculiar character which it could only have derived from such a man as Stilling. For while the principal motive of the writer was to expose the monstrous extravagances into which a religion of mere emotion necessarily leads its votaries, he is at the same time continually on his guard, lest that which was intended to warn his friends from folly, should seem merely calculated to give food to the malice of his enemies. Hence the beautiful traits of pure Chris-

tian character with which this web of pietistic follies is interwoven. Take, for instance, the following short sketch:

"Hasenfeld was a long meagre man, with a piercing eye; he was the son of a corn-dealer, not a corn-Jew, however, but an honest man; and by early inclination he devoted himself to the study of theology. After finishing his studies at the university, he preached with great power, not like the doctors of the law, and filled the whole country with his reputation. On one occasion the following remarkable circumstance occurred. The chief magistrate of the town where he was preaching kept a mistress, and lived in such a licentious fashion as to be a cause of annoyance to the whole community. Hasenfeld knew this, and in the middle of his sermon was so carried away by a pious enthusiasm, as that, turning suddenly to the magistrate, he said, with a voice of thunder, 'And you, too, sir magistrate! it is not right that you keep a mistress!' This did not cure the evil certainly; but it was a noble exhibition of moral dignity, for which the worthy licentiate could afford to pay. He was arrested and confined in gaol twelve weeks, and fed on bread and water; but his pious friends sweetened his bread of tears with many kindnesses. After his release from prison he was interdicted from preaching, at least in the pulpit; but the people dragged him out of his retirement forcibly, and would have him to preach. He consented, and went to the church, but the magistrate ordered a policeman to stand on the pulpit stairs, and not allow him to enter. What did the licentiate do? He cried, with a loud voice, 'Let us go forth without the gate bearing his shame!' The whole congregation followed him, and a more effective sermon was preached in the church-yard than ever was preached in the church. Hasenfeld was a very learned man, and as his honest enthusiasm had marred his prospects in the church, God provided a place for him, and he was made rector of a celebrated gymnasium. His love of truth, however, was the cause of much suffering to him even in this situation; he had no idea of paying any regard to symbols and confessions in his study of the Bible; it never entered his imagination that men calling themselves Protestant Christians should have virtually imprisoned the Holy Scriptures within the arbitrary limits of human creeds; he was accordingly discovered to be a heretic, and castigated and scourged till the blood came from him.* But all this availed nothing; Hasenfeld had a friend in high quarters, and was allowed to preach when and where he pleased. At length his zeal and unwearied application consumed him; but his death was more glorious than his life. He had waited several days with the utmost composure, expecting his dismissal from the body; to those who asked for his health, he always gave the same answer,—'My things are packed, and I am ready

* We doubt whether to take this literally. But the stiff old orthodoxy of the Lutheran Church was capable of any thing, and the civil despotism was always at hand to second the ecclesiastical. In other parts of Stilling's works there are but too many traces of the prostration of every shape and semblance of liberty in the German states, during the early part of the last century. The wise despotism of Prussia was unknown before the French Revolution: the rottenness that preceded it is almost incredible.

for the journey.' At length, as his pulse began to sink, he fixed his eyes steadily upon the window, and with a hollow but strong voice, cried out 'Hallelujah!'—that was his latest breath."*

What does the reader say to this? Is there not a living poetry in this methodism, for which you shall search in vain even in the pages of Wordsworth and Southey? Some people have celebrated Göthe's death, because he died as he lived, crying out "More light!" and others have admired the composure of David Hume, who stept into Charon's boat with a copy of Lucian in his hand; but here we have a poor despised German Methodist looking quietly at the grandeur of the sun, and breathing out his pure soul in the triumphs of a loud Hallelujah. Truly there are many beautiful scenes in the history of man's mind, that are not to be found in the orthodox chronicles of the Church, or in the pages of a fashionable novel.

We can afford merely to name another of Stilling's works, which we think may be able to command the attention of the English reader. We mean his Dialogues of the Dead, or "*Scenen aus dem Geister-Reiche,*" as he calls them. Besides the usual element of pure Christian feeling which ennobles all Stilling's works, there is a good deal of fancy displayed in this; and the student of Church history also will find there much illustrative of the opinions and practices of the Neologists and other learned men in Germany, with reference to religion. Stilling's system of punishments in a future world is extremely ingenious; and his description of the different regions of Hades, from lowest Tartarus to highest heaven, is not less poetically beautiful than consistent with reason and the received opinions of a great part of the Christian Church. We must mention, however, that in all matters regarding a future state, Stilling takes the liberty of dissenting from his Protestant brethren, and holds with the Roman Catholics and the Universalists; he is heretical in two regards, not only believing in purgatory, but also denying strenuously the eternity of hell punishments. Into the service of this double heresy he brings both Greek and Hebrew, with much anxious learning, for he was a good scholar; but his principal argument he drew from his own heart.

The reader will have perceived from the prefixed list, that Stilling was a very voluminous writer. To put his works into English measure, the thirteen German volumes must be multiplied by three, which gives us thirty-nine; and the subject of all these volumes is one and the same; the eternal truth and beauty of

* Theobald der Schwärmer. Werke, vi. p. 119.

Christianity, and the superiority of the supersensible over the sensible world. A silly employment this last (though by the way, radically identical with the other), will no doubt appear to us "practical Sadducees;" but it remains yet to be proved that studying animal magnetism, and concocting matter into mind, is a less ennobling employment than commenting on Jeremy Bentham, and converting right and wrong into mere pleasure and pain; and it may also be doubted whether collecting ghost stories be a less edifying employment than fabricating lies for newspapers, and political orations. Once and for all, every honest truth-loving man must make a decided unconditional protest against the one-sidedness of English Materialism; at the same time we are willing to confess, that the Spiritualism of the Germans is often a thing vague and unsubstantial, like the souls of the New South Wales savages, (as they say), coming from clouds, and going back into clouds again; also that the dew of watery tears is too plenteous; and that the soul of man is made to comport itself like a *mimosa pudica*—all nerve and no muscle—so that a German man seems less manly than a British child; there is also too much of old wives' gossip, of a morbid anxiety about small things, of a provincial importance given to trifles, and of a national, sometimes also a universal dignity, to petty domesticities,—and specially we are willing to confess, and we forewarn the economical reader, that a great part of Jung Stilling's works can come under no better category than that of pious drivel. We have much that does not rank far above the vulgar style of street preaching; a great puff and a loud bark, but not a single tooth to bite. The "Home-sickness," for instance, is a very strange, but also a very wearisome freak of pious fancy; and no wonder; from a Germanization of John Bunyan, and a sanctification of Tristram Shandy (so the author himself explains it), something singularly fantastic, but at the same time singularly diluted and pithless, was to have been expected. It is a most singular imagination, an expansion and universalizing of Stilling's own singular existence; a jumble of real and ideal, of plain and allegorical; heaven and earth thrown into one lumber-room, and shaken so together that you know not whether the one has been solidified into stone, or the other evaporated into clouds. Then we have the book of the Revelations, and the number of the beast; and the Old and New Testament changed into the "The Tales of a Grandfather;" and pious hymns and prayers, and a "golden treasury" of meditations for every day in the year, and for every text in the Bible; and "a grey man" gliding quietly through the throng and glitter of this wicked world, and prophesying that in the year 1836 (now past)

the millennium is to commence, or the devil to be let loose—we forget which. The reader will excuse our going at large into the criticism of these works; they might have possessed—we believe they did possess—considerable religious influence in their day; but they are altogether destitute of literary value,—and even in a religious point of view they are mere syllabub and whisked foam. The fact is, Stilling (like many greater men) spoiled himself by writing too much; and he was spoiled also by writing exclusively for a certain set of very amiable people, who looked up to him as a sort of god. Even in sensible Britain, these things take place daily; how much more in Germany!

But there is yet one work of this singular individual, not of a strictly religious character, that deserves special mention. We mean the "*Theorie der Geister-Kunde;*" a complete system of the supersensible world, wherein the rights of ghosts and spirits, the authenticity of visions, and extraordinary visitations of all sorts, are most nobly and manfully vindicated against the incredulity of all gross, full-blooded men, who eat beef-steaks, drink porter, laugh loudly, and have their portion only in the material. It would be premature to enter into any serious examination of this matter, so long as the pretended facts (?) of animal magnetism remain uninvestigated. These facts, when ascertained and calmly and impartially looked into, may possibly throw great light on the whole philosophy of dreams, visions, and apparitions. The misfortune is that impartial juries, and keen, quick-witted barristers on each side, are seldom at hand to try the evidence on which such extraordinary occurrences rest. In the meanwhile Jung Stilling sets out from a transcendental principle, which we are afraid will not go far to conciliate his English readers. He borrows again a leaf from Immanuel Kant; he proves, from the first chapter of the 'Critique of Pure Reason,' that space and time have no existence except in the mind; they are mere ways of looking at things, not things themselves; they have no permanent reality; consequently the whole of the modern philosophy, which is founded on the relations of space and time—the mechanical systems, as Stilling styles them, of Copernicus and Newton—are equally phantastical, equally unreal. There is no permanent reality except in God, and in the world of angels and spirits, which the word of God reveals. But this supersensible world is independent of all vulgar relations of space and time, and cannot be legitimately judged of by the laws that regulate the co-existence and succession of material facts. The scoffs and sneers of the Sadducean merely prove his own ignorance. The empirical man is himself the shadow into which he would convert the

intelligible universe. Such is the wide and all-embracing basis on which Stilling proposes to rebuild the sacred temple in which ghosts and spirits, dreams, omens, and presentiments, were wont to be worshipped; and perhaps if the English nation were not so much accustomed to think by the same laws that regulate steam-coaches and spinning-jennies, the scheme might not appear altogether unreasonable. There is at least this advantage (as Kant says) in going beyond the limits of experience, that no experience can be brought to contradict us.

To conclude. Henry Jung used to say, that he had received more real Christian kindness from that one heathen, Göthe, than from all his brother Pietists at Elberfeld put together. Possibly, if we were to try the experiment, we might find that there is more of the spirit of true Christianity to be borrowed from one of these heterodox neologians, or anti-neologic German pietists, than from a host of our own most orthodox doctors. There is nothing strange in this. The mere novelty and contrast of the foreign mode of thought acts as a beneficial stimulus to the reflective faculties. But, independent of this, where shall we find such a sincere reverential love of truth, such a scrupulous conscientiousness of investigation, such a vital breathing in the atmosphere of all that is most holy, as amongst these Germans? It is high time that we should do them justice in the domain of religion, as we have already done in the more familiar walks of literature. Hitherto, in respect of matters theological, we have comforted ourselves too much like Penelope's suitors; we feed upon another man's substance, and call the master of the house a bravo. We furnish the shelves of our libraries with the fruit of their industrious research in classical literature and biblical criticism, and then we turn round upon them and denounce them as infidels and atheists, because those very habits of inquiry by which we profit have led some of them to doubt on some points, with regard to which we have never taken the trouble even to inquire. Is this Christian? Is this gentlemanly? Verily, if we can learn nothing else from German theology, we may learn toleration, and that, though a mere negative thing, is a great deal, for it is negative of folly, and puts a gag upon the greedy maw of the all-swallowing EGO of dogmatism. The virtue of religious tolerance, as we are accustomed to exercise it, is a mere material and outward thing. A man may preach as much nonsense as he pleases, and we will not incarcerate him. Very good. This is tolerating another man's nonsense; it is but one step above savage barbarity to do so; but how shall we learn to tolerate another man's sense? This is indeed a hard thing for flesh and

blood; for it implies the counterpart idea, that some nonsense *may* also be on our side. Practically, to tolerate the notion that another man may be right in some things while we are in the wrong, is a very difficult thing; a thing very different from the parade which it is now the fashion to make of religious toleration; a thing which many very orthodox people never learn at all; a thing which only the habitual spiritual application of that golden rule, "Do unto others," &c. can enable a man to attain to. If we are to pay any regard to the opinions of impartial foreigners, oftentimes repeated, we must confess ourselves, notwithstanding our gold and our machinery, to be bigots in some things. Let us go to Germany, and study toleration. Let us remember what Guizot says; "It is necessary, if religion is to accomplish its end, that it should become accepted by liberty,—that man should submit himself voluntarily and freely to it,—that he should be free, notwithstanding his submission. This is the twofold problem that religion is required to solve." Therefore let neology quietly work its own purification. "Erasmus has laid the egg;" God will send some "Luther to hatch it" when the fulness of time shall come. And if the Germans have not laid any real egg in metaphysico-theological matters, they have at least started some new ideas, which we, with our broad practical understanding, may condescend to lay hold of and apply. Even this man, Jung Stilling — half woman as he unquestionably is — may teach us much. He may teach us to unite the most zealous and jealous evangelism with a certain free latitudinarianism, that has not the least kindred with indifference. We may learn from him that religion is not theology, and piety is not church-going. We may learn to forego the letter which killeth, and seek after the spirit which maketh alive. We may learn even of ourselves—even by reading the depths of our own hearts—to know that which is right. We may arrive at the great and important conclusion, that the practical regeneration of the moral nature of man, which is the beginning and the end of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, is a very different thing from any local ordinance, whereby a man is tattooed and tabooed into the traditions of the elders.

ART. II.—*Mémoires sur la Reine Hortense et la Famille Impériale*, par Mademoiselle Cochelet, Lectrice de la Reine. (Madame Parquin) 4 tom. Paris, 1836—1838.

WHAT a crowd of half-forgotten sensations are called up by the phrase of the Imperial Family of France! Fear, admiration, wonder, expectancy, and depression, the energies of late vengeance, and active hostility, with the pulses of final triumph, of sympathy, and even sorrow for those who filled so long so splendid a place in history. Yet this downfal and desolation was as complete as their earlier felicity. The feelings that then filled our minds, and formed a material part of our every-day existence, as involving the very principle of our national, if not individual, welfare, now lie unnoted and overlaid by subsequent changes and events, or rise but as half-forgotten dreams amidst the long oblivion of the past. The very associations to which those days were attached, the circumstances that sprung out of them, the order of things to which they more immediately led, even these are but as the tale of yesterday, yielding their influences to those of the actual time. The system last formed is based upon their ruin, and its foundations are composed of their broken and jumbled components. The rising generation but knows them as the theme of history or a moral, while that which rose, lived with, and has survived them, recalls slowly and with difficulty the scenes of their domination. It is a drama at which they had once assisted, but whose pageants are closed and the dresses divested now; the audience has long retired, while the last expiring lights gleamed only on empty benches and naked boards, daubed canvass, the pulley, and the beam.

But names that could once so deeply interest can never lose all their power over the spirit. The charms of that acted romance were too closely interwoven with our own youthful thoughts, opening prospects, and panting aspirations not to retain for us who have outlived them, and who alone were conscious of their stern but gorgeous reality, the tribute which the human bosom pays ever to living truth: and this it pays with a sincerity and simple sadness totally unlike all the ideal of fancy's boldest creations. These beings of recent history lived and breathed, felt, loved and hated, like ourselves. We grant the same fact theoretically in other instances, but we know it in this case of our own experience; and when the robes of pomp and tinsel with which circumstance invested them at the moment, have fallen and faded in the damps of decay; when the factitious glare of elevated station has died, and the sole light that haloes their

mouldering forms springs from the cold corruption of the grave, the deepest moral that human wisdom ever taught sinks upon the heart in that silence of desolation; a tie that, far stronger than interest, pride, hatred, hope or ambition, binds man to the tomb of fallen greatness in the instinctive brotherhood of humanity. We feel in them for ourselves: and hear the echoes of their destiny in mute consciousness that it is also the doom of our own perishable nature.

To emotions such as these for the world of survivors at large, another, and not always a more creditable feeling may be added in the land of those who filled the subordinate parts of the drama; or who, from their vicinity, were most mixed up with its effects. The interest necessarily felt by those who were the instruments of that greatness, has led to a systematic attempt on the part of ingenious, but unprincipled writers, to take advantage of their state of feeling for their own sordid purposes, by misleading public recollections and falsifying history. No labour, no cost, no talent has been spared to concoct inconsistencies and dovetail disjointed facts; filling up the unavoidable fissures with surmises instead of certainties, inferences for results and bold assumptions of incongruous falsehoods, whilst art and impudence plastered the whole together with a layer of glossy varnish to conceal the defects of workmanship. The public bought and read, commented with praise or censure, viewed with love or detestation the objects of the concealed writer's affection or hate; till, detecting the fraud, a general scepticism arose, and the artifice, like all others, was found to cheat its own contrivers at the last.

The eminent publisher of the volumes before us has felt, like many of his bookselling brethren, the ill effects of this reaction on the public mind. To the scandal that has been so freely spread over various members of the once Imperial family we shall, like himself, only passingly allude. But it is necessary, in presenting these volumes to the notice of the world, to quote the species of certificative authority put forth for its publication.

"About a fortnight since a porter presented himself in our warehouse with a parcel directed to us, and on it was only written 'Papers on business.' No letter of advice had preceded it, nor was any delivered with it.

"The next day, a friend came to us and said: 'You have received a parcel; it contains the *Mémoires de Mademoiselle Cochelet* (Madame Parquin): they must be printed by the 25th of this month, and this is the only condition for their publication.'

"After reading the manuscript we found that its object was to make known the history of an august person, whose reverses have always been

greater than the attendant good fortune; who after twenty years' exile from home, has left, not France only, but Europe for twenty more, in order to rejoin and save a son, the only one who remained out of three nourished in the bosom of grandeur. We are proud and happy to have been chosen to contribute to the publicity of authentic facts, accompanied with irrefragable proofs, and which substitute truth for a series of prejudices and errors, too long believed and cherished.

"Lastly we have seen that the manuscript (which by dint of great exertions we succeeded in publishing by the required time) was of a nature to attract the interest of the public to a young girl, who has just lost her mother, and whose father is confined on a serious accusation. These various motives were more than sufficient to do away with any scruples we might have had. (Signed) C. Ladvocat.

"Paris, the 25th of November, 1836."

Mademoiselle Cochelet was the daughter of the advocate-general of the bailiwick of Charleville, belonging to the Prince de Condé, and a deputy of the *tiers-état*. She was brought up at St. Germain under Madame Campan, and there commenced her intimacy with Mademoiselle Hortense de Beauharnais. Advanced to the station of reader to her early friend at the elevation of the latter, she shared also her exile in Switzerland and died lately at Thurgovia, leaving, it appears, a large quantity of papers and correspondence with some of the most celebrated personages of the times, but of these the only portion intended for publicity are the contents of the present volumes, referring to the years 1813, 1814, and 1815.

From her situation in the household it may be easily guessed that her sphere of action and vision was extremely confined; and that the impressions of characters received by Mademoiselle Cochelet are, like those of Chinese printing, all on one side. The light, conventional tone of the writer's mind was certainly better calculated for society than biographic labour; but she was brought by circumstances into contact with persons whose names give their characteristic features to the events of those times of trouble, and the side-lights thus offered may, according to the reader's own estimation of their value, serve to assist his judgment, in some degree at least, as to the parties referred to. The work of course is one of the lightest possible reading, as the reader may gather from its commencement.

"The year 1813 commenced more sadly than those preceding it. The first day of the year was on a Friday!—what a sinister presage!—After all the disasters of our armies we could not but think that further disasters were reserved for us—and everybody said 'What can result from a year that bears the number 13, and begins on a Friday? To what misfortunes is France, is Europe still to be subjected?

"Superstition with the majority is only a jest—others attach import-

ance to it. For myself, I said, nothing can happen worse than we have experienced;—but the excess of the evil gives hopes of its termination."

Marshals, generals, and officers, she proceeds to say, returning daily, brought home the most fearful reports: but the prompt arrival of the emperor re-assured everybody; hope returned, and gaiety re-appeared.

A matter of scarcely less importance, to the individual concerned at least, as would appear, occupies the next pages. For family dinners with the emperor, &c. the queen was in the habit of dressing in about five minutes;—the children were always with her.

"While her hair was being dressed, they amused themselves with running after one another between their mother's chair and the hairdresser, who, on account of the length of the hair, was obliged to keep at some distance from the chair, and thus formed a little arch under which they passed. The poor hairdresser was meanwhile in a cold sweat, and dared not complain. But when the queen, with a garland on her head, which was sometimes put on right, and sometimes wrong, had left the room, he would break out: 'I am losing my reputation; it is impossible to dress the queen's hair well; she does not give me time.' And then, in the most serious tone, he would add: 'What will the emperor think or say of me?—That I am an idle, awkward rascal, and do not know how to dress hair!'" . . . . .—p. 21.

The queen, notwithstanding the especial favour with which she was regarded by Napoleon, and which she appears to have deserved by her devotion to him throughout, was placed with her household under espionnage by the Duke de Rovigo. She expressed utter indifference at this circumstance, ascribing it merely to his innate propensities, and declared it harmless and not worth notice.

—"Yes, the queen said that, and nevertheless the Duke of Rovigo came one day to advise her to observe me more closely, as I was in correspondence with Russia, and was constantly receiving visits from foreigners; and said that if the Emperor knew it, he would force her to remove me."—p. 69.

The queen was greatly beloved by her attendants, and deservedly for the mildness of her manners, even in reproof.

"I have sometimes been a week in endeavouring to console one of her women, who felt great pride in winning her approbation, and who never ceased weeping, only because the queen had said, in her usual mild manner,—'I have had a very bad night; I have not slept at all; the bed was not well made.' Any one who had seen the maid in tears, would have said that she had at least been beaten; and if I had not myself heard the reproach made with so much mildness, I should have imagined that she had received a very severe reprimand."—p. 72.

A slight sketch of public feeling appears in the following passage:

"The emperor arrived at St. Cloud on the 9th of November: his return revived the courage of every one, and changed their fears into hopes. Every one imagined that it only depended on the emperor to sign the treaty of peace, and they exclaimed against him because he did not do so immediately.

"The queen went on the 15th with the empress Maria-Louisa, to be present at opening the meeting of the legislative body, when the Emperor intimated in his speech that he wished for peace. They all said,—'Why not make peace then? Cannot he do whatever he pleases?'"—p. 172.

The following were the first effects of the approaching danger in Paris. The second extract is inexpressibly affecting.

"The 2nd of February (which I remember as a time of depression very nearly approaching to despair) we heard that the Grand Duke Constantine had promised his troops to warm them in the ashes of Paris, and said that his brother the Emperor had sworn to sleep in the Tuileries. The panic was at its height, and nothing was thought of but carnage, massacres and pillage. The thoughts of the latter evil infused the idea of finding shelter and concealment; every one was then occupied in placing his most precious effects in sure places; but this was not always very easy.

"If friends met in the streets, they were sure to whisper to one another,—'Where have you hidden your jewels?' Many of the ladies quitted Paris, others pulled their houses to pieces in order to make hiding places, which, at the moment of danger, would only have served to show, collected in one spot, treasures which would have been more secure from pillage in their usual places.

"A person of my acquaintance had caused the door of a little isolated closet to be bricked over, after having put into it what he valued the most, among which were several clocks; but had, unfortunately, forgotten to stop them, and for a week afterwards they regularly struck the hours all together; thus informing the neighbours of precautions which they did not wish them to suspect. Others, considering their cellars the securest places, bundled into them a thousand things which were afterwards wanted, but when taken out were found to be completely spoilt by the damp."—p. 192.

"Two of her old acquaintances came, nothing doubting, to assist me in amusing her. They were two fops of former days, of the small number of idlers that society possessed at that grand epoch of our history, when every thing was serious, great, important, or useful. These two gentlemen arrived with long faces, so different from their usual sprightly air, that my first movement was to break into a fit of laughter. All the ladies surrounded them, thinking that they had some distressing news which they were unwilling to disclose, whilst they themselves wished to interrogate us, in order to set their minds at rest on a subject of uneasiness which occupied their thoughts. They were anxious to know if the

projects of defence for the city of Paris would not put the fine walks in the Bois de Boulogne in danger of being destroyed. It was there, in fact, that they loitered away the best part of the day; there was the theatre of their successes and exploits; and was that to be utterly annihilated?"—p. 196.

On the news of the capture of Mâçon, Feb. 9, the Parisians consoled themselves with this very satisfactory pun, impossible to conceive in English. Mâçon, they said, could not possibly have held out, being assailed by 24-pounders, (des pièces de vingt quatre,) and having nothing to oppose to them but pièces de vingt (vins).

No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre; and we therefore take the next extract, as showing the Emperor a false prophet, and not always an Emperor in his wardrobe.

"'Are you afraid?' said the Emperor to him (Tascher). 'No, sire,' replied the young man. 'Do you think you will be killed?' 'No, sire.' 'And if you thought so, what would you do?' 'I should still go, though not with such confidence.' 'Go then; nothing will happen to you.'"—p. 200.

"At the battle of Eylau, the 4th of the line was almost entirely destroyed. When the Emperor reviewed them the next day, he seemed much affected. He appeared to be looking for young Tascher, whom he could not see, and asked after him with much solicitude; they told him he was slightly wounded. He sent for him, and appointed him under-captain of artillery. His state of suffering and deprivation did not astonish him. He said to the young man,—'For a Creole it is rather hard, is it not Tascher? But you have done your duty; I am content; and your evil day is now passed. What is it you are in want of now? Have you shirts?' 'No, sire; I have only the one which I have worn these last ten days.' 'I cannot give you any,' said the Emperor, '*for I have none;* but you are going to Warsaw, where you shall have money to buy some.'"—p. 201.

If Eylau could produce this catastrophe, we can understand the diminution of respect and subordination attendant on more fatal fields, and especially from the harsh and brutal temper of Augereau.

After the defeat of the Austrians on the Mincio, in 1814, Tascher was sent with verbal orders to Lyons, to Marshal Augereau, whom, after some difficulty, he found in bed. He communicated to him the Emperor's directions to march headlong upon Mâçon, and crush the corps of the Prince of Homburg at once.

"'Have you the orders written down?' demanded the marshal. 'No,' replied Count Tascher; 'but as aide-de-camp to Prince Eugene, I am empowered to deliver verbal ones, and I repeat to you the Emperor's own expression,—that you are to march upon Mâcon, and cut to pieces the ill-disciplined troops which are stationed in that direction.'

'I am not a corporal, to be made to march in this way,' cried Marshal Augereau in a passion,—'and I know what to do.'"—p. 204.

We find a few anecdotes of the young Napoleon scattered here and there; and to those who feel interest in his apparent destiny and early fate, and recal the spirited resistance of that daring child to quitting Paris with his mother, the following instance of his military taste may not be without interest. The writer pays a visit to the youthful hero.

"When I arrived, the young king was standing behind a chair: a look from Madame de Montesquiou informed me that it was a punishment: I took the hint, and did not go to him till after I had chatted some time with her. When I approached him, he concealed behind the chair his face, red and bathed in tears, which his fine curly locks covered at every slight motion of his head. 'Sire, will you not say how do you do to Mademoiselle Cochelet, who is come to see you?' said Madame de Montesquiou. 'Your majesty does not remember me, then?' said I, trying to take his hand. He drew it quickly back, and said in a voice smothered with sobs,—'She will not let me see papa's soldiers!' and his tears fell fast again. Madame de Montesquiou then told me, that the prince's greatest pleasure was to see the guard relieved at the Place du Carrousel; but that having been naughty a few moments before, she had said he should not see them; that the moment he heard the drums, his despair and passion had been so great, that she had been obliged to have recourse to the extreme punishment of putting him behind a chair in a corner."—p. 212.

The departure of the empress from Paris was no less displeasing to the Queen Hortense, who seems to have displayed considerable feeling and spirit on the occasion of the dangers that menaced that capital.

"I am disgusted with the weakness of which I have just been witness," said she to us. "Would you believe it? They are going! Is it thus that one loses for pleasure's sake, both France and the Emperor! Ah, in great events, women only have courage! I feel that I am the one who will suffer the least from the loss of all this grandeur; but I am indignant when I see so little energy, where so much is wanted. When fortune has raised us up, and the destiny of a country depends on ours, it is our duty to keep ourselves in the exalted station in which we have been placed."—p. 219.

"Count Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, a colonel of the National Guard, asked to speak with the queen, and expressed to her the discouragement inspired by the departure of the empress and king of Rome. The queen said to him, I cannot, unfortunately, replace them; but I doubt not the Emperor will arrange so as to be here again shortly; Paris must hold out, and if the National Guard will defend the capital, tell them that I and my children will remain in it."—p. 227.

" In fact, at that time, every one spoke with praise and admiration of the firmness which the queen had just evinced."—p. 230.

But even in this crisis of emergency petty feelings and jealousies held their sway over meaner spirits.

" . . . they announced the Countess Bertrand; I was not aware that she was accompanied by the Princess d'Eckmuhl, who remained in the carriage; when therefore the queen allowed me to admit the countess Bertrand, she did not imagine that another lady was with her; but afterwards I learnt that the princess was angry with the queen for not admitting her, whilst she received the Countess Bertrand."—p. 225.

The danger however was too great to be repelled by the scanty means then left to Paris; notwithstanding the successful resistance of the three glorious days of July, 1830, against an armed force, which has been sometimes absurdly quoted as illustrating the practicability of defence in 1814, the formidable array of the allied forces rendered that or any other opposition more brilliant than effectual.

" Night approached; Count Regnault desired to be introduced; I was present. 'Your majesty,' said he, 'I am come to give you your promise back. Although the National Guard are disposed to do their best, it is impossible to defend Paris. I have just assured myself of that fact. You must not expose yourself and your children to be taken prisoners; and, I repeat to you, Paris cannot hold out; all the generals assert the same."—p. 231.

Hortense retired to the Petit Trianon, where she listened deeply affected to the cannonade. The following instance of affection for her fellow citizens is somewhat touching, but might be termed decidedly French. The mind however grows, by constant alarm, blunted to the general feelings of nature; and sometimes in the very depths of real and unquestionable affliction, catches by reaction at any source of consolation even in the shape of resignation to the worst it had previously dreaded; as in the case of David mourning for the son of Bathsheba.

" . . . . . 'The fighting has ceased,' said she, 'no matter what has happened; we may breathe more freely now, because we need not fear that they are killing our dear Parisians.'

" I could not but observe how little selfishness there was in all that she felt; for whilst quitting Paris she had said to the empress, her sister: 'If you abandon the capital, you lose your crown.'"—p. 237.

It is a favourite and vulgar cry of the levellers of social distinctions, and admitted often as a truth by those even who are opposed to their sentiments in general, that sovereigns and princes are not

different from other men in their feelings. Abstractedly this may be true, like the proposition of our glorious poet, that,

> " —the harmless beetle that we tread upon
> In corporeal sufferance feels a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

Both, however, are erroneous in fact: the finer organization of the nobler being, and the infinity of nerves and consequently of nervous susceptibility, must render a violent death of the latter far more painful throughout all its stages of approach than the one pang of an infinitely inferior insect, the lowest class of which are furnished with but a single pair of nerves. Since as we descend the scale we find that portions, such as limbs, and even bodies and heads, and eyes, are reproduced without apparent pain or suffering from loss of the previous part, and even that some, as the Dragon-fly, without a reproduction of the lost half of its body, will as freely perform the functions of life and enjoyment as before, we feel certain that the poet's assertion is, philosophically speaking, erroneous. And by the same analogy we may observe, in the case of the more elevated members of the human race, that feelings unknown to inferior stations, such as that of love and protection towards subjects, is a component part of their nature. Why is it, otherwise, that the public vices of royalty are held by mankind in greater abhorrence than those of individuals, when the temptation, which in all other cases we willingly allow for, is so much greater for them than for the rest of mankind? To refer it to example merely is only proving, not denying, this proposition; for it is little more than saying in other words that they ought to have a greater recollection for mankind than other men.

At Rambouillet, from the Kings Joseph and Jerome, the Queen learned of the capitulation of Paris. Here is a slight sketch of some of the ex-ministers.

" As to ourselves we remained in the first saloon, where all the ministers were; every one of them had a peculiar countenance. I remember particularly General Clarke, minister of war, who had an air of great pre-occupation and depression. Instead of giving orders for the regiments which were retreating, he seemed to be falling asleep in his chair. Count Daru was walking up and down, meditating; the Duke of Gaëte, who always wore powder, this time seemed to have laid on even more than usual in order to look spruce; Count Decres, who was very fat, seemed light and cheerful enough to sing us a vaudeville; this was most certainly, to show his courage; but we felt no inclination to laugh."

" I was astonished to see these ministers so demoralized, thinking of

nothing but flight, caring for no one but themselves, and taking no measures to render this catastrophe less cruel; I felt more security in being with the queen, than with those who seemed to have entirely abandoned their duty."—p. 240.

The lady's remarks are reasonable enough; the meanness and abject fear displayed on these occasions are also illustrated by the subsequent observation of Count Nesselrode, whom Mademoiselle de Cochelet met in returning to Paris just afterwards.

"..... These were M. de Nesselrode's own words. 'Ah! how many mean and vulgar men have presented themselves to me,' said he to me. 'It is a necessary evil: but it is painful to have so sad a knowledge of human nature.' And he was then talking of Frenchmen! 'As to the Empress Maria Louisa, nothing is yet decided about her,' added he; 'they are waiting for her father, and she will then be at liberty to go with her husband."—p. 273.

It may not be generally known that in the course of the revolutionary war, and during the latter part of the time when Spain was siding with France against us, so high was the national credit of England in the former country, that, having no means of safely transmitting, as previously, the galleons with cargoes of dollars from the American colonies to the mother-country, since the British flag swept the seas, the Spanish merchants were accustomed to entrust their specie to the hostile British cruisers to be brought to England; and they drew their bills from Cadiz, &c. upon London for the amount. The advantage to both countries, and governments even, was great. A somewhat similar confidence, on a small scale, seems to have been reposed in Mademoiselle de Cochelet, for it is a curious circumstance that in the invasion of Russia by Napoleon, Mademoiselle de Cochelet, who had several intimate friends amongst the Russian ladies, was requested to take charge of their jewels lest they should fall into the hands of the French invaders; and they were sent to her to Paris for this end. She now, when the tables were turned, returned to Paris in order to save these from foreign seizure, and place them in the hands of the Count de Nesselrode to be restored to their owners. They had been deposited in the palace of Queen Hortense; the following passage is a striking testimonial from the mouth of an enemy of the discipline and order of the allied troops, and of the Swedes in particular. The fair reader gives the fact without comment, or the slightest praise of the moderation displayed by the military occupants.

"On my arrival, I found the Queen's palace invaded by the Swedes; they had not, however, presumed to take possession of her apartment. She had left in her book-case all her papers and correspondence. She had

not locked them up, for she was never in the habit of doing so; all her family letters were kept in large band-boxes. The foreigners might easily have possessed themselves of all her papers; but precisely because they were not locked up, they did not think of it; the floor, on which her apartment was, was inhabited; nevertheless nothing was touched but the books, and but few of them were afterwards missed."—p. 269.

The following is curious and *striking, if true.*

"Madame,

"I have just now seen M. de Nesselrode again; he inquired much after you; the Emperor of Russia occupies the Elysée-Napoleon. The Count has told me of a report which is being circulated of a violent scene between the Empress Maria Louisa, and the two kings her brothers-in-law. They wanted to take her by force into the carriage, in order to remove her; but she resisted, and they even say that the King of Westphalia struck her. She called for assistance: and it was general Caffarelli, commander of the guard, who saved her." —p. 283.

Another letter gives the following:—

"They assure me that the Emperor said, when talking with the Empress Josephine: 'She was right; I have suffered for having quitted her.'"

The talents and amiability, not less than the personal charms of Hortense, appears to have made her many friends; amongst them, Alexander himself.

"One evening, whilst alone, I was much surprised at receiving a visit from the Emperor Alexander. I was so embarrassed, that I did not know what to say. 'I am come,' said he, 'to talk with you upon what will be most expedient for the Queen: I cannot get any thing from her. To believe her, one would think that she was a heroine of romance. I am sure she imagines that she can live upon air, without money.' I laughed. 'Why, in fact' said I, 'she has never felt the value of money, except in giving it away; and she is really ignorant of how much is necessary in order to live suitably.' 'Well,' said the Emperor, 'I came on purpose to advise with you on the subject; I never saw so interesting a woman: she deserves to be happy. She shall be as my sister, that I may feel no scruple in obliging her. Your queen is so self-willed! But I understand her. She thinks it more consonant with her dignity to receive nothing: she will not see a friend in me; and I am a sincere one. I feel for her as a brother.'"—p. 317.

This interest seems to have caused more than one source of disquietude to a celebrated diplomatist.

". . . . . I know that they are already jealous of your zeal for her; I must tell you that M. de Nesselrode has even talked of it with vexation. 'Our Emperor,' says he, 'goes much too often to Malmaison; all the ministers as well as the higher ranks are displeased at it; they fear that there will be an influence exercised over him detrimental to the course of policy he has to follow.'"—p. 318.

The fair dames of the Quartier St. Germain appear to have felt strong sympathy with their invaders. On the first Russian prisoners being marched into Paris, they had even incurred some risk of personal danger from the mob, by handing their purses to the captives as they passed. Their interest included even Alexander, who does not seem to have always valued it correspondingly.

" 'But,' answered the emperor, 'did they expect me to sound their feelings? I seek wit and conversation; but I avoid every thing which would assume the empire of affection over me. I see self-love in the case then, and retire.' Having said this, he changed the conversation.

" 'I have just dined with the king,' said he; 'every one eats there with a good appetite, and they remain long at table. Do you know what happened to the Duchess d'Angoulême? They told me, that she had asked the Prince of Bavaria, pointing to the Grand Duke of Baden, 'Is not that the prince who married one of the princesses of Bonaparte? What folly to ally oneself with him!' The Prince of Bavaria did not answer; but it was unpleasant enough to know that he himself was allied in the same manner as the grand duke; and no less so was the Emperor of Austria, who was not far off, and who might have heard the apostrophe.' "—vol. i. p. 320.

" The Emperor Alexander was not a man of ordinary cast, and his feelings in particular were unlike other men's. He was, what many call in derision, sentimental; he felt happy in real affection, and his greatest ambition would have been to be passionately loved for himself alone; it can be easily imagined how painful such a disposition must have been to him in the elevated situation in which he was placed; he had often been the dupe of the coquetry, intrigues, or ambition of the ladies of his court."—vol. i. p. 336.

A trifle might have changed the march of fate.

" I accompanied their majesties to the machine of Marly; the queen led her eldest son by the hand. The Emperor Alexander had taken the youngest under his protection, Prince Eugene holding his other hand. The precautions which they took for the children, prevented them from taking much care of themselves, and the emperor's clothes passed so near to one of the wheels, that he was in danger of being dragged along with it, if the queen, who perceived it, had not quickly pushed him away, at the same time uttering a cry which made us start. By this movement, he had time to disengage the flap of his coat, without which he must have been dashed to pieces."—vol. i. p. 347.

The two sons of Hortense, Napoleon and Louis, appear to have been most carefully brought up under her own eye, and her affection for them was sometimes displayed by a feeling carried almost to extravagance. They appear to some advantage in Mademoiselle Cochelet's Memoirs: for instance;

" As they were in the habit of seeing only the kings of their own

family, when the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia were announced, they immediately asked their governess if they were also their uncles, and if they were to address them as such? 'No,' they were told; 'you must only say sire.' 'But,' said the youngest, 'are not all the kings our uncles?' They were informed that all the kings then present, so far from being their uncles, were come as conquerors. 'But then,' replied the young Prince Napoleon, 'if they are the enemies of my uncle the emperor, why do they embrace me?'"—vol. i. p. 353.

"The young Prince Louis, who usually spoke very little, had listened in silence to the whole of this conversation. The first time that he caught sight of the Emperor Alexander again, he took a little ring which his uncle Eugene had given him, and advancing on tip-toe, that no one might observe him, slipped it into the emperor's hand, and then ran away as fast as he could. His mother called him back, and asked him what he had been doing. 'I had only that ring,' replied he, blushing, and hanging his head in confusion, 'my uncle Eugene made me a present of it, and I gave it to the emperor, because he is so good to Mamma.' The Emperor Alexander embraced him, and putting the ring on his watch-chain, said with emotion, that he would *always wear it.*"—vol, i. p. 355.

The sketch of Madame de Staël has the double charm of possessing intrinsic talent and being drawn by a distinguished statesman, and one of the best-qualified to judge of others.

PORTRAIT OF MADAME DE STAEL, BY M. POZZO DI BORGO.

"I expected that Madame de Staël would excite great curiosity in London. She belongs neither to the sex one loves, nor to that one esteems. She talks and writes like a man, but has acted all her life like a woman. As she carries every thing to extremes, those who are pleased with her, must feel enchanted; those who are not will equally dislike her. The good qualities, faults, weaknesses, wit and talents of Madame de Staël, divided into proportionate doses, would have formed a population of amiable women; but all of them concentrated in one individual, have formed almost a monster. If one considers all her qualities in a mass, she confounds the strongest imagination, and awes the most experienced; but to one who comes on her at a moment when she only shows her shining points, she is really astonishing. Do not accuse me of betraying her when I speak of her to you with so much impartiality. One judges rather than loves her, although she has desired the contrary all her life."—vol. i. pp. 416, 417.

The celebrated Madame Récamier is described by Mademoiselle Cochelet as still young, very lovely, with an air of simplicity; like a girl just come out, but disciplined by a very severe duenna, so much did her gentle, timid manner contrast with the too masculine confidence of her more brilliant companion.

"Madame de Staël however was considered very amiable, especially to her friends, and I am only speaking here of the effect which she produced at first sight on those spectators to whom she was a stranger.

The dark mulatto complexion of Madame de Staël, her very original toilette, her entirely bare shoulders, either of which would have been pretty, but it did not agree with the other; in fact the *tout ensemble* nearly realised the idea I had formed of the authoress of Delphine and Corinne. I almost expected to find one of these heroines in her who had so well drawn their characters, and could scarcely recover from my surprise. After the first moment, however, I gave her credit for a pair of fine and expressive eyes; still it seemed impossible to fall in love with such a face, and yet I was told that she had often inspired the tender passion."—vol. i. p. 430.

"The prince was placed at the right of the queen, and Madame de Staël at her left. The servant of the latter had placed on her napkin a little twig, which she was in the habit of turning about in her fingers while she was talking. The conversation was very animated, and it was droll to see her twisting the twig about while gesticulating. One might have thought that a fairy had given her this talisman, and that on that little branch depended all her genius."—vol. i. p. 436.

No one who ever met the distinguished woman here described in society, but must have noticed her inexhaustible powers of conversation, displayed not less in the range of thought than in the ceaseless exertion of her lungs. It was our fortune once to be present at a conversation held by her with an eminent bookseller of our metropolis, remarkable for his sound judgment, and perspicuous and courteous taciturnity. The lady's flow of language and illustration, and she had a point to gain, reminded us strongly of Gray's simile—

"Good Gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murmuring flows, and flows for ever."

The single monosyllables, affirmatively introduced by her much-enduring interlocutor, seeming only to have the effect of pebbles in the current. In truth amongst the phlegmatic English she had the undoubted reputation of "talking to death." Her curiosity was not less remarkable. "Pray take my place," said a late English secretary to his friend, in evident alarm as she approached him, "I have forgotten my Catechism." "You will learn it all now, and I shall not soon forget my lesson," replied the other, quitting the spot in equal dismay.

Our fair biographer gives a *naif* remark on the same subject; and her commencing supposition is good-natured at least, if not correct, viz. that it was to ascertain the child's capacity—

"'Did you love your uncle?' 'Very much, madam.' 'Would you like to make war against him?' 'Yes, if that did not cause so much mischief.' 'Is it true, that he often made you repeat the fable beginning with the words, 'The reason of the strongest is always the best?'' 'He often made me repeat fables, but not that one more than any other.'"

"The young Prince Napoleon, whose understanding was astonishing, and judgment precocious, answered all she said deliberately; and when the interrogatory was over, he turned to Madame de Boubers and myself and said, 'This lady is very inquisitive; is that what you call genius?" vol. i. p. 440.

We have the following portrait of an interesting personage.

"I was struck by the melancholy expression of the Empress of Russia's countenance. Her form was tall and majestic, her beautiful skin seemed to have suffered from intense cold; seen from a little distance she appeared to have been weeping, which increased the interest she inspired. The Queen of Sweden, although not so distinguished, was yet very beautiful; her complexion was more fresh than her sister's, but her eyes had not the same mildness. The Queen of Bavaria, tall and imposing, and perhaps less beautiful than her sisters, had a more brilliant expression, and something indefinable in her looks which was extremely winning."—vol. ii. p. 49.

"The Empress was more remarkable for the expression of her face and the soft langour of her whole demeanour than even for her beauty, which was so much celebrated. The tone of her voice, her every accent placed me under a spell, and I was sorry that her carriage came so soon."—vol. ii. p. 69.

The transition is easy from a Russian empress to a Russian soup; a novelty to an English *menage*.

"I looked for some good French soup to invigorate me; but instead of that they brought me a sort of broth, more like chervil-water that had steeped fish. This was actually my impression after tasting this Russian soup, the outlandish name of which I have forgotten. I saw indeed the queen just put her lips to it and send it away again immediately; but as she always eat so little this did not surprise me, and I waited with impatience for my turn to be served; fully resolved not to send away a drop. However the first spoonful was enough for me. The coldness of this broth chilled and forced me to make a wry face, as if I had scalded my mouth. The King of Bavaria, who was the first to observe my reluctance to take another spoonful, began to laugh . . . . . —vol. ii. p. 51.

The empress, who had some suspicions as to its acceptability beyond the limits of Russia, asked the opinion of Madame Hortense upon the soup.

"The Queen answered very frankly that the custom she had of beginning her dinner with hot soup, might have spoiled her taste for this broth, which was quite cold.

"'Ah! it is not the coldness,' said the King of Bavaria, 'for I will give you another day some cold soup which you will find delicious; but as to this stuff, the devil must be in you if you can bear it.'"—vol. ii. p. 52.

The important matter was brought to a termination at the King of Bavaria's apartments.

"This famous soup was to be cold; every one was prepared for that, and therefore found it very good. It was a sort of apricot ice, and if it had appeared at the dessert instead of beginning the dinner there would have been nothing to say about it."—vol. ii. p. 67.

The revelations of Madame Krudner are somewhat curious, as justified by events; it will be recollected that she was said to have possessed great influence over the Emperor Alexander. She insisted upon seeing the Queen, who appears to have appreciated her predictions at a lower rate than the result bore out.

"'I come to disclose to her what God wills that she should know. You know how much I love her! Since 1809, I have not seen her but I have often prayed for her. She must yield to her destiny. God loves her. The poor Queen of Prussia, that angelic princess, and Queen Hortense, are my two celestial types of women and martyrs. God has commissioned me to assist them; I wrote to you all that I have done for the first. Now I know all the evils which await the second. Since I last saw her she has lost her crown, her brilliant position in society, a friend, a tender mother! I know all that; but God loves her, and will prove her; let her be resigned, for she is not yet at the termination of her misfortunes!'

"'What do you know of all that, my dear Madame de Krudner? come sit down, and let us talk together as formerly; do not alarm me thus on the fate of a person equally beloved by yourself and me.'

"'Yes, she will be happy, her soul is so pure and sublime! But let her expect nothing from men; God will be her protector. Above all, she must not return to France; let her go to Russia, the Emperor Alexander will prove a refuge for the unfortunate.'

"'You alarm me. What more misfortunes can happen to her after all she has actually suffered?'

"'Ah! you do not know what a fatal year 1815 will be. You think that the Congress will be ended; undeceive yourself. The Emperor Napoleon will come from his island again. He will be greater than ever, but those who adhere to his party will be hunted down, persecuted, punished! They will not know where to lay their heads!'

"She had remained standing whilst she spoke thus with much energy. Her small spare form, her excessive leanness, her fair hair hanging in disorder, her sparkling eyes, all about her had really something supernatural, and chilled me with a terror, for which I myself could give no reason."—vol. ii. p. 71.

"'That is just like you,' said the Queen, 'a heated fancy has caused these impressions. I shall be very glad to receive a visit from Madame de Krudner, whom I much esteem, for she is an excellent woman; but as to believing her to be a prophetess, that is quite another thing.'

"The next day I introduced Madame de Krudner to the Queen, and left them together. At her departure, she said: 'What an angel your Queen is! God will reward her; but let her take my advice, and not return to France, but go to Russia.'

"I returned to the Queen, and found that she had been weeping. 'Ah, your majesty,' said I, kissing her hand, 'has she grieved you?'

"'How could it be otherwise? She opens all the wounds in my heart by talking to me of what I have lost. . . . . .—vol. ii. p. 87.

"'. . . . . I do not think Madame de Krudner mad for saying to me, 'Do not return to France;' for she was perhaps right. From the turn that affairs are taking, I perceive that I should find it difficult to live there in peace. But when she says that I must go into Russia, that the Congress will break up, that Napoleon will come from the Island of Elba, and that those who return with him will be lost, how can she know that? I told her quietly that I could not go into Russia; that it was the Emperor Alexander, whom she called the universal protector, who had fixed my lot in France; and I added that if the Emperor Napoleon returned to France, as she predicted, I could not forget I was his daughter; and that, even if those evils were to befal me which she foretold for his adherents, my place was at his side, and I could not forsake it.'"—vol. ii. p. 90.

Amongst the books read by Mademoiselle de Cochelet to the Queen were Miss Porter's Wallace, and Réné, by Chateaubriand, and the first impression it had created on the mind of Hortense is just and sound enough.

". . . . . She had read it when very young, and told me that this work, which I praised so much, had displeased her exceedingly. I exclaimed against this: 'I was shocked,' said she, 'to see the purest, truest, most consolatory sentiment of life placed under an aspect which did not belong to it. The affection of a sister for her brother is a love without pain, a joy without alloy! we love all who love a brother. Ah! there is no trenching upon what is most pure and disinterested in the heart of man.'"

There are abundant notices of Colonel Labédoyère scattered throughout the volume. His own words sum up the causes of his conduct better than all the glosses which have been given to it, and account sufficiently for the general interest excited in France by his fate.

"'Can you conceive,' he would often say to me, 'that I was brought up a Bourbonist, and detested the Emperor. When I went to Coppet and performed tragedy with Madame de Staël, it did not diminish my antipathy for him who kept her in exile. I was very young then. They forced me to enter the army. I rose to be aide-de-camp to Marshal Lannes, and afterwards to Prince Eugene. I was witness of the divorce, at which I was indignant; to abandon so excellent a woman in order to marry an arch-duchess of Austria! . . . . I think that I could have killed the Emperor with my own hand, so much was I incensed against him! But afterwards, I saw our misfortunes; I learnt to understand the projects of the enemies of France; I studied our history and at the same time studied this hero, and I felt that in this man was our glory, our destiny; those who abandon his cause abandon without knowing it the common cause of France. So, wounded as I was, and having scarcely approached him while with the army, I placed myself by his side at Fontainebleau. If every one had thought as I thought, he

would not have abdicated; and he alone can save our country. The queen is always talking to us of peace and tranquillity; but can a people subjected and humbled remain tranquil? I for one will never consent to it. I was wounded whilst charging at the head of my regiment, and did not return to it afterwards. It submitted without my consent. They allowed me to keep it, thanks to my alliance with all the Damas and Chatellux. I have not taken any oath, and I hold myself free to belong to whichever party suits me best. I am a republican in principle; but all the old French republicans are dead, or become the weakest portion of the empire; Carnot is the only one of them that I like; as for Fouché, he appears to me a mere intriguer. I see none, therefore, but our generation that can worthily revenge our present abasement, and I shall not fail to seize the moment as soon as it presents itself.'"—ii. 166.

"'. . . . . You think then that they have restored you the Bourbons for the good of France! Do not deceive yourselves, our enemies are not such fools. They have given you an apple of discord that will last you for centuries; and whilst they talk to you about liberty, you will resume your chains. They will re-establish tithes; the peasants will no longer be allowed to learn to read, for fear they should have again the audacity to become marshals of France; it appears very disagreeable at court to bear with those that are already there, and who are stupid enough to serve as laughing stocks for greater fools than themselves.'"—vol. ii. p. 169.

The following notices possess the interest which attaches to every thing respecting our national hero.—But it is not from a lady, and in Mademoiselle de Cochelet's position, that an opinion can be formed upon a great political event like that to which the last sentence of the following quotation refers—

"Lord Wellington had charged Monsieur de Récamier to request the queen to receive him. He was admitted, even with pleasure, for at this time the queen was tormented with anxiety as to the Emperor's fate. From the recent measures adopted with regard to the property of the Bonaparte family, it seemed but little probable that the treaty made with Napoleon on the 11th of April would be held sacred. In fact, this was not intended: and even the private property which should never have been touched, was seized and appropriated. 'I will speak of it to Lord Wellington,' said the queen to me; 'the English government has some honour, they say; its ministers signed the treaty of the 11th of April, and Lord Wellington can require the French government to fulfil the engagements it entered into with the Emperor.'

"When the Duke of Wellington visited the queen, she spoke to him to the same effect. He answered with his English calmness, his penetrating watchful eyes fixed upon her: 'This is an injustice which England will not permit; I will remind the French government that the treaty of Fontainebleau is sacred and must be fulfilled to the letter.' The queen repeated these words to me the next day with much pleasure. Little did she think that the man who spoke thus in 1814 could himself sign a treaty in 1815, and abandon it afterwards so unfairly."—ii. 245.

The following is equally singular and novel.

" ' You remember that Maubreuil who detained my sister-in-law Catherine, and robbed her of her diamonds?—Well! He was charged to go and assassinate the Emperor Napoleon and all his family! At the instance of the Emperor Alexander, who would have the queen of Westphalia's diamonds found, he was arrested, and he has at his examination confessed all; therefore they will not have him executed. They are afraid his disclosures will become public, and he will therefore remain in prison.'

" ' Can the Bourbons be guilty of such infamous conduct?' said I to the queen.

" ' No. The king had not yet come, and him I believe incapable of such a crime. But you will never guess the man who gave all these orders to Maubreuil. It is Monsieur *** one of the counsel they have given me!"

" Maubreuil reflecting on the consequences which the assassination of the Empress Maria-Louisa and her son, and of the princess of Wurtemberg might bring upon him, he had returned to ask the same Monsieur *** what he should do with persons so nearly related to the allied sovereigns? ' Are they comprised in the general measure?' he asked. Then Monsieur L*** answered angrily: ' What, you are not gone yet! go quick, and do whatever you please with them.' Maubreuil had passports from all the powers; but those who gave them were doubtless ignorant of the object of his mission."—vol. ii. pp. 311, 312.

Upon the news of the return from Elba, the state of the capital and the uncertainty and doubt that attended the first announcements are given with considerable effect and at great detail. Madame Hortense appears to have been totally confounded by the attempt, to have utterly discredited it at first, and, when placed beyond a question, to have augured the worst possible results from it, as certain of failure. Watched, suspected, and cut off from all other means of intelligence, she betakes herself to the window: and the following extract has something ingenious in its development of feminine quickness of apprehension.

" ' What are you doing there, Madame?' said I; ' take care that you are not seen.'

" ' I am doing like the *diable boiteux,*' replied she. ' I can observe all that passes in all the apartments opposite to me, and I endeavour to guess events by examining what passes under my eye. Just now, a regiment of cuirassiers passed the Boulevard. If you had seen their disdainful air, when every one was crying around them ' Long live the king!' They did not open their lips, but maintained a mournful silence; now if these men were sent against the Emperor, I have no great difficulty in guessing what they would do. . . . . A moment before I saw old men and young, with their arms and baggage, but without uniforms, shouting ' Long live the king!' loud enough to kill one. Madame Lefebvre says they are the royal volunteers. I observed their lassitude; they would have done well to use their muskets as walking sticks, for

they seemed to have scarcely strength left to carry them. If the Bourbons have no other defenders than these, they are lost. Now look at that apartment on the first floor exactly opposite; it is occupied by some young men of the body-guard. They often come there in uniform. Hitherto they were always gay and triumphant; but to-day they looked very serious, and the woman who seems to be their mother, appeared plunged in such deep sorrow that she saddened me. They are about to depart no doubt. You see I enter into all the feelings of my neighbours; they are at present my only acquaintance, and I feel an interest in them. As to the window on the third floor, where you see that thin and withered old woman, I have learnt from Madame Lefebvre that she is the wife of a violent Bourbonist. She often talks to her husband at the window; he always carries a fleur-de-lis cross a yard long, and I can assure you he has now abandoned his pencils, and is occupied entirely with political events. His wife and he continually gesticulate with much vehemence, and when the royal volunteers passed by they did not feel quite easy."—vol. ii. p. 383.

When the king had quitted Paris, Sebastiani induced Lavalette to resume the direction of the post-office, as one means of obviating the incipient confusion.

"M. de Lavalette was at last persuaded; but he wished, before he acted, to know what Cambacérès thought of this step; the latter having often governed during the absence of the Emperor, might be considered at that moment as his representative. He went to the chancellor Cambacérès, and found him very indifferent about the matter. 'Do whatever you please,' said he to Monsieur de Lavalette, 'as to myself I shall not interfere by giving any orders. I remember too well how the Emperor reproached me on his return from Russia, about Mallet's affair. There was need of promptitude in judging and executing such criminals. I expected to be praised for this: instead of which, the Emperor said to me with great severity, 'Monsieur Cambacérès, you have arrogated to yourself the right of executing Frenchmen without my knowledge! If now, I had chosen to use my prerogative and pardon them? Oh! I am not dead yet.'—'Since that time,' said Cambacérès to Monsieur de Lavalette, 'I take nothing upon myself, nor meddle with the matter, till I have the Emperor's positive orders.'"—vol. ii. p. 392.

That this jealousy of power, in Napoleon, was not unaccompanied with the far humbler jealousy of state, this anecdote will evince.

"The Emperor had established so severe an etiquette for the princesses of his family that they had contracted the habit of being always surrounded by many attendants, and never going out to walk."

The following possesses some interest, as one of the recorded instances of private feelings in Napoleon.

"The day after the arrival of the Emperor, the Queen went early to the Tuileries, and took with her her two sons, who were very anxious to see their uncle again. He received them with tenderness, caressed them much, and kept them a long time with him; he seemed

desirous to lavish on these two youthful heads the affection which he could no longer show to the son of whom he was deprived. He showed them with pride to the people who were crowding under his windows, and they were present at the parade, which was a great treat to them."

No very distinct light has ever been thrown, that we are aware of, upon the truth or falsehood of the following once widely-asserted fact.

"I have since learnt that the Duc de Vicence had shown to the agent of the Emperor of Russia some papers found in the apartments of the Count de Blacas, at the Tuileries, the hurry of whose departure had not allowed him time to think of carrying them away or destroying them. It was a treaty, an alliance concluded between France, Austria, and England, against Russia, but the apparition of the Emperor overturned all the hostile projects, and directed them against himself."

The next is a step beyond the preceding in the realms of improbability.

"I have been told that a worthy Englishman coming to France during the first year of the restoration, said, whilst looking at the Place de Carrousel, 'So it is here that Bonaparte used to cause one or two persons to be shot every day, and diverted himself by looking at the spectacle from his windows.'"—vol. iii. p. 6.

A few anecdotes of Napoleon possess interest solely from their relation to a character so little generally understood.

"The first time the Emperor saw Marshal Soult again, (who was minister of war at the time of his disembarkation at Cannes, and who had spoken so ill of him in his proclamation to the army,) he said to him: 'Duke of Dalmatia, do you know that you have fired at me with grape shot?' 'It is true, Sire; but it was a shot that could not touch you.' The Emperor made him major-general of the army, a situation which had always been filled by Berthier. It is asserted that the Emperor said: 'Why has the Prince of Neufchatel quitted France? Why did he not present himself at the Tuileries? I should have given him but one punishment, and that would have been to appear the first time before me in the full uniform of captain of the body-guard to Louis the Eighteenth.'"—vol. iii. p. 27.

"After breakfast, they went to see all the pictures contained in the fine gallery of Malmaison, belonging to the Queen and the Prince Eugene, as a part of the inheritance of the Empress Josephine.

"'What is the worth of these pictures?' said the Emperor, showing them to Mr. Denon. The latter estimated their value, and the Emperor exclaimed with surprise, 'So much as that! Ah! if I had known that they were worth so much, I would not have given them to Josephine; they must be bought back again; they are fine enough to be made national property.' These pictures belong at present to the Emperor of Russia, who bought them of the Queen and her brother."—vol. iii. p. 37.

"I cannot express how delighted I was to see the Emperor so close, and with what eagerness I examined him, and retained every word he uttered.

"I imbued myself with the tone of his voice, the expression of his countenance, so important to study in a man so great and extraordinary. Seen so close, he impressed every one with respect mingled with admiration; but at the same time he touched the heart by an air of great *bonhommie*, which was the more astonishing to find in him from the fear he generally inspired. I soon found how much those, in their judgment of his mind, who accused him of being unfeeling, were deceived. Though strong, it was accessible to all emotions of true feeling.

"'I should like to see the chamber of the Empress Josephine,' said he, in a voice which betrayed his strong sensibility. The Queen rose from her seat. 'No, Hortense; sit still, my child; I will go alone, it would distress you too much.' The eyes of the Queen filled with tears; she sat down again without speaking, and the Emperor left the room much affected. He returned not long after, and in spite of all his efforts to appear composed, one could easily perceive that he was much depressed, and that a sweet yet melancholy remembrance had taken possession of his soul. His eyes were moist; and he seemed desirous of shrouding himself in seriousness and severity, to escape a weakness which he wished neither to feel nor display."—vol. iii. pp. 39, 40.

"When I spoke to the Queen regarding Tallien, who had kept at a distance, she answered, 'It is not on account of his opinions that the 'Emperor has been severe against Tallien; but he has never forgiven 'him for having left Egypt (!) without his permission; he looked upon 'that as a desertion, which set so pernicious an example, that he has 'always remained inexorable towards him.'"—vol. iii. p. 49.

The real position of Bonaparte is given in these few lines, more valuable than they appear at first from the source from whence they come,—the bosom of his family.

"From the tenacity of resolution in the allies not to treat with the Emperor, war appeared inevitable, and this idea depressed all except the military. People began to doubt the Emperor's good fortune; it was discovered that some officers who had asked for active service, had notwithstanding gone to Ghent: it is always at the critical moment that the weakness of some characters is bared to the view. As long as the Emperor was fortunate every one was for him; but when obliged again to struggle against Europe, he had nothing remaining but those good people who regarded him as their support, and the soldiers, who loved him with enthusiasm, and without after-thought; but he lost all those who wanted only to make their fortune, and the number was unhappily very great. Besides, we must be just, the Bourbons had been mild and indulgent; they had received, more or less, all parties, without showing themselves vindictive. If their nobility and their emigrants had crushed much self-love, the Bourbons felt still so little strength that they worked only in the dark."—vol. iii. p. 52.

Fouché had his admirer, as well as Nero.

"She (Mademoiselle de Ribou) was inexhaustible in her admiration of the duke. He appeared to her eyes a great citizen, and at the same time the best of fathers, the most perfect friend, and a man of most

amiable heart. As a highly skilful minister she thought him of the greatest use to the cause to which he seemed entirely devoted; and yet, in spite of all these fine protestations, I learned indirectly that he held correspondence with Austria, and that he received from M. de Metternich messages which he kept secret. The minister of the court of Vienna professed, in the name of his master, the most pacific and generous dispositions towards France; but always refused to treat with the Emperor Napoleon, whose expulsion he demanded as the first condition for the maintenance of peace."—vol. iii. p. 104.

We preserve a lady's bon-mot, and some minor traits of a celebrated statesman, whose general talent for the agreeable, in female society especially, has been the basis and stepping-stone of one half of his power.

"The Countess Dulauloy was not, as may well be thought, in odour of sanctity in the noble faubourg, where Madame Alf.... de N.... had given her the nick-name of 'Le Grénadier tricolore,' in allusion to her tall and fine figure, as well as to the opinions this lady professed. She again had retaliated by calling the other, 'the Venus of the Père la Chaise.' And, to those who knew the leanness of Madame Alf... de N...., the application was very diverting, and the laughers were not on her side."—vol. iii. p. 56.

"M. de Metternich, young, amiable, intellectual and brilliant, was not the least remarkable of those I remember. He was the soul of our parties, and we delighted to have him. He brought into vogue the thousand little nothings which became afterwards sources of variety and amusement: to him we owe the *language of the flowers*, which was in many circles a symbolical mode of understanding one another at all times; amongst others, they spoke of a lovely and amiable lady, whom M. de Metternich visited every day, and all whose impressions were interpreted by the flowers that surrounded her. One day, troubled with vapours, she crowned herself with marigolds; her dress, her apartments were covered with garlands of this flower, her vases and baskets were filled with them; another day, roses were mingled with heartsease, scabius with sweetbriar; and on entering the hall one could at once divine the sentiments of tenderness, jealousy, hatred, or indulgence which occupied the goddess of the mansion.

"It was also Monsieur de Metternich who taught us to use jewels for alphabets; every precious stone stood for an initial letter, and thus were names or devices framed which became necklaces, rings, or bracelets. I had one made in this way for the Queen, who wore her name thus formed."—vol. iii. p. 117.

The catastrophe followed close the rejoicings.

"On the 17th of June we were suddenly waked at day-break by the report of cannon, and in a few moments the certainty that a victory had been won by the Emperor, dissipated all our gloomy presentiments; a battle had taken place and we had won the victory; confidence and hope revived in France, and the old good fortune of our armies, so often

triumphant, favoured us again. The next day, the 18th, the same success, a more complete victory than the day before, and more detailed intelligence of what had occurred; our joy was at the highest pitch!"—vol. iii. p. 120.

"In the evening, the Queen received as usual those who generally visited her; at the moment that the conversation became more animated by a gay and amusing discussion, the subject of which the Queen had supplied, she was told some one wished to speak privately with her: the names of those who were waiting for her were mentioned in a whisper, and she passed into her saloon to receive them; her absence was long. When she returned, I did not observe any other change in her countenance than that she looked somewhat paler. She resumed the conversation, disclosed nothing to any one, but dismissed them all earlier than usual.

"We were scarcely alone when she said to me, 'Well, now misfortune is come; all that I feared has been realised; the Emperor is beaten, France is in danger, the allies are marching upon Paris!"—vol. iii. 123.

"We both walked silently by the side of the Queen, who did not even lift her eyes to those pretty houses for which she had made such elegant plans; she did not now look at them; doubtless she thought it was no longer in France that she could lay her plans for the future.

"We were walking towards the Place de la Concorde; at the moment that we turned into the Allée de Marigny, I observed with astonishment a lady very elegantly dressed, who had stopped close to a sentinel placed at the gratings of the garden, and was talking to him with much vehemence and great gesticulation. As her back was turned she did not perceive us; the thing seemed so singular, that I could not resist my curiosity to know what it was; I pointed her out to the Queen, and at the moment we approached I heard the lady say to the soldier, 'They deceive you, he is beaten; there are no longer any hopes for him: the allies are advancing, and there is no safety but with the Bourbons.'

"'Let me alone, with your Bourbons!' said the soldier, turning away abruptly.

"'Is it then possible,' said the Queen, as she walked away, 'that they even attempt to win the Emperor's guards!'"—vol. iii. p. 130.

"The Queen went in the afternoon to the Elysée, whither I had the honour of accompanying her. I remained in the saloon whilst the Queen was with the Emperor; I presently saw her walking in the gardens with Madame Mère, whilst the Emperor, a few paces further off, was talking with his brother Lucien. All at once cries of 'Long live the Emperor,' made us run to the windows. Crowds of people, exasperated by the abdication, surrounded the palace and gardens, calling loudly for the Emperor; and when they perceived him walking, several men scaled the walls to approach him; they threw themselves at his feet, and with those touching tones which come from the heart, besought him not to abandon them, to renounce the project of abdication which drove them to despair, and to put himself at their head to go and repulse the enemy.

"'Well!' said Count Réal, who was with us, 'I have been doing nothing else but endeavouring to repress outbreaks like this, and to prevent similar scenes.'"—vol. iii. p. 141.

In the Chamber of Peers, too, another faithful follower, Labédoyère, insisted that the abdication was void if the young Emperor was not recognized. He bitterly reflected on the members and military chiefs holding an opposite opinion, recalled their oaths, and concluded by saying—

"'Shall we never hear in this precinct any thing but perjuries?'

"At these words, furious cries arose on every side; Monsieur de Valence fidgetted on his chair, crying, 'I do not listen to you; recant what you have said."—vol. iii. p. 147.

"Monsieur de Labédoyère being still with us at six o'clock, the Queen kept him to dinner. At the moment of sitting down to table, some one made the remark that there were *thirteen* of us. Although not superstitious, I do not like to find myself one of a party amounting to this number. I mentioned this to my neighbour; Labédoyère heard me. 'Do not be alarmed, Mademoiselle Cochelet,' said he, 'from the turn events are taking, the thirteenth is probably myself, who will be absent from the invitation of this day twelvemonth."—vol. iii. p. 148.

The following we preserve as interesting from the name of the narrator as well as the actors. The *artist*, even when absorbed in grief, had a keen eye to effective expression.

"The Emperor's mother was the last of the imperial family who came to take leave of the Emperor. Talma, who in the uniform of the National Guard, had repaired to Malmaison to see the *great man** before his departure, visited me the next day, and told me how much he had been affected at the Emperor having received him after the order had been given not to let another person enter; that the Emperor appeared gratified at his visit, and had manifested much interest for him. 'Of what a fine tragic scene have I been witness, Mademoiselle Cochelet!' said Talma, with the fiery animation of his character. 'What a spectacle was the separation of Madame Mère and her son! She could not draw any sign of emotion from the Emperor; but what expression she threw into those fine features, that attitude, and how much probably was in her thoughts! The emotion of the empress-mother declared itself in two large tears which trickled down her fine antique face, and her tongue pronounced only these three words, when she gave him her hand at the moment of departure, 'Farewell, my son!' The Emperor's answer was equally laconic, 'My mother, adieu!' then they embraced; such was their separation, doomed to be eternal!"—vol. iii. p. 172.

Two anecdotes of Madame Mère may be introduced here. The second refers to the visit of the Cardinal-secretary of His Holiness at the instance of the French Ambassador, Blacas,

* The expression Talma always used when speaking of him, especially since the day when performing at Tilsit in Œdipus, before the Emperor Napoleon, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor Alexander, this last, seizing the allusion at the moment when Talma said, "The friendship of a great man is a boon from the gods," threw himself into the arms of Napoleon. "How far those two sovereigns are from being so intimate now!" said Talma to me, with a deep sigh.

who insisted that the ex-Empress-Mother was fomenting insurrection.

"After the defection of Murat, which caused so much evil to our arms, and which contributed greatly to the misfortunes of France, the Empress-Mother broke off all connexion with her daughter, the Queen of Naples. The attempts which the latter made towards reconciliation were vain; at last, one day she forced her way, presented herself to her mother, and with all the tenderness and affection of a daughter, asked what she had done to merit such treatment? The only answer she received was in these remarkable words, 'What you have done! You have betrayed your brother, your benefactor!' The Queen of Naples urged with reason that her husband was the sole master of his political actions; that imperious circumstances and the interests of his kingdom had driven him to his rupture with France, and that no one, and much less her mother, could with reason denounce her as guilty. 'You have betrayed your benefactor,' repeated the Empress-Mother, 'you ought to have used all your influence with your husband, in order to dissuade him from his fatal resolutions; Murat should have had to pass over your corpse before committing such a crime; the Emperor was no less his benefactor than yours; retire, Caroline;' and she turned her back upon her. It was only after the Emperor's death that Madame Letitia became reconciled to her daughter."—vol. iii. p. 173.

"Madame Letitia, who had let him speak without interruption, then answered with dignity: 'My Lord Cardinal, I have not millions; but be pleased to say to the Pope, so that my words may come to the ears of Louis the XVIII., that if I was happy enough to possess the fortune so *charitably* ascribed to me, I should not employ it in fomenting troubles in Corsica, nor in making partisans in France for my son; *he has enough of them;* but in equipping a fleet whose special object should be to liberate the Emperor from the Island of St. Helena, where the most infamous want of faith detains him prisoner.' Then, saluting the Cardinal, she retired to her interior apartments."—vol. iii. p. 177.

It is singular, and proves that "Reality is more extraordinary than Romance," as Byron observed, that nearly the same means of safety which the noble poet censured Hook for introducing in his play of Tekeli, should have been actually proposed to no less a personage than the great bard's idol, the fallen master of Europe.

"At his arrival at Rochefort, the Emperor met there his brother Joseph, who was about to embark for the Netherlands in a vessel of that nation; the voyage was completed without misbap, avoiding the English cruizers. A Danish captain, whose vessel was considered a fast sailer, and which was in the road of La Rochelle, offered to transport the Emperor to New York, and said he would answer with his head for the success of the enterprise; but he made one special condition; it was, that the Emperor should embark alone, and should conceal himself in a chest: the Emperor refused.

"There was yet a means of delivering the Emperor from the English;

the attachment which his brother Joseph felt for him was a guarantee that it would not have been proposed in vain. Joseph must have put on the grey great coat and the peculiar hat of the Emperor, and, surrounded by faithful adherents, have allowed himself to be taken by the English in his stead. The striking resemblance in face, and not an inch difference in height, would have made it almost impossible to discover the ingenious stratagem. The English, in possession of Joseph, would have hastened to conduct him to the banks of the Thames? then the Emperor would the more easily have passed into America, as the English cruizing fleet would have left the coast.

"I have often reasoned on this subject with the Queen, and we both agreed as to its success. 'If the Emperor or his brother had thought of it, it would have been a noble page in the history of Joseph's life,' said the Queen, 'and I know him well; he would not have let such an opportunity escape of devoting himself for his brother."—vol. iii. p. 177.

Every thing relating to Talleyrand is an object of more than usual interest at this moment.

"With M. Talleyrand conversation is carried on by a few words, which he launches as oracles; he puts into them all his wit and genius; they are retained and circulated; and even, on occasion, words are put into his mouth. Here is one which at the time was much repeated: 'This affair is a question of legitimacy for Europe.' Thus in the opinion of him who had been the soul of all the diplomatic measures against France, every foreign prince should feel a personal interest in it; this explains their animosity against all that related to the Emperor."—vol. iii. p. 214.

The restoration produces a singular scene.

"On the 3rd of July Louis XVIII. made his triumphal entry into Paris. It was the more brilliant, as dukes, marquises, and counts composed the attending crowds; quality substituted quantity. The excitement was almost to madness; the cries and gestures were convulsive, so violent was the joy of the winning party. Fine equipages of elegant ladies impeded the passage of the sovereign surnamed The Desired; they went and came, passed and repassed unceasingly, waving their white handkerchiefs; they stretched their hands to one another out of the carriage windows; they embraced each other on meeting; in fact, in the midst of these transports, where voices failed in prolonged cries, a great lady, whose equipage was stopping on the Boulevart de Gand, was seen to take her coachman round the neck, and embrace him convulsively."—vol. iii. p. 215.

Of two very opposite anecdotes which we select for our readers, the first is not known so widely as it ought to be; the second is of Jerome Bonaparte, and might have been worthy Sheridan.

"I was informed that one day the Prussians wanted to blow up the Bridge of Jéna. Louis XVIII. had exclaimed against it warmly to the allies, and told Blucher, that if he persisted in blowing up the bridge, he would place himself on it at the time of the explosion. The bridge was left unmolested."—vol. iii. p. 217.

"He was one day, he said, absolutely in want of 25 louis, his purse being empty, although General Murat, governor of Paris, and who was very fond of him, often assisted him with his: but this time the latter resource failed him; and the quarter's allowance which he received from the consul had been spent in advance. What was he to do? To whom address himself? to his other brothers?—they were absent. Joseph and Louis commanded regiments at a distance; Lucien was on an embassy to Lisbon or Madrid. As to his mother, she could not see any reason for giving money to a young scapegrace like him, whom she loved tenderly, but whose morals she was more anxious for than his prodigality. What could he think of? It came into his head to pay a visit to a holy man, his uncle Fesch, (become a cardinal.) He presents himself, and is well received by this worthy relation, at whose house a numerous party is assembled. He is invited to dinner; after dinner they passed into the saloon to take coffee. At this moment Jerome watches the Cardinal entering another room; he follows him thither, draws into a corner this dear uncle, whom he had already so often wheedled out of money, and requests the same favour again; but the other is immoveable, and refuses flatly.

"Cardinal Fesch, it is well known, was always a great lover of pictures; now the room in which they were formed the commencement of his fine gallery, which has become so remarkable for its collection of the master-pieces of all schools. When Jerome heard this positive refusal, he turned abruptly round. 'See!' said he, 'there is a rascal who seems to be laughing at the affront I have received. I will be revenged.' At the same time he draws his sabre, and directs the point against the face of a fine old man (painted by Van Dyck), whose eyes he threatens to cut out. It may be imagined what a fright the Cardinal was in at seeing him ready to transpierce a masterpiece; he attempts to stay his arm; but the young man will not hear reason, till the 25 louis have been promised him. The uncle capitulates, peace is made, and they embrace."—vol. iii. p. 219.

Hortense was greatly surprised and pained at the conduct of the Emperor Alexander, who on his return to Paris, though he once entered the Queen's hotel, according to Mademoiselle de Cochelet, never made the least attempt to renew the former intimacy. She expressed her feelings to Madame St. Aulaire, who repeated them to the King of Prussia.

". . . . . But the King, in order to stop her mouth, told her that a letter had been seized, which Queen Hortensia had written to her brother, and in which the Emperor Alexander was very ill spoken of; he whom she had praised so much in 1814. It was pretended that the Queen described him as a man without mind, without decision, over whom it was easy to gain an ascendant and turn him any way."—vol. iii. p. 230.

This assertion, which the fair biographer does not hesitate to call a wanton falsehood on the part of his majesty, was certainly

not the plea set up by a follower of the Czar. It is singular that both in France and England his Imperial Majesty should have been prevented from paying a visit on which, according to his apologists in these cases, he had so much set his heart, by the personal anxiety of the respective monarchs, if we can trust the same authorities; which assuredly we do not.

"..... He (M. Boutikim) insisted much on the point that his sovereign was not master to do whatever he pleased, and was answerable for the slightest act, in the present state of France, to the sovereigns his allies; that they had reciprocally engaged not to do any thing but by common consent. Then with an air of mystery Boutikim added, that it had pained the Emperor Alexander much not to see the Queen; that it was a great constraint on his inclinations, but that Louis XVIII. had so strongly urged him not to do it, that the Emperor did not know how to refuse promising; that he had been pained to see an old man so tenacious on this head; and that, fearing he would go so far as to petition on his knees, he had been obliged to give his word not to see the queen.

"The importance attached to a simple act of politeness towards a lady, and the idea of a King of France supplicating thus the Emperor of Russia, appeared to me so ridiculous, that I conducted Boutikim to the Queen, that he himself might tell her this incredible fact. She smiled, but did not seem to give much credence to it."—vol. iii. p. 245.

Not less ignoble were the fears of Mademoiselle de Staël, for she, it seems, candidly confessed them to the exiled ex-Queen. But we hope she could not really apprehend that Louis XVIII. would have denied a just debt had she acted otherwise, and been heroic enough to see a Queen and a friend in adversity.

"One could not be near Coppet, where Madame de Staël resided, without desiring to see this literary wonder of our times. Monsieur de Voyna paid her a visit; he was well received, and returned charmed with her wit, and still more with the beauty of her daughter, then a fine and graceful girl, whose presence at Coppet was an additional attraction for the numerous visitors. Monsieur de Voyna did not fail to return thither several times. Madame de Staël begged him to present her compliments to the Queen, and to express her regret at not being able to come and pay her respects to her; that she would leave her to judge of her position; that at that moment she was prosecuting a claim of 2,000,000 of francs, lent by Monsieur Necker to the Bourbons; that this obliged her to be circumspect, to avoid injuring her interests. The Queen liked her frankness, and let her know that she should be grieved if any attempt to see her should do her injury. The Queen had the more merit in thus answering Madame de Staël, as she had never wished so much to talk with her. A phrase of hers proves how great is the fascination of success, since it misled even her superior mind. Madame de Staël said of the Emperor, after the last events, 'Really I cannot understand it; I always looked upon him as a great man!'"—vol. iii. p. 308.

The preservers of ancient relics may take a lesson from this discovery of the value of History to Archæologists.

"The Queen had graciously received the envoy of General Rochemann, and had invited him to dinner. At the hour fixed the aide-de-camp arrived in full uniform, wearing at his side a sword, which he was not long in making us observe. It was his favourite subject; he said that this sword, which was a very old and handsome one, had belonged to Richard Cœur-de-Lion. It had been found, he said, after his captivity in Germany on his return from the Crusades, and had been preserved with great care as a precious relic of such a valiant and illustrious warrior. The aide-de-camp wore it as a remembrance of his ancestors, who had transmitted it from father to son.

"The Queen, who had scarcely listened to our conversation, asked in a careless manner to see the sword, which we were passing from hand to hand, accompanying it with expressions of the admiration it excited in us. The Austrian officer presented to her the weapon, on which was actually engraved the name of Richard. The Queen examined it with great attention, and then returned it, saying very quietly that it was very handsome, and had very likely belonged to a king of England, called Richard the Third, but could not possibly have been worn by Richard Cœur-de-Lion, for among the ornaments on the hilt was the device of the Order of the Garter, which was not instituted till the time of Edward the Third.

"The Queen did not observe the stupefaction of the poor officer. I believe I was the first to understand the whole extent of his annoyance. A single word had sufficed to ruin completely the importance of possessing so precious a weapon; he saw vanish at once the authenticity of a title to nobility, which had procured him much politeness from several great personages, and particularly the favourable opinion of Englishmen, who always feel great interest in all that concerns their national remembrances. This sword had got him invitations to dinner, great attentions, and once the offer of a considerable sum, which he now most surely repented of not accepting. He must have regretted this discovery the more as it was now evident that the sword could only have belonged to the wicked Richard, who is accused, not without foundation, of the murder of his two nephews."—vol. iii. p. 343.

The sword of Marshal Ney was productive of a more serious catastrophe—

"Marshal Ney was arrested on the 11th of August at the Castle of Bessoines, the property of one of his wife's relations. These are a few particulars of his arrest: the marshal had been some days in this retreat, when a Bourbonist of the neighbourhood, at a visit he made to the castle, observed in a corner of the room a sabre, which, from its richness and military emblems, he imagined to belong to some great military personage. In his opinion, the owner of this sabre could be none other than either Marshal Ney or Murat. From this clue it was guessed that one or other of these two illustrious fugitives was concealed at Bes-

soines; official information was forwarded to Monsieur Locard, prefect of Cantal, and to the under-prefect of Aurillac, who, seconded by a captain of gens d'armes, had the castle surrounded, and took the marshal, whom they immediately conveyed to Paris."—vol. iii. p. 346.

Of Lavalette we hear little, of his wife less: of the former we are told—

"When he knew who composed the jury summoned to judge him, he bent down his head and said in the ear of his counsel, 'I am condemned!' Monsieur Tripier, who had the greatest confidence in the goodness of his cause, would not give any credence to these sinister words; when, therefore, he heard the terrible declaration, he was so overwhelmed that he fell back on the bench, where, being a short man, he was almost out of sight. Lavalette, turning at the moment the words '*to the pain of death*' were being pronounced, gave him his hand, saying, 'After all, my friend, it is but a cannon-shot.' Saluting with his hand the officers of the post who had appeared as witnesses, he said to them in the kindest manner, 'Farewell, gentlemen of the post-office.'"—vol. iv. p. 120.

Of Fouché as a dreamer the anecdote must be new; here is his letter to Mademoiselle Cochelet—

"Dresden, June 5th.

"You have good reason to believe that you made a conquest of me; I dreamed that I had also made a conquest of you, and this dream is not without some reality, as you will see.

"We were walking together, last week, in the outskirts of Constance; the heat of the sun drew us towards the lake, and in an instant I saw you in the middle of the water, and, plunging in after you, brought you to the shore. As a good action always has its recompense, guess what will be mine!"—vol. iv. p. 196.

We conclude with two little anecdotes—

"At the time of the marriage of the Emperor Jerome with a Princess of Wurtemberg, kings stood waiting in the anti-chambers of the Tuileries, which caused Monsieur de Montesquiou to say to the emperor, when the latter reproached him, generally so punctual, for being ten minutes behind his time, 'What was I to do, sire? in crossing the apartments, I was stopped by *a crowd of kings*, who all asked after your majesty's health.'

"At this great epoch foreign kings and princes flocked to Paris; the primate was of the number; during his stay in the capital, he had contracted the habit of repairing every day to the house of the witty Fanny de Beauharnais, god-mother to Queen Hortensia; she was an old and esteemed acquaintance of his. He generally spent an hour there; he never took leave of her without pressing sometimes one, sometimes both his cheeks to her's. One day, when the separation had been more affectionate than usual, the primate went from Fanny de Beauharnais to the Tuileries, where he had been invited to dine with the emperor. He had scarcely entered when a footman, approaching respectfully, told him that his cheeks were quite red. His highness immediately remembered the farewell embrace of his old friend, and turning to a mirror, saw that

his face was coloured by the contact with the rouged cheeks of Fanny de Beauharnais. Having remedied this disorder, or rather excess, of toilet, he causes himself to be announced to the emperor, of whom he asks permission to give a pension of 1200 francs to a valet of his majesty's, who, by a timely hint, saved him from a ridicule which could not have failed to attach to him; the primate then related what had happened at the house of the empress's relation. The emperor and the company laughed heartily; but he to whom the affair was the most agreeable and advantageous was the valet, who they say did not *blush* to accept the primate's bounty."—vol. iv. p. 325, 326.

We must however make room for one reminiscence of Talleyrand—

"The members of the imperial family might have expected all sort of chicanery from him. It is stated that the animosity of this diplomatist against all that related to the emperor, arose from a misadventure he had had in consequence of the return from the island of Elba. He was then at Bern as French minister, and gave a brilliant evening party, at which several amateurs performed a comedy; he himself took the character of a miller, and in order to be more correct in his costume, he covered himself with flour from head to foot; he was white all over, clothes, hands, and face. As he was about to come upon the stage, and promised himself much applause, a secretary of embassy approached, and delivered him a packet. What did it announce? The disembarkation of the emperor in the gulf of Juan. This was a thunderbolt for the ambassador. Without taking time to change his clothes, he dismissed the party, and, with his secretaries, occupied himself all night in expediting despatches to his court, as well as to the different cabinets of Germany. This engaged him till day-break; presently, some one knocked violently at the door of the house; it is opened; and in comes Monsieur * * * * ambassador from one of the German courts, who, absent from Bern since the day before, had returned in haste, and presented himself to his colleague to ask him the details of an event which was in every body's mouth. What was the astonishment of his German excellence, on entering Monsieur de Talleyrand's closet, to see him *dressed as a miller*. As the carnival had long been over, he thought that this disguise was the effect of a too early apprehension.

"This anecdote ran through the whole city, and since that time Monsieur de Talleyrand was never designated by any other title than of the ambassador-miller."—vol. iv. p. 96.

The style of these volumes is slight, and they are serviceable chiefly, as already observed by us, in displaying the general amiability of Madame Hortense, and the system of scandal so active and widely ramified through French society, where every report, however obviously impossible, obtains ample belief throughout its day. The details we have quoted assist our impressions, and give fair, though slight and incidental lights into characters for whom once all the world was a stage.

ART. III. *A Dissertation on the Nature and Character of the Chinese System of Writing*, by Peter L. Du Ponceau, LL. D.: *to which are subjoined, a Vocabulary of the Cochinchinese Language*, by Father Joseph Morrone, Roman Catholic Missionary at Saigon; *with References to Plates, and Notes showing the Affinity of the Chinese and Cochinchinese Languages, &c.*, by M. de la Palun: *and, a Cochinchinese and Latin Dictionary, in use among the Roman Catholic Missions in Cochinchina.* 8vo. Philadelphia, 1838.

THE short existence of the United States of North America as an independent nation, and the fact of that existence having been engendered in a high state of civilization, has naturally led, on the part of the American nation itself, as on that of its contemporaries in Europe, to a considerable degree of invidious comparison. The newly-formed people, conscious of individual intellect and civilization on the one hand, and of collective energy on the other, has been but too prone to forget that the first aim and business of nations, as of individuals, must be to assure the means of existence by internal exertion and increase of the necessaries of life; and thus progressively to concentrate such a mass of provision and its resources, of wealth, and of numbers, at home, as to render its commercial, and next, its political relations with other powers, an object of national interest abroad. The rapid progression of domestic colonization and agriculture, the ceaseless development of manufacturing and trading activity, and the eager spirit of enterprise and speculation thus generated and borne with avidity into foreign lands, have secured for America a broad basis of stability at home, and a weight and consideration amongst the ancient states of the eastern hemisphere totally unparalleled in the history of the world. But, comparing with honest and rational pride her actual growth and extraordinary development of resources, the American nation appears in some measure to have overlooked the fact that growth and maturity were necessarily successive; and that in the physical as well as political world the activity of the limbs impedes to a certain degree, though it cannot altogether prevent, the loftier efforts of the mind; and therefore, that the highest class of intellectual exertion, requiring the absorption and concentration of all the mental faculties for its own object and purposes, though likely to need an occasional stimulus from physical motion, was yet incompatible with a general system of movement. While foreign nations therefore, and England in particular, supplied the staple of American literature, the latter claiming,

and with justice, the earlier triumphs of British achievements as, equally with ours, her just inheritance of fame, yearned also for intellectual distinctions of her own; and felt and resented with a national and pardonable prejudice the apparent injustice when her writers in a common language were not admitted to the full participation of modern British literary glories.

On the other hand the rapid and eager development in America of energies and resources already alluded to as unparalleled in the pages of history, created in the older world, and most of all in Great Britain, a feeling of jealousy on some points, and a tendency to disparagement on all. England could not behold the successful rivalry in commerce of her own political offspring without an indefinite sense of doubt for the future and of mortification at the remembrance of a portion of the past. She was therefore no way disposed to grant to her forward child a single concession that could be fairly withheld from her; and to the claim for literary distinctions she replied, as Leonidas to the Persians' demand for arms—"Come and take them." Equally in either case the first assumptions of an untried power could expect no other answer.

But with nations as with individuals, a state of mutual distrust and irritation is less often the result of malevolence than of mutual ignorance. A freer inter-communication is re-knitting the ties which war and jealousies had broken asunder; and perhaps in the political as in the human frame, the union of the severed parts, if not carried on through precisely the same channels as before, may yet be confirmed and maintained by an increase of vessels at each point, multiplying simultaneously on both sides, and sympathetically and instinctively seeking and uniting with each other. The name and fame of Washington Irving in Great Britain were tangible evidences to the United States that no mean jealousy of her literary powers depreciated the merit of her writers amongst the English. The author in question, it is true, won golden opinions from ourselves by his eager and almost sacred veneration of this his ancestral land; but in all cases of irritation a generous concession on one side produces corresponding concession on the other; and our "nation of shopkeepers" rendered the truth mathematically demonstrable to their brethren of "the stores" by the irrefragable evidence of hospitality and money. The heads of houses vied with each other in their welcome to the stranger: the peers opened to him their doors; the booksellers their purses; and all was triumph and gratulation, from Melbourn to Murray.

If of all literature the wings of imagination were foremost in crossing the broad Atlantic, the praise which has since attended

the names of Bryant, and Percival, Brown, Cooper, and Willis, has had its consequently due effect in the west. The theological labours of Dwight and Channing, the science of Silliman and a host of fellow-labourers, following in the same train of distinction, have strengthened the cordialities of brotherhood in birth and pursuits; and the learned labours of Doctor Du Ponceau evince how frank and honest is the literary feeling subsisting between the two countries. Every page of the volume before us bears evidence for the author of the sympathy he entertains, and justly expects from us in return, for all that refers to the advancement of knowledge. Were there no other, this in itself would be the proudest of triumphs for literature; that by acting on the common springs of feeling, and searching out the common sources of our best emotions, it has produced union where only discord existed, lulled the clash of arms by the deep breathings of the lyre, converted hostile rivalry into generous emulation, soothed jarring interests into consentaneous intercourse, brought countries that the ocean separated to rejoice and hail openly a facilitated communion, and even led the sterling sense of the great American nation to reprobate the wild outbreak of their borderers against their peaceful sister. To the just and impartial tone so nobly assumed by the best periodicals of America in the late unfortunate events, a tone in which her literature prescribed and echoed abroad the real honesty, honour, and interest of the nation, we may firmly attribute the discouragement shown by the government at Washington to lawless outrage, and the continuance of peace, so jeopardized by those acts.—"The weapons of war, we will trust, have perished," and Jonathan must claim from us henceforth the remembered "pleasantness" of a brother.

It is with these feelings we open the volume before us, in a spirit of frank and friendly criticism: the more so as being the first work of this nature which it has fallen to our lot to review, and the candid and moderate tone of the writer invite us to a discussion, for the purpose of ultimate union rather than difference. Though we must confess ourselves to differ widely from the author on many points, and more particularly on the first of his two propositions, we trust to be able to express, with our dissent, our high opinion of that independence of judgment, which spurns following a tract merely because it is usual, and assumes for itself a course of inquiry which is certainly open to all. In England, we are aware, it is but too much the fashion to hold certain opinions on oriental language and history as so many articles of faith, and the more so when all known facts militate the most strongly against them. Herein, it is true, con-

sists the merit of such faith, but the *credo quia impossibile est*, is the favourite dogma of the philological Catholic; and all who gainsay that doctrine, upon whatever grounds, are guilty of the sin that shall not be forgiven unto men.

Doctor Du Ponceau's work is put forward to maintain these two propositions:

1. That the Chinese characters primarily represent words; and not ideas, as is generally asserted.

And he deduces from this as an absolute corollary—so at least we consider his argument—

2dly. That other nations cannot, as is asserted, employ or understand the Chinese character, independent of the Chinese language, for a system of *pasigraphy*, or universal writing.

To the first of these propositions we must distinctly demur.

To the second we reply that it is a question of fact, not of argument; requiring, as the learned author renders evident, very distinct proofs to maintain it.

But we hold that, whichever way the fact may lie, the second proposition has no connection with the first.

The station held by Doctor Du Ponceau as President of the American Philosophical Society, of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and of the Philadelphian Athenæum, &c., entitle his opinions to careful consideration. But in our quality of Reviewers, looking less at persons than things, we are bound to say, that the arrangement of his book appears to us defective; that there is a want of the first principle of logic, definition; that assertion, however frequently made and dextrously managed, requires the aid of argument and proof; and that from the vocabularies, furnished by the volume, the author ought to have drawn particular illustrations of his argument.

In the course of our inquiry we shall come to the remainder of the objections; and therefore only the first needs notice here. The question is opened and discussed in an Introduction of thirty-two pages, which, it appears, was written last; then follows the body of the work, consisting of 102 pages, and going over, of course, the same line of argument which appears for the third time as A. in the Appendix, and is condensed there into a letter of fourteen pages addressed to Captain Basil Hall. These successive discharges may be extremely serviceable in the way of platoon firing; but we doubt whether any American tactician would make this his main battle against so formidably trained a host as the Chinese scholars whom the Doctor so gallantly assails: he should bear in mind that this is not a mere question of bush-fighting at Saratoga, but that his adversaries are the learned of all Europe and China itself, whom he attacks upon their own ground, confessing himself ignorant of the locality.

We must differ from our author in the first sentence of the Introduction.

"It is a just and true remark of the Rev. M. Gutzlaff, that 'nothing has so much *puzzled* the learned world in Europe as the Chinese language.' We need not go very far to find out the cause of this embarrassment. It is produced, like many other difficulties that occur in almost every science, by the abuse of words, by the use of metaphors instead of plain intelligible language, and by looking beyond nature for the explanation of her most simple operations."—p. ix.

The remark concerning China seems a favourite with the learned Doctor, for he subsequently quotes it a second time (p. 16) with a similar expression of concurrence; yet it can scarcely be just and true, we submit, since India and Egypt have both of them puzzled the learned world as much, if not more, than the Chinese language—nor can we discover the slightest evidence throughout the volume of metaphors substituting plain language by way of cause, or of any one "looking beyond nature" for it.

Doctor Du Ponceau proceeds to say,

"The learned writer above cited does not tell us what he means by the words 'the Chinese *language*.' If he meant the *spoken* idiom, (as it is affected to be called,) there does not appear any difficulty or cause of embarrassment. The Chinese language (properly so called) is a simple idiom, and, peculiarly the Kou-wen, or ancient language, essentially elliptical; its words are monosyllabic, and its syntax chiefly consists in the juxtaposition of those words, aided by a certain number of particles, which stand in the place of our grammatical forms and inflexions. A great number of those words are homophonous, but they are distinguished by accents and tones; and, upon the whole, the people who speak this language find no difficulty in understanding each other. It is perhaps more elliptical than any other; more is understood by it than is actually expressed; but no difficulty arises from it. Ideas and perceptions are awakened by the Chinese monosyllables, as well as by those grammatical forms which may be called the *luxury* of our idioms.

"Here, then, is nothing that can *puzzle* the philologists of Europe. But if, by the Chinese *language*, the learned author meant the written characters, (and in that sense only I can understand him,) he says what is unfortunately too true; and by the use which he makes of the word *language*, he shows that he has not yet discovered the true cause of the embarrassment which he very properly notices, and which must strike every one who has attended to the subject.

"The Chinese characters do not, more than any other graphic system, constitute *a language* in the proper sense of the word. Metaphorically, indeed, they may be so called, and so may the groups formed by the letters of our alphabets. We do not read by letters, we read by groups of those little signs, representing words and sentences. No one, who is

not in his A B C, will spell a word when he reads, or even think of the sounds of its component figures. This is so true, that there are words, such as the word *awe*, in which not a single one of the sounds attached to the three letters that compose it is heard when it is read. In the word *ought*, none is heard but that of the letter *t*. Our eye catches the group, and our mind the sound and sense of the written word, all at the same moment; it does not stop to take notice of each letter; the physical and mental processes are performed at the same instant, with the rapidity of thought, which is exceeded by nothing that we can form an idea of. These groups, therefore, might also receive the name of ideographic signs or characters, and their aggregate and various combinations might be called a written *language*. But every one will understand that this word, so applied, would only be metaphorical."—pp. ix. x.

We shall pause here to remark that if we do not read by letters, we read by the sounds they recall. By these sounds we do not mean the names we give to these letters; but though letters when grouped are sometimes modified in sound as regards each other,—and this is all the Doctor's argument can fairly reach,—do they therefore lose their essential nature in the group? How can we judge of the whole group without its parts? not separate, certainly, but in combination. What is the whole but the sum of components? And can this sum or combination of parts, exist without them? What is *awe* but the short *a* or *uh* (one of the sounds of *a* in English); the *w*, (*u*, *u*,) prolonged by the final *e*? the three letters, or elementary sounds, collapsing into one complex sound, or word, so received and recognized for the purpose of speech.

"To apply these principles to the Chinese system of writing is the object of the following dissertation. All those I believe (I may say almost without exception*) who have written on the subject, have represented the writing of the Chinese as a separate, independent language, unconnected with the sounds of the human voice, and consequently with speech; a language acting *vi propriâ*, and presenting ideas to the mind directly through the eye, without passing through the mental ear, in which it is said to differ from our alphabetical system. Hence it has been called *ideographic*, and the language properly so called, the *oral* language, is represented as nothing more than the *pronunciation* of that which has usurped its name and its place.

"In proof of these assertions, it is said that the Chinese writing is read and understood by nations who cannot speak or understand one word of the spoken idiom, but who make use of the same characters. How far this is founded in truth, the subjoined vocabularies of the Cochinchinese language, which employs in its writing the Chinese cha-

* "Dr. Morrison is the writer who has said the least upon the subject. He has been more cautious than his brother sinologists. He does not, however, contradict the opinion that is generally received."

racters, will, I think, sufficiently show. However it may be, it will not affect the principles on which I intend to demonstrate that the Chinese graphic system is founded; nor will it in the least support its pretended extraordinary, and I might say almost miraculous properties.

"I endeavour to prove, by the following dissertation, that the Chinese characters represent the *words* of the Chinese language, and ideas only through them. The letters of our alphabet separately represent sounds to which no meaning is attached, and are therefore only the elements of our graphic system; but, when combined together in groups, they represent the words of our languages, and those words represent or recall ideas to the mind of the reader. I contend that the Chinese characters, though formed of different elements, do no more, and that they represent ideas no otherwise than as connected with the words in which language has clothed them, and therefore that they are connected with sounds, not indeed as the letters of our alphabet separately taken, but as the groups formed by them when joined together in the form of words." —pp. xi. xii.

In opposition to this we must assert, that the Chinese characters do represent differently from ours; for they are arbitrary and convey their object, not the name of it, to the mind; and this without direct reference to its sound:—whereas our alphabetic forms always refer primarily to sound.

Doctor Du Ponceau seems much embarrassed by the want of a term, familiar enough, we should have imagined, in England, to render it so in America likewise; we mean a *syllabary*, or table of syllables, as distinct from an alphabet, or table of letters.

All savage nations began with picture writings, says Doctor Du Ponceau; "the original forms of a number of their characters show that the Chinese began in the same manner." We would refer the Doctor to the oldest specimen extant as given by Hager, from an ancient sculptured rock, wherein but two characters bear any resemblance to actual form, and these are of serpents. We would remark to our readers that one of these bears the serpent form in combination with a smaller sign, which combination is precisely the form signifying hostility amongst the Nabatheans, as the serpent alone signified with them guile or artifice.

The Chinese in general, we are aware, refer to the same origin, and they are, possibly, right, judging by analogy: but the inscription referred to; the Chinese tale of characters drawn from the tortoise's shell, from the foot-prints of animals, and from constellations; the absence of the original pictorial system in that kingdom; and the fact we instanced in a previous Number, of distinguishing the genders by perfect and imperfect lines, all seem to point to an opposite conclusion from Doctor Du Ponceau's, and justify the general opinion (which was also that of De Pauw,) that the two systems are radically distinct. Our author is

perhaps right; but how can he take upon himself to affirm positively that their primary signs were in part "the abridged forms of their pictures and metaphors, but so altered as to be no longer recognized?"

He then proceeds to observe,

"The number of those primary or simple characters is not known; it is to be presumed that it was not greater than could be easily retained in the memory. The Chinese grammarians, under the name of keys or radicals, have reduced them to the number of two hundred and fourteen; but of these several are compounded, so that the number was probably still smaller. Be that as it may, two hundred words, more or less, having signs or characters to represent them, by joining two, three, or more of them together, and using them as catch words to lead to one that had no sign to represent it, could produce an immense number of combinations; and a still greater one by joining to these, and combining with them, the new compounds; and so they might proceed in the same manner *ad infinitum*. By means of that system, with some modifications, the Chinese succeeded in representing all the *words* in their language. The ideas were only an ingredient in the method which they adopted, but it was by no means their object to present them to the mind unaccompanied by the word which was their model, and which, if I may use a bold metaphor, sat to them for its picture; a picture, indeed, which bore no resemblance to the object, but which was sufficient to recall it to the memory.

"From this general view of the Chinese system of writing, it is evident that the object of its inventors was to recall to the mind, by visible signs, the words of which their language was composed, and not to represent ideas independent of the sounds of that language. But the number of those words being too great to admit of merely arbitrary signs, the forms of which could not easily be retained without some classification to help the memory, they thought of some mode of recalling at the same time something of the meaning of each word, and that was done by combining together the signs of several of them, so as to make a kind of definition, far, indeed, from being perfect, but sufficient for the purpose for which it was intended. And that is what the Chinese literati, and the sinologists after them, have been pleased to call *ideographic writing;* while, instead of ideas, it only represents words, by means of the combination of other words, and therefore I have called it *lexigraphy*."—pp. xiii. xiv.

After noticing the three first classes of characters, our author repeats his previous assertion,

"It has been seen that the first has long been entirely out of use, and is now superseded by arbitrary signs, which have no connexion with ideas, except by recalling to the mind the words by which the ideas are expressed."—p. xvii.

Now it appears to us clear that if the form or character did

not represent a sound, it could not be said to represent a word: but that simply, the thing which that word represented to the ear, the character represented to the eye: the idea conveyed by the picture of a horse or dog was transferred to the character substituted for that picture: but as all the world would understand what the picture itself represented, the natives of all countries would understand it without a reference to the *sound* of the name, and without necessarily recalling that sound. But as, if they did recall it, each countryman would give it a different sound; as *horse, cheval, pferd, asp,* &c., it is evident that the character answering to, and recalling, so many various *sounds* could not be confined to any one of them; i. e. not to any one *word.*

But the author proceeds thus, quoting from, and animadverting on, M. de Remusat.

"'To express abstract *ideas,* or the acts of the understanding, they (the Chinese) have altered the sense of those simple or compound characters which represent material objects, or they have made of a substantive the sign of a verb, which expresses a corresponding action. Thus the *heart* represents the *mind;* a *house* is taken for *man;* a *hall* for *woman;* a *hand* for an *artificer* or *mechanic,* &c.' Unfortunately for this theory, the sense of the characters (as corresponding with the words) has not been in the least altered; it is the sense of the words that has been changed, and the characters have followed. In the Chinese *spoken* language, a sailor is called a *ship-hand,* a monk a *reason-house,* or house of reason, &c., and the writing only applies the appropriate character to each of these words. The language is full of similar metaphors; *east-west* signifies a thing or something; *elder brother* with *younger brother,* signify simply brother, without distinction of age, &c. The writing does no more than represent these words by the characters appropriated to each; the metaphor is in the *language,* not in the *writing.*

"Dr. Marshman wonders that he has never seen a Chinese treatise on the grammar of the spoken idiom. The reason is obvious. The Chinese affect to ascribe every thing to their system of writing, which they would have us believe to be an admirable philosophical invention, independent of, and unconnected with the language, which they consider only as the oral expression of the characters, while the reverse is the exact truth. That a vain, ignorant nation should entertain such notions, is not at all to be wondered at; but that grave and learned European philologists should adopt them without reflection is truly astonishing."—pp. xvii. xviii.

Without stopping to combat what we cannot but consider as farther fallacies, it is evident that, in any case, the non-connection between characters and words is a defect originating in a state of barbarism. The Chinese do not pretend to have had an alphabet previously, and to have rejected this for their present characters: but it is clear that the acceptance of a sign for one sound,

as *shan, a hill,* and of a totally different sign for the similar sound of *shang, above,* must have been conventional, and was used because no nearer or more satisfactory medium presented itself, to mark correspondingly to the eye their similarity to the ear. Our alphabet, which does this, is consequently essentially different in nature from the Chinese character system; and yet Doctor Du Ponceau has not hesitated to declare that the two represent *words* in one and the same manner! Speaking of the fifth class of the Chinese characters, which combines two or more to represent a word, our author, *guessing* that Dr. Morrison's definition, "association of *ideas* in compounding the characters," is but a translation of the Chinese definition, adds,

"We take the liberty to define it thus:—'The association or combining of several words in their appropriate characters to represent another word.' Thus we combine the letters of our alphabet to give them a meaning which, separately, they have not. The Chinese combine their *significant* characters to give to the groups thus formed a meaning which none of them possess separately. The meaning is in the words to which the characters are applied, and that meaning they only hint at by the association of other words represented by their appropriate signs."—p. xix.

This seems to us the strongest possible case of a *petitio principis*—and let the reader judge for himself. The characters expressing the Sun and Moon stand for Light: those of Man and Mountain signify Hermit; a Bird and a Mouth express Song; and the verb *to hear* is represented by an Ear and a Door. Now, if the sound or name of the two objects represented gave the name of the third, the characters might be said to represent the word (or third name) intended: but this is as little the case in the Chinese as in the English; and if *bird-mouth* could in any shape convey the meaning of song, would it not be in the association of ideas or combination of attributes, rather than in the sound of a word? By the same association of ideas, Man and Desert might represent a Hermit to an English eye or sense, but Man-Mountain, so efficient for this end to a Chinese, to a Briton, and probably an American also, would but recall Captain Samuel Gulliver in Lilliput—and why? Because the imaginative association of Swift forms an integral and sole portion of our ideas in this combination, to the exclusion of that conventional combination accepted in the Celestial Empire, and which we acquire but subsequently.

An idea* is simply an apprehensory impression; a perception

* Doctor Du Ponceau can scarcely object to the explanations of his learned countryman, Doctor Webster, whose very complete and elaborate Dictionary, rejecting the false brilliance of compendious and antithetic definitions, is careful to give the com-

conveying intelligence to the mind; and we express the *subject* of that intelligence by a *word* rather than the intelligence itself. The subject, or thing itself then, furnishes the idea (or intelligence); and this creates the name or word. Now if the Chinese character is not a picture, but a sign substituting a picture, it recalls primarily but the thing it represents; and the name of that thing it recalls only collaterally, or by its connection with it. The process in this case is—the sign, the thing signified by it, and then the name. With us, it is, 1st, the alphabetic combination representing, 2nd, the name, and through this, 3rd, the thing named—a converse process to the former, we submit. If we take *jih* and *yue*, Sun and Moon, how will any combination of these *names* make the sound, or spoken word, *ming*, Light? How, then, shall we obtain this last but by the impression of the common attribute of those two planets? And does not, therefore, the name come *through* the idea in this instance? Is not, in fact, the application of a fresh word instead of the two, compound, terms, creating a word for the result of that compound, i. e. for the new idea?

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plete sense of each term. We quote part of the three definitions of character, idea, and word.

"Character, n. (L. *character*; Fr. *caractère*; Sp. *caracter*; It. *carattere*, Gr χαρακτὴς, from the verb χαράσσω, χαράττω, to scrape, cut, engrave.

"1. A mark made by cutting or engraving, as on stone, metal, or other hard material; hence, a mark or figure made with a pen or style, on paper or other material used to contain writing; a letter, or figure used to form words, and communicate ideas. Characters are: *literal*, as the letters of an alphabet; *numeral*, as the arithmetical figures; *emblematical* or *symbolical*, which express things or ideas, and *abbreviations*.

"2. A mark or figure, made by stamping or impression, as on coins,

"3. The manner of writing; the peculiar form of letters used by a particular person, &c.

"Idea, n. (L. *idea*; Fr. *idée*; Gr. ἰδία, from εἶδω, to see; L. *video*.)

"1. Literally, that which is seen. Hence, form, image, model of any thing in the mind; that which is held or comprehended by the understanding or intellectual faculties.

"2. In popular use *idea* signifies notion, conception, thought, opinion, and even purpose or intention.

"3. Image, in the mind.

"4. An opinion; a proposition, &c.

"Word, n. (Sax. ꝑoꝛð or ꝑẏꝛð; G. *wort*; D. *woord*; Dan. and Sw. *ord*; Sans. *wartha*. This word is probably the participle of a root in *Br*, and radically the same as L. *verbum*; Ir. *abairim*, to speak. A *word* is that which is uttered or thrown out.

"1. An articulate or vocal sound, or a combination of articulate and vocal sounds, uttered by the human voice, and by custom expressing an idea or ideas; a single component part of human speech or language.

"*A.*, in English, is a word; but few words consist of one letter only. Most words consist of two or more letters, as *go*, *do*, *shall*, called monosyllables; or of two or more syllables, as *honor*, *goodness*, *amiable*.

"2. The letter or letters, written or printed, which represent a sound or combination of sounds, &c."

"It very often happens that those combinations are mere enigmas, and present no definite idea to the mind, and sometimes one entirely contrary to its object; but they serve the purpose, precisely as our groups of letters when they represent different sounds from those attached to the separate characters."—p. xx.

We do not see that this fact helps the Doctor's argument, or has anything to do with it *pro* or *contrà*. The idea resulting from these enigmas arises from the impression their enigmatical objects convey by juxtaposition, whether through similarity or contrast; and this result being simply conventional, the consequence that follows assimilates to our own system, which is purely one of rules. We shall offer in illustration a singular instance of the Norsemen's enigmatical mode of conveying ideas pictorially by words. A snake is the symbol of a circle, which is the form of a ring: the hand is the bridge that carries the falcon—the end of that bridge is the finger—the gallows on which a shield is hung must be the arm—and to hang is to place. A lover therefore says, "I *hang* the *snake* at the *end* of the falcon's *bridge* on the *gallows* of the shield"—this gives the idea it seems of "I put a ring on thy finger!"

As to the sixth and last class of characters we need merely observe, that since the Chinese admit these to be phonetic, they are capable of recognizing the connection between form and sound: and since they thus distinguish this class from the rest, it is, probably, because a difference exists between those and these; the former being an exception to the latter. This obvious consideration seems to have been wholly overlooked by our author, who goes on to consider the phonetic system as applied to foreign words and names, a part of his argument also. Yet Phonetic characters lose their *sense* necessarily when assuming syllabic *sounds*.

"The Chinese have other modes of employing their characters to represent the sounds of words or proper names of foreign origin; but they are not included in the above six classes. They are fully explained in the following dissertation, in which I have endeavoured to prove that the Chinese system of writing is essentially phonetic, because the characters represent words, and words are *sounds*; and because, if not connected with those sounds, they would present to the mind no idea whatever."—pp. xxi. xxii.

The argument or rather illustration by our usual numerical figures, though amply sufficient for all the purposes to which it is generally applied, is met by our learned author in a way that shows him, we strongly suspect, to have little considered this portion of the question. We shall recur to it hereafter, and probably in the course of the present article.

It is but just to give the author's own words as to the second object of his publication, and his summary of the views that actuate the whole.

"Another object of this publication is, to discover what ground there is for the popular notion that several nations entirely ignorant of each other's oral language, communicate with each other in writing by means of the Chinese characters. As it regards nations whose languages, like the Japanese, are polysyllabic, and have inflexions and grammatical forms, I think I have sufficiently proved that it is impossible that they should understand the Chinese writing, unless they have learned the Chinese language, though they may not be in the habit of speaking it. But it may be otherwise with respect to those nations whose languages are monosyllabic, and formed on the same model with the Chinese, and who have adopted the same system of writing. It cannot be denied, that, to a certain extent, that is to say, as far as words, having the same meaning in both languages, are represented by the same characters, they may so far, but no farther, communicate with each other in writing. How far that can be the case, can only be shown by a comparison of their languages, and of the manner in which they make use of their written signs."—p. xxiv.

"On the whole, by the publication of this book, I have had in view to establish the following propositions:—

"1. That the Chinese system of writing is not, as has been supposed, *ideographic;* that its characters do not represent *ideas,* but *words,* and therefore I have called it *lexigraphic.*

"2. That ideographic writing is a creature of the imagination, and cannot exist, but for very limited purposes, which do not entitle it to the name of writing.

"3. That among men endowed with the gift of speech, all writing must be a direct representation of the spoken language, and cannot present ideas to the mind abstracted from it.

"4. That all writing, as far as we know, represents language in some of its elements, which are words, syllables, and simple sounds. In the first case it is lexigraphic, in the second syllabic, and in the third alphabetical or elementary.

"5. That the lexigraphic system of the Chinese cannot be applied to a polysyllabic language, having inflections and grammatical forms; and that there is no example of its being so applied, unless partially or occasionally, or as a special elliptical and enigmatical mode of communication, limited in its uses; but not as a general system of writing intended for common use.

"6. That it may be applied to a monosyllabic language, formed on the model of the Chinese; but that it will necessarily receive modifications and alterations, which will produce material differences in the value and significations of the characters between different languages, however similar in their original structure; and, therefore,

"7. That nations, whose languages like the Japanese, and, as is said, the Loo-chooan, are polysyllabic, and have inflections and grammatical forms, although they may employ Chinese characters in their alphabet, cannot possibly understand Chinese books and manuscripts, unless they

have learned the Chinese language; and that if those nations whose languages are monosyllabic, and who use the Chinese characters *lexigraphically*, can understand Chinese writings without knowing the language, it can only be to a limited extent, which it is one of the objects of this publication to ascertain.

"Although strongly impressed with the conviction of the truth of these propositions, it is nevertheless with great deference that I submit them to the judgment of the learned."—pp. xxxi. xxxii.

In differing widely, as we regret to do, from Doctor Du Ponceau's opinion, we would not wish it supposed that a man of his confessed talents, judgment, and acquirements, will go wrong generally and upon an enlarged scale; but that his error lies in the misapplication of general principles to a particular case. The following passage from his first section, will illustrate, we conceive, both his general acuteness and the particular error:

"When in the last century the Chinese language, through the writings of the Catholic missionaries, became known to the learned of Europe, great astonishment was excited by its simple, ungrammatical structure, by its complicated graphic system, and by the small number of its monosyllables, compared with the immense quantity of the characters employed in writing. Every new and extraordinary object must, with the mass of mankind, be a *monster* or a *miracle*; the latter was preferred. Admiration succeeded surprise, and then imagination did its work. The Chinese writing was called *hieroglyphic*, *ideographic*, and said to represent ideas entirely independent of speech. It was almost exclusively considered as *the* language, and the spoken words were called its *pronunciation*, as if they were only a secondary mode of communicating ideas, and dependent upon the ocular method. At last, it was said that the Chinese characters were read and understood as in China, by nations entirely ignorant of the spoken idiom. In short those visible signs were held up by enthusiasts as a model for an universal language which should reach the mind through the eyes, without the aid of articulate sounds."—p. 7.

In the course of his argument our ingenious author has occasion to touch upon various opinions of previous writers. He is especially severe upon the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews; the former, for imagining "that a language was made and words invented for the purpose" of giving a pronunciation to the characters *after* they were framed; and the latter for stating that

"'The Chinese have for ages employed a multitude of *ideagraphic* (*sic*) characters, derived by composition and otherwise from a limited number of elementary pictures or representations of external objects called keys, without making the least step towards an alphabet.' And further: 'The Egyptians seem likewise to have remained contented with their hieroglyphic system, or at least not to have advanced a step beyond it.'"—p. 17.

Our periodical brethren are sufficiently able, and we doubt not willing, to defend their own opinions, and we shall not therefore undertake so gratuitous a task farther than by observing that the opinion of the Edinburgh Review here quoted, is that of all sinologists, and that the non-progression of the Egyptians beyond a certain point arose, in all probability, from the reluctance of their priestly scribes to simplify their system for the vulgar, as well as from the (in part at least) cotemporary existence of an alphabetic system, applicable of course to the commoner purposes of life. The hypothesis of the Quarterly is also less startling than might be supposed at a first glance; for though it is not possible to believe speech itself discovered after writing, yet this is not the sense of the passage, as the Doctor's quotation might induce us to suppose; nor could the able journal in question have fallen, by any possibility, into such an absurdity; but that a system of spoken sounds, that is to say, monosyllables, as contradistinguished from polysyllabic words, should have been simplified from words of existing languages expressly to meet the exigencies of this artificial Chinese character is surely no extravagant theory, and scarcely, if at all, less credible than the opinion entertained by many of the artificial construction of the Sanscrit language.

With regard to the opinions of Remusat, Fourmont, and Adelung, we must be permitted here to observe of the first, that the inference he draws respecting Fourmont's reputed assertion is, for aught we can see, altogether gratuitous and unfounded. The statement of the latter that the Chinese characters were anterior to the words, by no means bears out, as our immediate argument has shown, M. Remusat's apparent conclusion that Fourmont considered Speech itself subsequent to Writing. The profound learning and careful investigations of Fourmont have most materially smoothed the path of Chinese literature for subsequent scholars; and the seriously recorded opinion of such a man,—viz. that the Chinese writing was the invention of philosophers, who subsequently communicated it to the nation at large,—is not to be lightly sneered down by the far humbler authority of Marshman, yet,

"We can hardly imagine," says Dr. Marshman, "that while most of the languages, formed on the alphabetic plan, bear evident marks of being formed rather by accident than design, a number of Chinese sages should have sat *in deep divan*, in order to select certain objects as the basis of the imitative system; yet we shall find that these elements include most of the objects of sense, which are remarkably obvious, few being omitted which from their form or frequent use might be likely to attract notice."—p. 11.

The difficulties pointed out by this last writer as attending the

formation, or more probably, selection, of the 214 characters must have attended, *toties quoties*, any other system in its formation. Will any scholar doubt that the Sanscrit or the Abyssinian grammatical systems bear evident marks of being formed by design? The former especially rejecting so many accidental imperfections and redundancies of other tongues, and completing, evidently by design, the auxiliary tenses, left imperfect in all other tongues—and could its wonderful precision have been the work of a single mind? Whence came Hermesian, Secret, Masonic, and Cypher Alphabets? How worse than idle or childish then to sneer at the idea of "*sages in deep divan*," which could only be incomprehensible to a writer so superficial as Marshman often proved; and he, after all, offered nothing better or more satisfactory.

We are far from wishing to detract from the real merits of Doctor Marshman, who lived long enough, we believe, to retract some material errors, and whose Clavis Sinica may be considered the most complete popular view of the Chinese language. Still less would we desire to lessen the justly-earned fame of M. de Rémusat, whose name as a scholar can be emulated but by few. Still the truth must be admitted, that on several occasions, where means perhaps of due examination were wanting, he tried to supply their place by theories,* ingenious indeed, and learned, but hastily adopted and superficial to a degree not easily conceivable in a linguist of such undoubted talents, erudition, and research: and on this point he forms the strongest possible contrast with his great rival Silvestre de Sacy.

Of Adelung who lived, unfortunately for his own fame, at a time when philology was yet in its infancy, but to whom that nascent science owes so much for his invaluable, though imperfect work, the Mithridates;—of him we must be permitted to observe that, wide as was the extent of his own knowledge of tongues, yet the universal nature of his scheme was beyond the accomplishment of any single faculty; and that consequently he was often reduced to quote the opinions of others, not always the best authorities, on points to which his own researches had not extended; and that therefore many, thus unavoidable, errors are mixed up in his account of the connection and grammatical structure of languages. Like all other sinologists, however, he is of the opinion assailed by Doctor Du Ponceau, as the following passage from his work evinces distinctly:

"It differs from all others in this; that it neither consists of natural or symbolic hieroglyphics, nor of an alphabet of syllables or letters, but represents whole ideas, each idea being expressed by its own appropriate sign, without being connected with speech. It speaks to the eyes as

* For one instance see Foreign Quarterly Review, Oct. 1836, David's Turkish Grammar.

the arithmetical figures of Europe, which every one understands, and pronounces after his own manner. Thus it may be learned, without knowing a word of the language."

But we must return to our author; and extract a specimen of his reasoning:

"The Chinese language, with a few exceptions that do not at all bear upon my argument, is essentially monosyllabic. I do not mean that by the junction of its component monosyllables, polysyllabic words cannot be formed; but I think I may safely say, that, with few exceptions, every syllable is significant, and constitutes what we call a *word.* These syllables may be united in speech, as in *welcome, welfare, household,* or in the French word *bienfait;* or they may be separated, as in *well done, well made, bad work,* or in the French phrase, *C'est bien fait.* The difference does not appear in the rapidity of speech, we are only aware of it by the typographical arrangement of the syllables. It is therefore of no consequence whether the Chinese language, as spoken, be called monosyllabic or polysyllabic, but it is important to know that every one of its syllables is a *word,* and as each character represents a syllable, which is called its *pronunciation,* it necessarily follows that each character represents a *word.*"—pp. 18, 19.

This opening is immediately followed by this curious *non-sequitur:* unless *connecting with,* is, *representing.*

"It is not true, therefore, that the Chinese characters are unconnected with sounds, unless it should be contended that a syllable is not a *sound.*"—p. 19.

One great pervading defect of our author's argument is, as we have mentioned before, the want of definition, and here we conceive the defect to be very obvious; but before entering at large upon this point, we will quote the completion of the paragraph:

"But the syllabic alphabets of Japan and of Citra-Gangetic India have never been considered otherwise than as the representation of sounds, and it has never been pretended that they are not *phonetic.* A syllable, indeed, may by analysis be reduced to more simple elements; but though composed of those elements, it is still a reverberation of the human voice, produced at once and in the same breath by the organs of speech. If, then, syllables are *sounds,* monosyllabic words are so likewise; and the characters which represent them cannot be said not to be connected with them *as such.*"—p. 19.

Had Doctor Du Ponceau previous to discussing the subject defined the meaning of *syllable* and *word,* it would have saved the confusion that everywhere embarrasses the reader throughout his argument. Now there are obviously two kinds of syllables referred to above, and the distinction between them is unnoticed. What we generally understand by the term syllable is, a sound created by a vowel, or by the combination of a consonant and a vowel—and such a syllable, generally speaking, has no meaning with us—it is but a part of a word. The Chinese syllable, on the

contrary, is usually a complete word, and is expressed in writing, not by a letter or combination of letters, but by an arbitrary sign; therefore, it does not form the sound by combining its own several elements into one, but merely represents the combination already formed. In our alphabetic system, *p*, *e*, would form *pe*, and the two letters would in any other combination each bear always its own proper sound. In the syllabary system, (Abyssinian, for instance,) *pe* would always remain *pe*, for it knows no division of syllables into letters; but in the Chinese or character system, *pe* combined with another sign would lose entirely the sound of *pe*, and the second sign its own proper sound also, and the combination of these two signs would represent a third monosyllable possessing not one sound in common with either of its component signs. Thus the monosyllable *wei* is composed of the five monosyllables *she*, *urh*, *ho*, *yew*, and *sin*, in Chinese; and is not this wholly different from the instances quoted where *welcome*, *wel-fare*, *house-hold*, *bien-fait*, combine the sound as well as sense of the components.

Doctor Du Ponceau seems also to have overlooked the difference of conventional forms, as primary and secondary. Of the primary are Letters: it is obvious that in selecting one to represent the sound of B and another of G, we (or our forefathers) did this conventionally, granting a basis, that a system may be formed from it. This conventional understanding has not everywhere existed the same, for the Ethiopic, Armenian, Georgian, Pelasgic, Runic, and other systems often use one particular letter as a different sound in the several languages: thus the English U in the Armenian expresses S; in the Ethiopic syllabary Hoi: the Egyptian *e*, was the old Persian *a*; the Zend *kh*, is the Egyptian S; the Gothic *th*, is the Greek *psi*; &c. Yet wherever one particular alphabet was known and used, the U, e, kh, or Ψ, of that alphabet retained its sound, however combined; and thus U and G form the first syllable of ugly; of bug, slug, plug, &c. And U, G can never form *ti*; nor *ac* become *bo*; &c. But in Chinese, as we have shown, two conventional signs do not blend into one sound, excepting only, and this is the strongest possible confirmation, in the *modern* system of the compilers of the Imperial Dictionary, but which system is rejected by the nation at large. It follows then, that in alphabetical systems the elementary forms only are conventional; and that the syllables are formed on an established principle, of necessity deduced from them; whilst in Chinese, the element does not (so to say) exist, and the syllable itself is whole and indivisible and therefore conventional. Both kinds are undoubtedly, as the Doctor affims them to be, sounds, as the language stands: but the former necessarily, the second by sufferance only. *Sun*, *Moon*,

could never be sounded *light*; but *jih, yue*, are sounded *ming*.—Is it not then, in the latter case, the *idea* (created by the combination) that supplies the *word*?

We extract the following for its justice, and possible usefulness:

"The Portuguese orthography was once exclusively used to represent the sounds of the Chinese words by means of the letters of our alphabet, and it was adopted and understood by all, until national vanity and individual caprice interfered. Not only every nation, but every sinologist has his own mode of spelling Chinese words. The English, the French, and the Germans, have each adopted a mode of spelling suited to their own language. But the evil does not stop here; every writer has a spelling of his own; Morrison does not spell like Marshman, nor Remusat like De Guignes. Where will this confusion end? For my part, I adopt in this disquisition the spelling of the writer that first comes to hand. I shall certainly not try to reconcile them, or show a preference to one over the other. I only wish that the old-fashioned Portuguese mode of spelling had been preserved; or that the alphabet of my learned friend Mr. Pickering was as generally adopted by the learned of Europe and America, as it is by our missionaries in the South Sea Islands and elsewhere."—pp. 20, 21.

But our author does not appear to have any definite notion of the difference between syllables and words. It may be difficult to separate the two in Chinese: but had he been careful to define both, or either, he would not, we conceive, have been led into an error. Yet there could have been no difficulty in determining, as we must for him, that a syllable is a *sound* without (necessarily) a *meaning*, and that a word is a *sound* with a *meaning*. Had the Doctor kept this in mind he would scarcely have fallen into the strange mistakes of the following passage.

"The difference, in point of numbers, between the written and spoken words of the Chinese language, is not so great as is generally imagined. In the first place, there are a great number of homophonous words, which being pronounced alike are, as I presume, in calculating the numbers of those significant syllables considered as one and the same *pronunciation* of different characters, and not so many different words in relation to their sense. It is the same as if, in our language, we should consider as one the words *fain, fane*, and *feign*, because pronounced alike, although they differ in meaning widely from each other. There is another mode of computation which is directly the reverse of this. Because the monosyllables of the Chinese language are significant, they alone have been honoured with the name of *words*, and their numerous compounds have been left out of view. I have said above, that those monosyllables might be compounded, precisely as those of our own language in *welcome, welfare*, &c.; and I may add here, that the greatest part of the Chinese idiom is formed of those compounds, which are separated only by the manner in which they are exhibited to the eye when written. Thus, in our dictionaries, *shoemaker* is found as a polysyllabic word,

while *pear tree* is not, but each of its component syllables must be looked for in its proper place, according to the alphabet. And yet it would seem that *peartree* is as much a word in English as *shoemaker, shipwright,* and so many others. There are English words which in Chinese are expressed by five significant monosyllables, such for instance as the word *puberty,* which is called *fa-shin-teih-she-how.* I am not sufficiently versed in the Chinese language to explain the meaning of each of these five monosyllables; I leave the task to sinologists. But it is evident, that nothing is wanting but to give to the Chinese compounds the denomination of *words,* to make that language as rich, perhaps, as those whose composition is disguised by the foreign origin of the monosyllables, or the more artificial manner in which they are joined together." —pp. 21, 22.

With regard to the first sentence of this quotation, if there is any difference whatever between the numbers of the *written* and *spoken* words, it is of itself fatal to the learned author's argument, "*that every character necessarily represents a word.*" If so, how is it that many characters extant have confessedly lost their sounds? The Yun-heo being formed to preserve the remainder by collecting homophonous finals together.

Words of the *same* sound (homophonous) are, it is clear from his own statement, represented by different and dissimilar characters because they convey dissimilar *ideas.* Nor is it in the slightest degree the same (we beg the Doctor's pardon,) as our words *fain, fane, feign:* the *ai* in the first of these, the *a-e* in the second and the *eig* in the third, are clearly *equivalents* by *combination,* and hence the almost identity of sound; but what is, or can be, a Chinese equivalent, when the slightest change of character would produce a complete alteration, both in sound and meaning also; that is to say, would make a totally different word; thus by the slight change of transposing or adding a small stroke *shang, above,* would become *hea, below,* or *che, to stop.* Therefore, since homophonous words have wholly different characters in Chinese, those characters do not represent the homophonous sounds; and consequently cannot represent words spoken of which those sounds are the integral portion.

The next oversight in this extract is scarcely less striking: because *wel-come, wel-fare, shoe-maker, pear-tree, ship-wright,* are single words in English, the Chinese combinations of terms should be also called single words; and hence the language might fairly be termed polysyllabic! Now if those English words were the only polysyllabic forms of our language, this might be fairly called monosyllabic, we suggest: but how two, four, or five words, as in the Chinese instance quoted, each having, and preserving, its separate and complete sense, should by

mere juxta-position become syllables, i. e. without a sense, we cannot imagine. Even words, used phonetically, lose their sense.

We must distinctly avow our opinion that the difference between existing and original languages, is not in general sufficiently attended to. For instance, it is usually considered (and Doctor Du Ponceau is no exception) that languages were originally polysyllabic: and yet, wherever we can examine them closely, we find their words consist of a double term, or of a prefix or affix, conjoined; or else of an interfix or infix, as it is usually called. We entirely doubt the existence of this last, for wherever we can detect it, we have reason to suspect it is the affix to the preceding or prefix to the following syllable, or, more properly, word: being in itself simply the sign of a case, or at other times an epithet; but, in its apparent state, forming (with itself) two other monosyllabic words into a polysyllable. These combinations have descended into subsequent forms of language as genuine polysyllables, such as we are accustomed to consider them—excepting, possibly, in the case of the Chinese, where, if we may assume a fact, the intrinsic disconnection between the sound and the character, such as we have seen that and these, prevented the amalgamation of the sounds by the immalleability of the characters. If such a process had begun amongst sounds in China previous to the formation of its written characters, and the process was as probable there as everywhere else, in the interval between the creation, or the deluge, and the 26th century before Christ; — then it is not unlikely that at the time of forming those characters the compound or polysyllabic terms that had come by habit and usage were simplified into, or in some cases rejected for, monosyllables. If the articulatory organs of the Chinese did not differ from those of the whole human race besides, the process of language must have been similar in all, until checked by some cause operating in them alone; and we know of none so obvious, simple, and natural as this, for returning to simplicity of language: and these considerations vindicate the proposition of the Quarterly Review, as of Rémusat, Fourmont, and others, all nearly the same, and all assailed by the ridicule of the learned President of the American Philosophical Society.

We must however, in fairness, make an ample extract of the writer's argument as it proceeds:

"The learned authors of the historical and descriptive account of China, which is a part of the collection called 'The Edinburgh Cabinet Library,' are therefore under a mistake, when they say that 'the idea of making the written subservient to the spoken language, seems never once to have occurred to the mind of a Chinese.' On the contrary, it is clear that the primary, and indeed the sole object of the inventors of the writing, was to give representative signs, to the words of the oral idiom,

and consequently to make their graphic system subservient to it, as in fact it is and ever will be. That the literati of China should entertain a different opinion, and 'consider speech as an altogether secondary and subordinate mode of communication,' is not at all to be wondered at; their excessive vanity led them into this prejudice, and maintains them in it.

"So far, at least, no sign appears of an *ideographic* language, as the Chinese writing has been called. Its object, as far as we have seen, is not to recall ideas to the mind abstracted from sounds, but the sounds or words in which language has clothed those ideas. The written signs do not, indeed represent sounds in the elementary form of letters, but in the compound form of syllables and words. They have precisely the same effect as our groups of letters, and do not advance a step farther into the ideal world. Then we may say that it is not an idea that each character represents, but a *word;* and if it represents the idea at all it is through the word which it calls to mind; and such is the operation of our alphabetical writing. The five letters which, placed next to each other, form the word *horse*, present to our minds the idea of the animal so called, quite as well as the horizontal and perpendicular strokes of the Chinese character answering to the same word. That group of letters might also be called *ideographic*, when, in fact, it is but the sign of a spoken word."—pp. 24, 25.

The question here, however, is not whether the idea is *as well* represented, but whether by the same process. Again,

"Man spoke before he wrote, and languages were fixed before any system of writing was invented. Before the invention of their characters, the Chinese communicated by means of *knotted cords* like the Quipos of the Peruvians. They might be yet in a savage state when they invented their writing, but nevertheless they spoke and understood each other. Their ideas, then, had received an external shape, the impression of which was made through the sense of hearing, and therefore they were not driven, like those born deaf and dumb, to give them an original form, derived only from their sensations. Where a solitary language exists, be it ocular or auricular, ideas present themselves to the mind clothed in the forms that that language has given them. The deaf and dumb man, before he has learned to read, thinks in the visible signs by means of which he communicates with his fellows: when, by the art of De l'Epée and his followers, he has learned to understand some written language, he thinks in the groups of letters or characters the meaning of which he knows, and which memory presents to his recollection through the mental eye. Without these helps his ideas would be vague and confused, having nothing on which to fix themselves; and they would be reduced to the feeling of present sensations and the recollections of the past."—p. 25.

These "visible signs" are conventional, not elementary.

"When we say *hand maid*, we think of a female servant, not of the part of the body called the *hand*. When we say *Bridewell*, we neither think of a *bride* nor of a *well*, much less of St. Bridget or St. Bride, after whom the place was denominated; we think only of a house of

detention. When we say a *hogshead*, (meaning a cask to contain liquor,) we do not think of the animal called *hog*, nor any part of his body. When we speak of the *hands* of a ship, we think of the men, not of their hands. It is the same with the Chinese. The word *she* or *chi*, which signifies *time*, is represented in writing by a group of three characters, which severally signify the *sun*, the *earth*, and a *measure*; as who should say, 'the sun measuring the earth,' or in plainer language, 'the revolutions of the sun round the earth;' a very just and ingenious metaphor. But, though these three characters separately represent the several words affixed to each, and through them the ideas which those words contain; when grouped together they only bring to mind the word *she*, and the abstract idea of *time*.*

Now in the English cases here quoted is it not evident that the separate words go for nothing in themselves, but, combined, are signs of one idea; and that we think and perceive by this alone and through association? In fact, do not ideas pass through our minds incessantly without giving us the time to shape them into words? and if we wish to detain them is it not by mentally shaping them into words? To argue otherwise and insist, with our author, that the word precedes the idea, would be to make the material more fleet and less tangible than the immaterial—to affirm that thought is slower than speech.

If it be replied, that it is not the word itself, but the idea of the word that suggests itself, this is but shifting the ground without forwarding the argument: for it is only saying that we prefer the idea of the representation to the idea of the reality, and in our wish to see the thing itself we turn, instead, to its reflex.

In the Chinese illustrations of the latter part of our quotation we think the Doctor satisfactorily refutes his own argument—and we have already examined a precisely similar instance.

From his resolute adhesion to the opinion that the system in question represents words and not ideas it naturally arises that the learned president cannot enter into the feeling of pleasure boasted by the Chinese as derived from the bare inspection of their written characters. Having made up his mind that the process by which these impress the understanding is precisely the same as the formative system of our alphabets, he is content to refer, in a somewhat bantering and sceptical tone, the perception of those "picturesque beauties" to the force of imagination in natives, and in scholars also. The Chinese—says one of their

* "However complicated any character may appear, still the compound, though it embrace six or seven characters, like compounds in Greek and Sungskrit, expresses only one idea, and still remains an adjective, a substantive, a verb, &c., as capable of union with other characters, as the simplest character in the language. Marshm. Clavis Sinica. p. 4."

writers—lay the stress on the characters, not on the sounds. Foreign nations prefer sounds, and these are sonorous and admirable. The Chinese prefer symbols, as more perspicuous and far more readily varied. They seek delight by the ear. Our fair characters charm the eye, our chief medium of communication. "It seems to me impossible," says M. de Remusat, "to express in any language, the energy of those picturesque characters, which present to the eye, instead of barren conventional signs of pronunciation, the objects themselves, figured by all that is essential in them, so that it would require many sentences, to exhaust the signification of a single word."

Little consideration will suffice to show, that if an agreeable object, a woman, or a flower, is expressed by a character that combines the thing itself with its several attributes, as sweetness, grace, beauty, so as to condense that and these into a single impression through the eye on the sense, the impression must be stronger than when the result is attempted by a successive enumeration, which heightens gradually, but by that very graduation partially distracts. A finished picture produces a more striking effect than when we see the successive finishing strokes applied. A hideous figure, invested with all the attributes of terror, produces a far greater effect when seen at once by the eye than when these attributes are successively assumed; and still more than when read of, or described. This last is the more appropriate simile, since our words excite the ideas for the understanding, while Chinese characters half-picture the objects on the retina: and those characters consequently may be considered as holding a power, inferior indeed to the reality, but superior to the relation of it in words; they are a conventional picturesque.

That there is some difficulty in conceiving this fact, is perhaps an additional argument in its favour. Doctor Du Ponceau admits the occasional validity of an argument *à priori*, and uses it himself. We here follow the example: for as the mind creates nothing, but at the utmost simply combines the results of its own or of others experience, we may fairly affirm that our experience of alphabets never could have helped our alphabetic races to the above conclusion or assertion by the Chinese of the effect their characters produce; and that to produce an effect so different from our experience and so difficult to conceive when asserted and untried, must require a system essentially different from our own.

If further proof were necessary it would be found in this passage from Marshman's grammar: "The sound of no character," says he, "is inherent therein: it may be totally changed without affecting the meaning of the character. Thus to the character of

yin, a man, might be affixed *tao* or *lee*, or any other name, and the character would still convey the same idea, *because the written language speaks wholly to the eye.*" And in proof of his assertion, he adds: "Some characters have *two* names widely different from each other."

The President conceives he answers this by the remark that *ough* is pronounced differently in *ought, bough, dough, through, enough:* and that the sound of *a* differs in *grace, bad, all.* We think, *wound*, subst. and verb, would be a better illustration. Now these are but modifications of sound produced by combination, and resulting from the various sources whence our etymology is derived—partly from neighbouring, partly from ancient, partly from oriental nations. They are, we repeat, modifications, or at the utmost, and in some very few instances, digammic changes, but in no case, like the Chinese, completely and essentially different and independent sounds—such as would be the change of *bad* to *cole* or *line;* of *bough* to *trip;* of *ought* to *slide*, &c.

"Of course the same thing may happen with the Chinese characters. And if this fact proves any thing, it is rather in opposition to Dr. Marshman's principle, than in favour of it: for it proves that the characters thus varying their pronunciation may represent different words, precisely as our letters represent different elementary sounds."—p. 35.

If *bought, dough*, &c., so grouped, had each two sounds, the cases might be parallel. Characters are exactly like groups first, then letters or parts of groups, as suits our author best. If they have the qualities of both, they can be neither.

The concluding argument of this section refers to poetry—

"If the Chinese writing were, as it is called, *ideographic*, or, as it is asserted to be, a complete ocular language, independent of the oral mode of communication and unconnected with it, it would have its poetry and its prose, and a style peculiar to itself. It would be translated, not read. But how does the fact stand? The poetry of the Chinese is addressed to the ear. It is measured, and has even recourse for its harmony to the jingle of rhyme. How could a poem be read if every character did not represent a single word, and if those characters and the words which they are intended to express were not placed in the same order of succession? And as to prose. There are some who believe that there are beauties in the selection and in the arrangement of the characters in the formation of a period. As to the selection; if the character from among which one is selected represent or recall the same word, which they must necessarily do, I have shown that their etymography can have no effect upon the mind of the reader, which seizes upon the word, and through it receives the idea. As to a different arrangement of signs representing different words, as the syntax of the Chinese language depends chiefly on their juxtaposition, it would create a cacophony in reading that would, to the hearer, make the sense of the characters perfect nonsense. It is impossible, therefore, to accede to

such a supposition; the writing must servilely follow the words spoken, otherwise there will be two different languages, and one must be translated into the other. But this is not pretended. Besides, prose as well as poetry is written for the ear and not for the eye. There is a harmony of sounds which every writer is bound to attend to, and to attempt to combine it with a supposed harmony of signs, would be a task, in my opinion, beyond the power of talent and of genius, however exalted, to compass."—pp. 35, 36.

Referring to, rather than repeating, former arguments, we shall merely say, that if from his earliest years a Chinese understands that a certain character is to recall a certain sound, it will do so with him as regularly as if the character absolutely expressed that sound. The figure 2 does not express the sound we give to it, but implies or recalls it, and at the end of a line would thus furnish a rhyme to true, though its appearance amongst syllables might be irregular enough. But our author everywhere repeats that such a process is translating, not reading. The objection is not to the act, but to the word; to *translate* is to render from one language into another, but he insists that characters do not form a language; it cannot then, by his own showing, be called translating. But the term is a mere quibble, and our objection little better. We need not stand on either; the idea or thing has a representative sign or written character; and a spoken sign or term: the two may be independent of each other, yet not be the more for this unconnected, as Dr. Du Ponceau would dextrously imply; but proceed collaterally, like the two sides of an isosceles triangle, from the idea, or common point of junction, to their basis in the mind, where they are connected with each other.

We take as a specimen of Chinese poetry the commencement of the Ode on Tea.

Mei-hoa chê pou yao
Fo-cheou hiang tsie kié,
Soung-che ouei fang ny;
San pin tchou tsing kûé.
Pong y tché kio tang,
Ou tché tcheng koang hiué,
Houo heou pien yu hié,
Ting yen y cheng mié.
Yué Ngueou po sien jou,
Tan lou ty tchan yué,
Ou yun king tai pan
Ko ou, pou ko choué.

Suppose every individual had been accustomed through life to give these sixty Chinese words as the sound of the first sixty of our numerical figures, and no other, would not each, on seeing those figures so placed in fives, give them, from one to sixty, the

Chinese sounds as they appear before us? And would any one pretend that these figures therefore contained in themselves those (alphabetic) sounds? It follows then that all Chinese would read alike the characters that represent those sounds as conventionally established, and much the same as if they were written for us alphabetically, and *hié* and *mié* would rhyme sufficiently, though no part of the written character *hié* corresponds with any part of the written character for *mié*.

Doctor Du Ponceau further makes use of an argument or assumption, which we conceive to be strangely contrary to universal experience, namely, that from "words spelt in the same manner no confusion ensues."

"Nor would it in the Chinese, if one character only was employed to represent all the words which are pronounced in the same manner. M. Remusat himself gives us a fact in support of this proposition, too strong to be omitted. He says, that at this time the merchants, mechanics, and other unlettered men in China, paying very little attention to the symbols, are contented with making use of one single character for each *pronunciation*, in whatever sense the syllable may be used, while the literati write them with different characters.

Now, nothing can be more plain, than that if any thing peculiarly requires clearness in the mode of writing, it is the contracts of merchants and mechanics, and their correspondence on matters of business. This act appears to me sufficient to settle the whole question."—p. 64.

The author is a scholar, but can have made little use of his acquired learning in this assertion. We put it to every man living if confusion does not constantly arise from the source referred to? And if it is not merely from the context that the sense in these cases is discoverable, who can tell whether the word *sound*, the Doctor's own illustration, standing singly, signifies "noise, an arm of the sea, healthy, orthodox, or trying a depth?" Is not the omission of the diacritical points in Hebrew, Arabic, Persian; the adoption, through negligence, of one orthography for totally different words; the confounding by one sign ب *b, s, t, p*, for instance; by ح *ch, j, kh, h;* by د *d* and *z*; by ر *z, r*, and *zh;* an endless stumbling-block to natives themselves? But in the particular case of merchants and mechanics, does not the Shekesteh writing of Persia and Hindostan use but a single character for each pronunciation, without reference to scientific correctness of orthography, as *t, k, t*, for *tukht*? and does not eternal confusion ensue? Is not this the objection, too, to stenographic writing in every newspaper printing-office? And did not "the man of business," in Joe Miller, who represented things by "one single character," create some confusion by charging his customer with a cheese instead of a millstone?

We have endeavoured at this ample length, in consideration of his name and talents, to combat the proposition of Doctor Du Ponceau that the Chinese characters represent words, and ideas only through them: and we have considered this in the only two shapes into which it appears to us resolvable—namely,

1. That the Chinese character contains, like alphabetic spelling, the elements of the sound or word.
2. That the word, or name of a thing, precedes the idea of it in the mind.

And we have striven to show the contrary of both these assertions by the facts—

1. That our groups of letters give the spoken name tangibly, and in succession, to the eye.
2. That the Chinese characters give, not the spoken name, but only the correlative sign of the thing to the eye.

In the former case we doubt whether, even in the alphabetic system, the mind always takes cognizance of the name or word itself, though presented to it.

In the latter we consider that to affirm it is to beg the question, and to say that the mind thinks in words, and not in ideas: in which case we could never be at a loss for a word, nor forget a name, expressing our ideas.

Noticing that we conceive the passage respecting Clemens of Alexandria to contain a slight error, we may observe, that Williams, in his excellent essay upon hieroglyphics, has proved undeniably that the picture-form (to the eye) recalled the sound (to the ear), and that this last corresponded with the similar sound of the thing phonetically represented: so that the process in the first part was the converse of that in the latter; altogether showing that in some cases ideas precede words, in others that words precede ideas, and therefore that the two are not indivisible, as Doctor Du Ponceau's argument would make them.

Without detracting from the merits of Champollion the younger, we certainly cannot grant him the blind confidence proposed by our author, when, in a totally unfounded, or at least, unsupported assertion, made by that ardent inquirer, the Doctor takes for granted that the former must have had good grounds for making it. The principle of supposing a thing to exist because we have no proof of it, is new in logic: but from the known changes of hazardous opinions in the writings of Champollion, we must hesitate at this free concession to his authority on a point unproved.

Whilst in the mood of differing so widely from the learned President of the Philosophical Society, we shall remark upon his groundless assumption that

"At the confusion of tongues, the primitive language was forgotten and entirely obliterated from the minds of men, and they were left to their own resources to invent new ones, the descendants of Noah had a difficult task to perform, as at the same time they were dispersed through the different parts of the world."—p. 37.

The 9th verse of the 11th ch. of Genesis surely does not bear out this *obliteration* and *oblivion* by the mere term "confounding." The sequel seems equally extravagant:—

"Anxious to make themselves understood, some of them attempted to express the sense of a whole proposition by a single word. Some ancestor of the Delaware Indians, being invited by his neighbour to partake of some food, said, *Nschingiwipoma*, and made him understand by signs that it meant, 'I do not like to eat with you.' To his mistress he said, *Kdahoatel*, and that was to say, *I love you;* to which she doubtingly answered, *Mattakdahoaliwi*, 'You do not love me.' Thus, by endeavouring to say a great deal at once, a polysynthetic language was formed, which, in the course of time, was regularized by method; for without some method in language, it would be impossible for men to understand each other.

"In some other country, say in China, or in the country of the Othomi Indians, whether from the difficulty of articulating sounds, or from some other cause, men stuck to syllables, and conveyed their ideas successively, affixing to each a simple or compound articulation, that is to say, a simple elementary vocal sound, or a syllable. Thus were formed monosyllabic languages."—p. 38.

We are aware that in Esquimaux the few numerals (and we take the strongest case) are long polysyllabic terms; the three expressed by thirteen syllables. But will Doctor Du Ponceau take upon himself to say that these are not compound words, and never were so? Is it not more probable that they were in their origin decomposeable syllables, or words, rudely distinguishing the exact number signified from other objects? Is not such clumsy attempt at distinguishing, the very characteristic of uncivilized races, and even of provincials, though in a less degree? And does not civilization check this redundance of language by simplifying it to single and definite terms? Writing diminishes the extreme length of words. The Ceylonese even substitutes conventional signs for letters, and thus the words are reduced to half their length, as the Esquimaux, &c. might be also.

But how can Dr. Du Ponceau imply, as originally single words, terms, as above quoted, clearly decomposeable now? In the Iroquois, for instance, are not the words *kings, nations, Niyadeyoughwentsyodeashon, Raghseanowanea,* respectively compounds of these seven and ten syllables? And this too, partly from Oriental languages? Are not the verb *Tewakightaghkouh,* (I believe,) and the adjective *Tawightaghkone,* (believing,) varied forms

of *Tessightaghkouh*, (belief)? Is not in these, as in the word *angel* also, (*Karonghyakeghrohnon*,) the idea of one thing obviously deduced from the names, attributes, &c. of several? Is not this precisely analogous to the Chinese *Light*, signified by *Sun* and *Moon*? For Iroquois information we might well apply to Dr. Du Ponceau; will he allow us to offer an illustration from the Chinese combination he declares himself ignorant of? (See p. 303, l. 9.) If *Puberty* is signified by *Fa-shin-teih-shehow*, can we not take it loosely as, man, feeling love in the course of time, becomes creative; or *She-urh-ho-yew-sin*, as, the possession of faith reconciling occurrences, to signify *Tranquillity*? We may observe, by the way, that were this not the case, still, as combining the same sound in part for the same meaning, the American would bear no parallel, even in a spoken tongue, to the written language of China, whose similarity of character is not the representative of identity of idea.

But to return. We find Doctor Du Ponceau further indulging in two very bold, and, we will venture to say, more than suspicious assertions; first, that the Indians aforesaid *never had* any songs; and, secondly, that grammatical forms are rarely borrowed by nations even from their neighbours.

As to the first of these allegations, we must observe that it contradicts all past and even, to some degree, our every-day experience. In civilized society, where the passions are much under control, emotion constantly breaks out in a prolongation of certain sounds: it requires little effort to arrange these into tones, or as songs: and this fact, which we considered more largely in our last October No. ("Arabian Antiquity"), is borne out by a passage to precisely the same effect, quoted by Mr. Davis (in his valuable account of China) from a Chinese writer. We may add, that as since every nation of which we can form a tolerable judgment commenced its literature with songs, we have no right to suppose, still less positively to affirm with Doctor Du Ponceau, the reverse of this as respects the Indians, of whose early habits and origin we know nothing whatever.

It may here be the place to notice the extravagant opinion of Voltaire and the earlier sceptics, followed by Malte-Brun and the fancy-loving learning of Niebuhr;—an opinion, too, embraced with modifications by the more sober judgment of Von Humboldt himself, that the American Indians are a wholly different aboriginal race from that of the old world. It is boldness to an excess which, in the case of men so justly distinguished in general for the highest mental attributes, we shall certainly not presume to characterize, to set up a theory wholly presumptive in opposition to established facts—facts which no learning can shake, no hardi-

hood question. The American tribes of the north invariably refer their origin to migrations from the quarters which form the point of contact between Asia and America: there exists a rude identity of many customs amongst them with those of the earliest eastern nations: a similarity of veneration likewise is preserved for the very wrecks of certain identical names, offices, and feelings: it is a fact that the names of the oldest tribes, wherever significant in their own language, precisely correspond to those of Asiatic nations! and wherever the same have no meaning or definite etymology in their own tongues, that etymology may invariably be found, and always on the same principle, in the Scytho-Tatar languages. Another fact, but too long disregarded, is, that their alphabetic and even grammatical systems in their numbers, deficiencies and excesses, advantages and defects, are intrinsically the same as those of original Asia.

If these coincidences are the mere offspring of chance, then all other coincidences may be equally attributed to it, and there is no such thing as identity. If they are, as may be argued, the result of a mere analogous nature, what proof, or what probability is there, we ask, that those analogous natures are different and not identical?

Is then the sacred and founded record of the Hebrew Scriptures to be doubted or disregarded, in the pure and abstract love of a theory which rests on no basis, ends in no conclusion!

The foregoing remarks on the former extend to, and even of necessity include, the second assertion; that nations rarely borrow their grammatical forms from each other. How, we would ask, does it happen then that the totally, or almost totally, different languages of America, from north to south, have but one general grammatical structure? And can Doctor Du Ponceau forget that he himself has been one of the most distinguished discoverers of this truth? Did even the *entire obliteration* of Babel annihilate words, those spoken characters of ideas, and yet leave in existence (what he asserts to be an impossible absurdity) ideas without words? For he surely cannot imagine the yet more palpable absurdity of a grammatical structure, or arrangement of words surviving the words that compose it.

Yet, whether or not the signs of ideas represent also and of necessity, equally, the sounds of those ideas—the fact either way, we submit, has no positive connection with its assumed consequence; viz. that nations speaking different languages cannot, as is generally asserted, communicate freely in the Chinese character. We shall give Doctor Du Ponceau's own words.

"Indeed, it would be necessary that the idioms of the nations in the vicinity of China should bear a great analogy to that of the Chinese, to

have made the former adopt, without any alteration, the characters of the latter, so as to be able to read, in their own language, books written in a different idiom; the structure of both languages, the syntax, the order in which the words are placed, the inversions, the metaphors, should be exactly the same; the particles and signs of relation should always be employed on the same occasion, and put in the same place; all these analogies would suppose a complete similarity in the genius of all those languages, and that would be a phenomenon which the difference between the words would render still more difficult to explain. It will not therefore excite surprise, to find, on examination, that things are not exactly as has been supposed, which it will be easy to demonstrate."—p. 118.

We have left ourselves little room to discuss the propriety of illustrating, as is generally done, this question of pasigraphy by figures or numerals. Different nations, it is true, *understand* figures alike, though they *name* them differently; as the *one* of England is the *eek* of Persia. But this is only an imperfect parallel; for the numeral appears but as a fixed quantity always—its very principle is *isolation*, while that of words is *combination*, and the arrangement of these, as the above quotation shows, may, and does, vary, while the numeral preserves its own meaning without any modification whatever.

The probabilities seem to us decidedly in favour of Doctor Du Ponceau's argument; but the question, as we have already remarked, is one of fact, and the author's opponents are our distinguished countryman and traveller, Captain F. W. Beechey, R. N.; and a writer in the Canton Register, whose experience, he declares, has proved the contrary; to say nothing of various other sinologists, Mr. Davis included, to whose interesting volumes (vol. ii. p. 147,) we refer the reader for the statement generally received.* We shall simply observe that if two nations give different sounds to the same character, it is clear this cannot express in itself one particular sound only.

But we doubt the *connection* of the two arguments: it is obvious, we apprehend, that whether the Cochin Chinese reads as *Ma-qui* what the Chinese calls *Mo-Kouey*, both understand the same thing by it—*Devils*. In like manner, if the former calls *Trai* what the latter calls *Ko*, both receive the same idea from it—*Fruit*. Consequently, whether a character is but the element of one fixed sound everywhere, or is the mere conventional sign of two, or of twenty, sounds, it bears but a single sense under every variety of denomination; and therefore the question of *sense* has nothing of necessary dependence upon that of *sounds*. The form of the Hebrew ש, Shin, assimilates perfectly, and

* Davis's Account of China, 2 vols. Knight and Co.

especially in its ancient shape, (see *Giovan Battista Palatino*, Lettera Antica et Moderna, Roma, MDXXXXV.) to that of the Chinese character of a Ship, and nearly approximates to it in sound, yet signifies only Substance. The *zigzag* line which in some Chinese characters represents water (*shwy*), in Egyptian gives the sound both of *s* and *m*, and signifies water also.

We consider ourselves to have made out our third allegation, that the assertions of Doctor Du Ponceau are not supported by any proof; for in the passages already quoted, where there is the greatest appearance of it, there seems to us to be also the greatest failure of argument.

On the question of the perfect adaptation, however, of the Chinese characters for a system of scientific pasigraphy, we may be allowed to express strong doubts; and the more so as Mr. Davis, whose attainments in the Chinese tongue no man can dispute, and who seems, in the work already referred to, to incline to this eligibility, has himself been accused of a serious error: but this most unjustly. The case serves at least for a curious illustration. It will be in the recollection of all, that this learned sinologist has given a translation of the motto upon a porcelain vessel in his volumes. His translation is seriously impugned by a writer in one of our Indian newspapers, who asserts also that he had shown it to a native Chinese teacher, and that the latter recognized the line in question as the first of a well-known Chinese couplet, and supplied the second from memory. It is nevertheless but common justice to state, that European scholars who have resided many years in China, agree that Mr. Davis's translation is perfectly correct, and that the Chinaman is decidedly in the wrong, both as to the altered sense of the first line, and its connection with the second. If such difference of opinion can exist as to the meaning of characters, we doubt of their eligibility to the purposes of pasigraphic science universally.

With regard to the relation, whether of affinity or contrast, between the Chinese and Egyptian hieroglyphic systems, notwithstanding the length to which our present paper has run, we must be permitted to make a few observations.

But first, of China, we may incidentally remark, that notwithstanding the perfect adaptation of her characters for stereotype printing, as noticed by Davis, yet the art of printing was not known there till the tenth century after Christ. It is obvious then that she could have had no notion, directly or through intermediate nations in early days, of that Assyrian process, which printed or stereotyped their mystic cuneiform characters upon the bricks of Babylon, &c.; and between which and the transfer of the process to paper, there could otherwise have been but a short interval.

That China was early separated from the rest of mankind we see, if only from this one instance, no reason whatever to doubt; any more than that Egypt was early peopled by, and remained in constant intercourse with, other nations. From these facts we may draw a conclusion, essentially distinct, we believe, from any that has ever been offered before; and which, if correct, may go far to explain the causes of difference in the two hieroglyphic systems, as they are vulgarly termed.

It is consonant with experience to believe that pictures formed the first mode of expressing ideas of objects: and Mr. Cory, with that distinguished ability for which we have ever given him credit, has successfully applied this fact to the elucidation of the earliest traditions of mankind. It is asserted however everywhere, and in especial for Egypt and China, that Pictures led to Picture-Writing, and that thence arose Characters—the signs of China, and the syllabaries of the West.

Doctor Du Ponceau, with many others, has justly remarked upon the necessary imperfection of these picture-signs, and the very confined mode of communication they must induce, intermingled at the best with arbitrary or conventional signs. Widely, and in fact universally, as the opinion has been received, of the correctness of the foregoing process in all its stages, we must express our doubts of it to a great extent—i. e. almost entirely, everywhere.

The Chinese writers may be thought decisive on this point, so far as regards their own country; and they do most unquestionably affirm that Pictures led to Picture-writing. This is the point where our scepticism begins. We would fain examine their evidence, generally and in mass, for the sake of conciseness.

Pictures, say they, led to Picture-writing. There is no clear proof, we think, existing of this; and beyond a few casual efforts we do not believe the assertion. Our doubts refer both to the history and the probability of the fact.

In Morrison's Chinese Dictionary the forms of some picture-writings are given from their native writers. They are but few, and confessedly a secondary invention, by Paou-she. This, therefore, does not advance us one step nearer the truth, unless it can be shown that those specimens are authorities, that they are received as such by the Chinese, and that their authenticity is uncontradicted by authority equal to that which supports it.

The fact entirely rests upon an apparent probability, and as such, would be embraced in general, and without consideration. Yet, as we have already remarked, there are several accounts, all differing, some contradictory of the rest, and some from their very

nicety erroneous. The marks on the tortoise's shell, constellations, footprints of animals and birds, are, collectively and variously, stated to have been the origin of characters; either, as some affirm, by direct imitation, or according to others, by suggesting the idea of written signs. Now this last is itself clearly a distinct process from pictures, and not less so from the diminished, or picture-signs, both these being imitative, while that was arbitrary; for it is never pretended that the characters were meant to give the idea of footprints merely—they were simply shapes or lines applied to and hinting ideas, without picturing them. These various forms too were not made at once; but successive systems arose for successive individuals. Thus the Tortoise-characters were invented in the time of *Ta-yu*, and the *Ho-tu*, in the time of Fohi, and so forth; but Fohi and Ta-yu were distinct personages by the native accounts, whereas the Ho-tu characters are identical with the Tortoise. These few facts, and there are abundance more, suffice to show the utter doubt, confusion, contradiction, and ignorance, that reign through the very sources of information, and they serve to prove that the early history of writing in China cannot be depended on; for of their immense varieties of characters,—and a single series contains above thirty;—one mountain seventy-two;—all, it seems were derived either from others, or from imitation of, not the absolute forms, but portions of the forms, of birds, &c. This last source may have given a phonetic basis, now forgotten.

Symbols, according to the most probable data, were the invention of Tsang-hee, in the reign of Hwang-te: and previous to this, as Dr. Kidd and Dr. Morrison inform us, i. e. up to the year 2600, B. C., knotted cords were in use, like the Peruvian *quipos;* in other words, picture-writing was unknown altogether. How then can we credit the Chinese writings, that affirm this to have been the origin of characters? Be it distinctly understood that the term symbols used above, is to be considered as meaning, not imitative forms, but arbitrary signs—such as the bird-marks already mentioned, which was *succeeded* by imitation of objects. As the Ta-chuen-wan, of Chow, 800, B. C.: a whim to carry hieroglyphics to the utmost.

Now as the oldest forms of character known are those of the inscription of Ta-yu, referred to on the banks of the Hoang-ho; and as these are not in the least imitative, what basis is there in history for the picture-writing story?

But is this mode really as probable in itself as is considered? We make no question of absolute pictures, as men might draw these for posterity in order that all might understand great or public events; but could natural objects, as sun or moon, a man,

a horse, a dog, or a house or tree, &c. convey the ideas of private intercourse, and not distract oftener than illustrate. A mouth and an apple, for instance, might signify eating, but also hunger: arbitrary signs then must intervene the instant pictures changed to picture-writing; and this last could have had scarcely an existence; it must have been an almost absolute nonentity, used perhaps as by the Nabathæans, for pictures, and for symbolical attributes. So on the triumphal pillars of Sesostris, the male or female imitative sign typified valour or cowardice.

We have seen that the Chinese have no authentic original picture-writing: the Chaldeans clearly had no idea of its original existence; for in the alphabets preserved to us by Ben Washih, the reputed antediluvian letters are all arbitrary, so far as appears.

But the Phœnicians, it is said, and the Celts and the Hebrews also, pictured animals, &c. by letters. If so, we agree that the fact perhaps goes near to subvert our proposition altogether. But we submit that the converse is nearer the truth. Let us admit as unquestionable fact the instances reported on both sides.

The Phœnician Aleph represented an ox. The Celtic tree-alphabet supplied the element of letters, (as we noticed in one instance among the Chinese). But these, we affirm, formed only an arbitrary or conventional phonetic basis for letters. Thus in the former the cry of the ox gave the sound *a*, or rather as the Hebrews and Persians pronounce it, *o;* the name of the birch tree, *beit*, in the second, and of *beth*, a house, or a thorn tree, in the third, gave the sound of *B*, and so on. Natural objects then, by this view, supplied a basis for elementary sounds; for the name of the ox, house, tree, being given in the spoken language first, on the subsequent invention of letters the letter picturing the object representing a sound or name, was understood by all as itself representing that sound: such as in a former part of this article we have described as necessarily conventional; but nothing further: and, that basis established, the sources fell into oblivion. This clearly then was also different from what is understood by Picture-Writing.

Hence the only original picture-writing, strictly speaking, of which we have proofs, is that of

EGYPT.

We have in remarking on the Chinese system above, intimated a doubt whether the general opinion of picture-writing, as a system to any extent, being derived from pictures, be not rather an apparent than a real probability. The transition-state in Egypt is an obvious objection: but is not this an exception, the grounds of which, on examination, as differing in circumstance from any other, will strengthen our negation.

All the assertions of ancient authors respecting the invention of writing appear equally vague, as equally grounded on tradition alone (Diod. 4. 74): but as the writers we shall here refer to may fairly be considered entitled to equal credit, we shall give those assertions the weight of facts, in relation to each other; noticing only, with Zoega, that, after all, the Greeks and Romans were equally in ignorance on the subject.

The Egyptians, says Tacitus, were the first to express ideas by outward signs; they pictured sentiments by forms of animals; their hieroglyphics were wrought in stone, (Ann. xi. 14). The Egyptians *claim also*, he adds, the invention of letters, and say that the Phœnicians found legible characters in use there, which they bore to Greece. It is evident that the accurate historian holds their claims to hieroglyphics and to letters in two different degrees of credibility. We refer to the second point hereafter.

Lucan affirms that, by tradition, the Phœnicians first assumed to fix sounds by rude letters; adding, that the Egyptians up to that time had merely sculptured animals on stone, preserving a mystic tongue (*magicas linguas*). Pharsal. l. i. c. 12.

The Phœnicians, says Athenæus, were the inventors of letters, (l. 2. Deipn.): Cadmus was a Phœnician, as stated by Clemens Alexandrinus (Str. l. 1.): Herodotus calls the Phœnicians the bearers of letters: Diodorus calls them Pelasgian: i. e. from Eastern coasts.

Plato, as we have noticed elsewhere, speaks of the invention as reputed Syrian; and the Phœnicians were Syrians, as settled in that country.

Pliny calls the invention Assyrian; and these were the lords of Syria, and used its language in common life.

The passage in Justin, "Imperium Assyrii qui postea Syri dicti sunt," and the converse reading of Scaliger, "Syrians, called afterwards Assyrians"—(Solin.), together with the distinction made by Herodotus, "called Syrians by the Greeks, by the barbarians Assyrians," leave no doubt here.

We are farther to observe, that our general notion of the Assyrians, as Heeren observes, is drawn from the Jews, as one, and a conquering nation; whereas the Greeks applied the name to various nations on the Euphrates and Tigris; but his remark must be received with limitations, as Dionysius, Κεφ. κε; and as not extending to the Latins, for Justin after Trogus Pompeius, L. 1. 2, 3, and Velleius Paterculus, L. 1. 6, 7, refer to the Assyrians proper.

The whole, then, of these historical testimonies are perfectly reconcileable with each other, and all unite against the Egyptian *claim* as to the original *letters*.

Moses, apparently without a miracle since he has not recorded it, could read the Tables of the Law. He might have learned them either in Egypt or in Syria: in Midian with Jethro, or else after the Exodus in the desert. Mahommed acquired them similarly.

The στοιχειων γραφήν of Sanchoniatho, in recording Thoth's invention, though rendered by Mr. Cory—Letters, might refer equally to Signs in arrangement, as of the Zodiac. (Euseb. and Salmas.) It must probably ever remain doubtful whether Thoth compiled his History from mere pictures alone; but if otherwise, he could not have invented hieroglyphic or alphabetic writing. Was Thoth really an Egyptian?

The Syro-Phœnicians, then, had the reputation of the alphabet, not the Egyptians; but the Egyptian literati or priests used pictures *figuratively, symbolically,* and *phonetically;* and their progress towards letters is unquestionable. So far as we see, however, these modes were imperfect, voluminous, and clumsy in the last degree, and employed only in religious and state documents, public edicts, contracts, &c. originally. The Nabathæans and Brahmins furnish somewhat parallel cases.

Of these hieroglyphics such infinite varieties exist as to make us suspect the necessity of infinite numbers of systems. Des Guignes, it is true, pretended to have found a key of 214 characters in those, as in the Chinese; but his work, however curious, has never been published, though it might be worth bringing forward now; and he wrote in ignorance of recent discoveries.

We cannot wonder then that the infinity of signs produced infinite confusion; and if moderns, as Kircher and others, have read the philosophy of life and the psalms of David in the Egyptian hieroglyphics, it is consoling to know or suppose that the vulgar of Egypt were no better informed. But we have no trace at all of approximation between the Phœnician letters and the Egyptian picture-writing, or the letters immediately derived from this.

The origin of letters therefore is not traceable to a system of picture-writing. Farther, as presumptions,

Admitting the stone in Athanasi's collection to the antiquity claimed for it, we have there proof of hieroglyphics in the time of Joseph at oldest. The oldest proof of Letters is of the time of Cadmus, i.e. in round numbers, 200 years later; and Job, who wished his words written down, engraved with a pen of iron in lead and on the rock, is admitted of superior antiquity to Moses and the Exodus. He was a borderer of Chaldea, where Egyptian hieroglyphics are not pretended to have been used, but where Letters, if not really invented there, were, from the very circumstance of this attribution, in early use. The Assyrian letters,

according to Herodotus, were used monumentally by Darius the Persian, and his, and his predecessors', monumental inscriptions in Persia are in the cuneiform character; no way resembling the old hieroglyphic pictures and picture-writings, but proceeding on a different system entirely; for they unite aspirates with vocals, rude but ingeniously, to produce sounds, and combine elements into alphabetic words.

The words of Job, ch. xix. are indicative only of a public inscription; as in lead, on the rock: but his wish that his adversary would write a register, or book, of his errors, (and Job alone could have borne the reading of it,) intimates that letters were then sufficiently common to be applied to private purposes; and this holds even on the supposition that the imaginary adversary of this (presumed Arabian) prince was a prince also.

Admitting, then, Thoth's invention of hieroglyphics, the above shows that Letters were freely in use out of Egypt within about a century and a half after Thoth's invention: and it is not unreasonable to suppose that a considerable time in those early ages elapsed between the first formation, and the free use, of an alphabetic system,—possibly the cuneiform, as we have shown, and perhaps others also. (Diodorus, l. 5.) If there is any truth in the tradition of centuries between the Egyptian and Phœnician inventions, the cuneiform, or some such, must have been almost or quite cotemporary with the hieroglyphic system. Had this last been long previous to the other, it must have spread; for other nations would have borrowed the idea, even if the key of the existing system had been withheld from them, and they would have made something resembling, if not identical with it. But the alphabetic system, if discovered soon after, would naturally prevent its diffusion.

Picture-writing therefore was not, so far as appears, the prototype of the alphabetic writing in Phœnicia, in Persia, or in China. Consequently it is not the primary, and first essentially necessary modification of pictures into writing.

How then came it so in Egypt?

We answer—For the essential purposes of mysticism and concealment only; to uphold the power of the priests, by incapacitating rivalry in the knowledge of archives and documents; to render their knowledge a miracle, their rites and ceremonies awful; their origin, hopelessly obscure; their influence, universal and supreme.

The absence of all literature is a suspicious fact. Hermes or Thoth set the example; 36,000 volumes of the Hermesians followed, *we are told*. Yet the priests could tell Herodotus nothing of their 330 kings, because they left no monuments, as Mœris

and others did. Then the hieroglyphic system was not so old as the 330 kings; a ridiculous consequence; and also, the priests could have had no archives, nor writing! and were, at that time, behind even the Greeks in this branch of art! How then could they invent Letters, unless they meant only their own *demotic?* and this perhaps is the invention which they claimed according to Tacitus, and in ignorance confounded those with the Phœnician letters, which they also claimed, as we find elsewhere. Egyptian literature was unknown to antiquity as to ourselves, and the Coptic MSS. are evidently, from the character, as above shown, late. Had they then any literature after those early traditions? We may presume not.

The imperfections of the Egyptian system become obvious to us in its earliest extant and known contact with foreigners,—the time of Herodotus. It was then such, that we have only to choose between wilful falsification by the priests, or ignorance in these of their own historical events. This last is the conclusion of Herodotus and Heeren; and the increase of their symbolical characters, probably designed to remedy the evil, has probably aggravated it. We doubt not they deceived themselves as well as others.

It is soundly remarked (Edinb. Rev. Oct. 1836), that the Egyptians and the Chinese, having proceeded to a certain point, went no farther in their improvement of written characters. But the causes of this stoppage we suspect to be essentially different in the two cases. Upon Egypt we have dwelt largely.

In China, where the doctrines of Confucius were found so essentially serviceable to the state, that the government embraced and interlaced itself with his moral system, as others have done with religious,—and where in consequence, as Mr. Davis well observes, (China, vol. ii. p. 47, &c.) no change or improvement, however slight, is permitted in that moral system; it is but extending, we submit, the same principle, to suggest, that the written medium of those morals is for the same reason unchangeably retained. If the more refined age and superior intellect of Mencius was confined to illustrating rather than enlarging on Confucius;—and the suspicious internal policy of China long after the death of Mencius, hesitated to grant him the due honours of his career;—we can well imagine how sacredly they would maintain their written barrier against all innovation from succeeding mental efforts, both at home and from other countries.

One scriptural word, tending to establish the Christian church, has been extended to support also the extravagances of modern priesthood and assumption. One scriptural word, tending to establish the authority of the ancient dispensation, has been misun-

derstood as giving also the sanction of Deity to the extravagance of Egyptian priestcraft. The חכמא, or *wisdom*, of Egypt,—does it signify the real wisdom of that land in all those denunciations that mark only her tendency to long established and besotted corruption? Is it, can it be, from a thousand texts, in any way understood to refer to more than her acquisitions, perverted and abominable, of knowledge and skill? Yet the word has for ages, perhaps unconsciously, given a sort of divine sanction to the exaggerated admiration of antiquity. There is enough on the soil of Egypt to impress the mind, enough in her memorials to bewilder thought. Her relics are as fragments of eternity; her temples the home of infinitude. Time has toiled there vainly for ages only to confess the power of Man; and nature has heaped for centuries the boundless sands of the desert upon her bosom but to preserve and develope his mightier works. The history of earth may sleep beneath, but its acts are buried, its language unknown to the ear; the voice of Egyptian knowledge is an unbroken, unbounded silence; and her pregnant hieroglyphics but the painted shroud of the Past. Her being, like that of her own pyramids, stands vast and objectless; the mountain-mansion of a vacant cell; framed for blind awe, or admiring science, to eternize a monarch by enshrouding a beast. Modern daring has lifted the veil of that Holiest Holy, and found Deity fled, though the shrine of glory remains; the empty presence of a nameless worship, whose rites are mockery and its signs unmeaning!

Admit the magnificence of Egypt: yet what was Egypt itself? A trampled slave, the living foolstool of every conqueror. She was the vacant womb, the תהו of the Hebrew, the Yang of Chinese creation, void, passive, and shapeless, for foreign energies alone to act upon: "a servant of servants" was the doom of the child of Ham; and even Wilkinson, an enthusiastic but a candid and sagacious scholar, rejects, in his splendid and eloquent, and almost rival labours, the wild vision of her native glories.

But for her intellectual powers: the wisdom of Egypt was secresy; her Philosophers sought concealment from the world. Did Greece and Persia, did Israel or China, Moses, Thales, Pythagoras, Confucius, or Zoroaster hide, like the Brahmins, their knowledge from others, and from themselves? The reservations of Herodotus' time became mysticism and priestcraft in the days of Plutarch and Horapollo; and Manetho, the priest, himself either mistook his native and priestly symbols, or but so explained them as to be mistaken by mankind.

And what, we would fain know, was the object of all this secresy, unless the Egyptian priests were ashamed to own the truth? How could they, like the Brahmin, devote themselves

to science, yet trample out, like him, every spark of the torch of history. Every gleam of the truth has been thrown but by the stranger; and the bare registered chronology of the last trusting votary of their race makes royalty infinite, and elongates antiquity into the impossible. Manetho is placed on one horn of this dilemma; he did not understand his own labours, or he has left it unintelligible to us.

The alphabetic characters were co-existent in the land with their own hieroglyphics;—and from one to two centuries is the utmost of exception:—yet the Priests of Egypt preferred the latter. This preference of the complicated to the simple, of the inefficient to the effective, arraigns their judgment if not their honesty: and see the empty details even thus, and so carefully recorded. Their adherence to this picture-writing evidently arose from its concealment and mysticism; and because this, and no other, in all its varieties and derivations was essentially the Priestly character, the sole HIERO-glyphic in the world. It will probably never afford any thing beyond a mere document or collateral fact.

Egypt with all her splendours has never benefited mankind: her existence was selfish, as a conquered colony. The toil of her subjects raised those masses for the stranger; and her sciences, commerce, conduct, and foreign intercourse, were all created and perfected by these—or else languished, unimproved and unnourished, on her barren breasts. Her genius for war and warlike array was rivalled, if not first infused, by the barbarous Scythian: her commerce was Tyrian; her merchandize Arabian: her letters Syrian, if not her hieroglyphics also; her astronomy was Chaldean; her reformed calendar Persian; her architecture Ethiopic; her anatomy and medicine, alike Babylonian: but these were a dubious guess and an arrogated ignorance; the former was only of exterior form, the latter guarded from improvement under pain of death. Her art of design was but formal measurement; her colouring, of brilliant, half-impossible hues. A stranger taught her need to re-mete the flooded soil by geometry; to fix quantities; to note the cardinal points; divide the calendar; and calculate the rising of the stars; a stranger too and beyond her soil, carried mathematics to perfection. Her skill in sculpture and the goldsmith's craft were surpassed by Etruria and even India; and her distinctive boast of the Pyramid itself was eclipsed by the labour of the Pali shepherd.

Of what then can the Egyptians boast?—They who regarded fire as a devouring animal were no better in their stored ages of traditionary wisdom than the first savage ignorance of Terra del Fuego. If such was their natural philosophy, could their

genius, their morals, their worship, or their psychology raise them higher?

Their very literature was either borrowed or unimproved in the land that brought it forth; their picture-symbols repelled the two Syrian inventions of syllabic writings and alphabetic characters. Their divisions of hieroglyphic and hieratic were, first to record, and next to conceal, themselves. Their morals were but laws; their philosophy, a deeper darkness; their theology, a confused phrenesy of material and immaterial; their worship, a debasement of humanity; their revelations, mystery. Even their priests were, not the guides, but the masters of the people. Religion with them was the golden chaos of their craft; the human form was but a barrier against worms; the human soul, the navigator of a dismal swamp; the aim of human hopes, to resuscitate a beast; and the shrine erected to the worship of Deity itself, was deemed honoured and sanctified by the residence of a brute. With such notions these, and who can wonder that their subterraneous chambers were one delusion the more? or who can doubt that their ideas of futurity clung to Being, with an intensity proportioned to its dark, if not dreaded incertitude? Why should we then fondly persist in believing that the immortality of the soul was their doctrine; and colour this with our own impression of that truth, when it is clear that its durability was all they contended for; that they held its migration and return to the body after *three thousand years;* and to *prevent its disappointment*, embalmed the body, lest it should perish from the worms. They furnished the chambers of the dead more carefully than the houses of the living; and this, it is thus evident from the act itself, in a doubtful and dark—uncertain but trembling—hope; a hope too, which the earth-worm might mock, and a reptile annihilate immortality! It was clearly, then, not a belief of futurity—a place for souls—but a mere yearning after life itself, in the body, even amidst chambers of sempiternal gloom. Existence was their want, prolonged or renewed—still dear to their earthly aspirations, whether sunk to the brute or shrouded from the day. Thus, all they sought was *resuscitation*, not *resurrection;* and this was all they made of the sublime doctrine of an eternal and immaterial existence, which they borrowed to debase, down to the level of their own comprehensions, unable to grasp this purer tenet of the Assyrian's creed.

Granting then to Egypt, as all must grant, the possession of every marvel of her wonder-fraught realities, still we must not and cannot grant her the praise of wisdom and intellectual eminence, due, not to her, but to her masters from every age. We judge from what is before us: of that which is concealed we can

frame no conclusion, beyond the stigma justly attached to the ignorance that hid itself in systematic concealment.

We are aware that this low appreciation of Egyptian intellect may appear extravagant or paradoxical; but, it must be recollected that the Egyptians have been viewed imperfectly, with a feeling that the unknown was sublimity; and stand enlarged to superhuman proportions, like the shadow on the Brocken, even by the first, far, misty rays that fall upon them. The preservation to this day of those monuments, the praise of antiquity, and the very improvements of other nations upon parts of their system, all conspire to present them as through a haze to our imaginations, and elevate them, if we may carry on the simile, by the consequent refraction. Credit might be due to them had they originated the sources of those improvements; but, since the labour was not theirs, the light it affords sheds a false lustre upon them.

Greece, that in ignorance claimed every earthly fiction as her own, in equally vain ignorance has pandered to the historic aggrandisement of Egypt. She listened to the voice of tradition till she deemed it inspired, and gazed upon splendours till she raised them to divine. Her vanity first appropriated for her proper antiquity what she had received from others, but received in legitimate descent; her royal gods and godlike abominations, her own especial deluge and autocthonic dreams. When this theme was exhausted, she flew to marvellize Egypt: the tale of mysteries has at length had its day, and more sober evening approaches to dissipate the parhelion's beams. Preceded by the torch of Arabian curiosity the investigation of Europe has penetrated the Pyramid, copied the inhumed images of the royal chambers, and sought out the mummy from its catacomb: and what is the development? A broken coffin, a contracted dynasty, minute and inane triflings of feebly consecrated superstition! With all that has filled our ears and bowed our sight down, even to earth, we shall find, to reward our abject belief, that the forms of Greece were but a glowing phantasy, and Egypt one mighty and magnificent LIE!

An EGYPTIAN SOCIETY has lately been formed at Cairo, and their first Report is already published. For the particulars we refer the reader to our Literary Notices, under the head of EGYPT.

ART. IV.—*Deutsche Mythologie*, von Jacob Grimm. Göttingen, 1835. 8vo.

THERE is no subject of inquiry relating to the history of a people more interesting than its popular mythology and superstitions. In these we trace the early formation of nations, their identity or analogy, their changes, as well as the inner texture of the national character, more deeply than in any other circumstances, even than in language itself. Not many months have passed by since our attention was called to one division of this subject by the curious work on the old legend of Friar Rush, by Ferdinand Wolf and Dr. Endlicher.* We have much pleasure in being able to state that these two distinguished scholars have now nearly ready for publication a much more complete work on the same class of the beings of this popular creed, including all the legends of the German Rush and the English Robin Goodfellow. But the subject has been brought before us in all its generality by the arrival of the long-expected *Mythologie* of Dr. James Grimm. Our opinion of Dr. Grimm's work may be stated in a few words—we consider it to be one of the most admirable books that Germany has ever sent us. But it is in itself too extensive, and at the same time by far too compact, to allow of our attempting to give an analysis of its contents.

Christianity was first introduced among the Teutonic tribes about the beginning of the fourth century, when a few missionaries carried it to the banks of the Rhine, and to the Alamanns and Goths. Among the latter people it obtained a permanent establishment during that century, being first adopted by the West-Goths, and afterwards by the East-Goths. In their footsteps followed soon after the Vandals and the Gepidæ. The Burgundians, in Gaul, became Christians at the beginning of the fifth century, and the Suevi, in Spain, about fifty years later. At the conclusion of this century and the beginning of the next, the Franks were converted, and they were followed by the Alamanns and the Langobards. In the seventh and eighth centuries followed the conversion of the Bavarians; in the eighth, that of the Frieslanders, the Hessians, and the Thuringians; and towards the ninth, that of the Saxons. In Britain, the Anglo-Saxons had received the Gospel about the conclusion of the sixth and the beginning of the seventh century. In the tenth century the Danes became Christians; at the beginning of the eleventh, the Norwegians; in the second half of the eleventh, the Swedes and the Icelanders.

* See Foreign Quarterly Review, Part XXXV. p. 180.

The period of the establishment of Christianity among the Slavic and Hungarian tribes varied from the eighth to the eleventh century. The Lithuanians were not converted till the beginning of the fifteenth; and the Laplanders are scarcely more than half Christians at the present day.

Just as in our island we have districts where the people are much more ignorant than in others, and where the popular superstitions still retain their hold on the peasantry, so was it with the Teutonic tribes in the earlier ages of their Christianity. In the midst of the Christian peoples, there were still districts where the light of the Gospel had not penetrated. Thus in Neustria, the banks of the Loire and the Seine—in Burgundia, the Vosges—in Austrasia, the Ardennes, were inhabited in the sixth and seventh centuries by people who were mere Pagans. Similarly there dwelt pagan tribes towards Friesland and in Flanders, long after the surrounding tribes had been converted. From this circumstance it arises, that among some of the earlier monkish writers we have notices of heathen customs which they had had an opportunity of witnessing, and allusions to articles of the older creed which still in their time survived partially, and which now throw great light on the history of *Teutonic Mythology*.

However, when Christianity was fully established, in their conversion the old pagans had received a new belief, without quitting altogether their old one. There were certain beings of the ancient creed who were worshipped as gods, and with whom the people were only acquainted through their priests; and with these Christianity of course clashed at its first introduction. But there was a much larger class of beings of the popular belief, with whom the people supposed they had a nearer connexion, and whose influence, good or evil, they believed themselves to be daily experiencing; these were, like themselves, works of the Creator, —with passions, too, like themselves, and in whose invisible society they were themselves frequently living. They were substantial beings also, but of a far more refined nature, and infinitely more powerful. They wielded the elements, caused most of the visible convulsions of nature, as well as many of the accidents with which humanity was visited. While Christianity destroyed every where the worship of Woden, the belief in the airy spirits of the popular creed was unimpaired; for whatever different opinion the monks might entertain of their nature and calling, they found nothing in their own faith which directly proscribed them.

In fact, the popular belief in these things and their effects was so intimately interwoven in the national character, that they held by it like the language, with which, also, they had a strong tie in

the multitude of words and names for things and circumstances which called them perpetually to men's minds. The common ceremonies of life at every minute bore allusions to them; things so difficult to eradicate, that now, after so many centuries of successive improvement and refinement, in our salutations, in our eating and drinking, even in our children's games, we are perpetually, though unwittingly, doing the same things which our forefathers did in honour or in fear of the elves and dwarfs of the heathen creed.

Many of these ceremonies and customs appeared to the monks, and with reason, to be much more objectionable than others. Some of them bore too pointed an allusion to the worship of the old pagan deities—others were of a degrading nature, or of a mischievous tendency which was quite at variance with the lowest estimate of Christianity. Some of these were marked out for public punishment in the laws of the different states; but many more are entered in the penitentiaries and ecclesiastical laws among the crimes to be atoned for by that spiritual punishment which the penitence of the offender was made to inflict upon himself. Hence to us these penitentiaries and laws are the most valuable authorities for the early history of the popular superstitions. The Anglo-Saxon penitentiaries, in particular, are full of curious details of this nature, whether we find them written in the Latin or in the vernacular tongue, in both of which they are tolerably abundant. A few specimens may amuse some of our readers, both from their connection with the subject of which we are speaking, and from the curious manner in which the punishments are doled out. We prefer giving them from inedited sources. In a valuable Penetentiary printed in a collection of Anglo-Saxon remains not yet published, are, among others, the following notices:—

"If any man destroy another by witchcraft, let him fast seven years; three on bread and water, and, during the other four, three days a week on bread and water."

"If any one observe lots, or divination; or keep his wake (watch) at any wells, or at any other created things, except at God's church; let him fast three years, the first on bread and water, and the other two, on Wednesdays and Fridays, on bread and water; and the other days let him eat his meat, but without flesh."*

"The same for a woman, who useth any witchcraft to her child, or

* Gyf hwa hlytas oððe hwatunga bega; oððe his wæccean æt ænigum wylle hæbbe, oððe æt ænigre oþre gesceafte butan æt Godes cyricean; fæste he III. gear, þæt an on hlafe and on wætere, and þa twa on Wodnes-dagum and Frige-dagum on hlafe and on watere, and þa oðre dagas bruce his metes butan flæsce anum.

who draws it through the earth at the meeting of roads, because that is great heathenness."

"If a mouse fall into liquor, let it be taken out, and sprinkle the liquor with holy-water, and, if it be alive, the liquor may be used, but if it be dead, throw the liquor out and clean the vessel."

"He who uses any thing that a dog or mouse has eaten of, or a weasel polluted, if he do it knowingly, let him sing a hundred psalms; and if he know it not, let him sing fifty psalms."

"He who gives to others the liquor that a mouse or weasel has been drowned in, if he be a layman, let him fast three days; if he be a churchman, let him sing three hundred psalms. And if he did it without his knowledge, but afterwards knew it, let him sing the psalter."

In a Saxon homily against witchcraft and magic, preserved in the public library of the University of Cambridge, we have several notices of the *heathen* superstitions of our forefathers, at a comparatively short distance of time from their conversion. "We are ashamed," says the writer, "to tell all the scandalous divinations that every man useth through the devil's teaching, either in taking a wife, or in going a journey, or in brewing, or at the asking of something when he begins any thing, or when any thing is born to him."* And again, "Some men are so blind, that they bring their offerings to immoveable rocks, and also to trees, and to wells, as witches teach, and will not understand how foolishly they do, or how the lifeless stone or the dumb tree may help them, or heal them, when they themselves never stir from the place."† "Moreover," he goes on to say, "many a silly woman goes to the meeting of ways, and draweth her child through the earth, and so gives to the devil both herself and her offspring."‡ In fact, as the same early writer observes, "every one who trusts in divinations either by fowls, or by sneezings, or by horses, or by dogs, he is no Christian, but a notorious apostate."§ Among the

* Us sceameð to secganne ealle ða sceandlican wiglunga þe ge-hwæs menn drifað, þurh deofles lare, oððe on wifunge, oððe on wadunge, oððe on brywlace, oþþe gif hí man hwæs bitt þonne hí hwæt onginnað, oþþe hí hwæt bið accenned.—*MS. Bibl. Pub. Camb.* Ii. 1, 33, fol. 395.

† Sume men synd swa ablende þæt hí bringað heora lác to eorðfæstum stanum, and eac to treowum, and to wyl-sprîngum, swa swa wiccan tæcað, and nellað understandan hu stuntlice hí doð, oððe hu ðe deade stán oððe þæt dumbe treow him mage ge-helpan, oððe hælе for-gifan, þonne hí sylfe ne a-styriað of þære stowe næfre.—*Ib.* fol. 396.

‡ Eác sume ge-witlease wif faraþ to wega gelætum, and teoð heora cild þurh ða eorðan, and swa deofle be-tæcað hí sylfe and heora bearn. —*Ib.*

§ Eall swa ge-lice ðe þe ge-lyfð wiglungum oððe be fugelum, oððe be fnôrum, oððe be horsum, oððe be hundum, ne bið he na Cristen ac bið for-cuð wiðer-saca.—*Ib.* fol. 394.

many Latin penetentialia in the British Museum, there is one which is very full in its enumeration of such offences against "Christendom," although it seems that many of them were criminal, chiefly when committed by a priest or monk. Amongst other offenders are here enumerated,—

"He who endeavours by any incantation or magic to take away the stores of milk, or honey, or other things belonging to another, and to acquire them himself.

"He who, deceived by the illusion of hobgoblins, believes and confesses that he goes or rides in the company of her whom the foolish peasantry call Herodias or Diana, and with immense multitude, and that he obeys her commands.

"He who prepares with three knives in the company of persons, that they may predestine happiness to children who are going to be born there.

"He who makes his offering to a tree, or to water, or to any thing, except a church.

"They who follow the custom of the pagans in inquiring into the future by magical incantations on the first of January, or begin works on that day, as though they would on that account prosper better the whole year.

"They who make ligatures or incantations and various fascinations with magical charms, and hide them in the grass, or in a tree, or in the path, for the preservation of their cattle.

"He who places his child on the roof or in a furnace for the recovery of his health, or for this purpose uses any charms, or characters, or magical figment, or any art, unless it be holy prayers, or the liberal art of medicine.

"He who shall say any charm in the collecting of medicinal herbs, except such as the paternoster and the credo."

Many of the customs alluded to in the foregoing extracts may be traced, under different forms, nearly up to the present day; and none more so than well-worship, some of the ceremonies of which are still performed in different parts of our island. We are tempted to point out two inedited allusions to this latter branch of popular superstition, which we think extremely curious. When the Saxon hero, Hereward, was holding so bravely the marshes of Ely against the Norman Conqueror, he one day repaired in disguise to William's court, and before presenting himself there, passed the night in a cottage in the town where the court was then held. It happened that at the same time there resided in the cottage a noted witch, who was employed by the King to daunt the courage of Hereward's soldiers by her incantations. Being disturbed at midnight by hearing the witch in conversation with his hostess, he followed them into the garden. They repaired to a fountain of water which flowed towards the east, and there

he heard them holding converse with the spirit of the fountain.* In the following rather humorous song, preserved in a manuscript at Cambridge, written in the earlier part of the fifteenth century, we have an allusion by name to the ceremony of *waking the well*, mentioned before in the Anglo-Saxon Penetentiary, (see p. 362).

I have for-sworne hit, whil I life, to wake the well.

The last tyme I the wel woke,
Sir John caght me with a croke,
He made me to swere be bel and boke
I shuld not tell.

Yet he did me a wel worse turne,
He leyde my hed agayn the burne,†
He gafe my maydenhed a spurne,
And refe‡ my bell.

Sir John came to oure hows to play,
Fro evensong tyme til light of the day,
We made as mery as flowres in May,
I was so gyled.

Sir John he came to our hows,
He made it wonder copious,§
He seyd that I was gracious
To beyre a child.

I go with childe, wel I wot;
I schrew‖ the fader that hit gate,
Withowten he fynde hit mylke and pape
A long while ey.¶

If we believe the satirical writings of the reformers, the ceremonies attendant on the popular superstitions had frequently a similar *dénouement* to that which in the present instance followed the *waking of the well*.

Not only were the popular superstitions of our pagan forefathers preserved in their full force, after the introduction of Christianity, from the circumstance of their having considerable influence over the minds of the monks themselves; but the first missionaries, by adopting many of the objects and places of former worship, in the hope of turning more readily the piety of their converts along with them into another direction, and sometimes in

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* Porro in medio noctis silentio illas ad fontes aquarum in orientem affluentes juxta [h]ortum domus etam (*sic*) egressas Herwardus percepit. Quas statim secutus est, ubi eas eminus colloquentes audivit, nescio a quo custode fontium responsa et interrogantes et sui expectantes.—*De Gestis Herwardi Saxonis.* This curious work will soon be published.

† Towards the stream. ‡ Stole. § Came frequently.
‖ I curse. ¶ MS. Pub. Lib. Camb. Ff. 5, 48.

the pride of showing how the new religion had seated itself in the very strong holds of idolatry, were the cause of preserving, in the traditions of the people, many legends and articles of former belief, which otherwise would have perished with the objects to which they had been linked. Our extracts have afforded us several proofs how general was the worship of trees; they were looked upon originally as the temple of the object, and not as the object, of worship. Every body who pays any attention to the subject, knows how commonly, even at the present time, legends and popular traditions of the most grotesque forms are connected with trees that are venerable for their age and magnitude. Numerous notices in early writers, the greater part of which will be found collected in Grimm's *Mythologie*, show us, that in the earlier ages of western paganism such trees were universally the objects of superstitious reverence. When St. Boniface, sometime between the years 725 and 731, and during the reign of Charles Martel, visited the Hessians, he found, that though the greater number of them had embraced the Christian faith, there were still many who followed their old idolatry. Boniface was determined to do all he could to root out heathendom, and, by the advice of the converted Hessians, he resolved on cutting down "an oak of wonderful magnitude" which stood in a place called Gaesmere (Geismar), and to which their pagan forefathers had given, in their language, a name which signified the *Oak of Jupiter* (Thor's Oak ?).* The work of felling this vast tree was commenced in presence of an immense crowd of spectators, many of them pagans, who believed that their oak would be proof against the power of the axe, and who seemed to regard this trial as a test of the superiority of the one religion over the other. But the Oak of Jupiter bowed and fell with a terrible crash, and hundreds of its worshippers became Christians on the spot. Thereupon Boniface, by the advice of his companions, cut up the sacred tree, and with the timber built an oratory on the spot, which he dedicated to Saint Peter. The life of St. Amandus, A.D. 674, speaks of trees dedicated to demons (*arbores quæ erant dæmonibus dedicatæ*).

In like manner, it was a very common thing to place a Christian church on the same spot where had stood a temple dedicated to some one of the German divinities.

Besides these causes of the preservation of traces of the earlier Teutonic mythology, the language itself, in all its dialects and

* Quorum consultu atque consilio *arborem* quandam *miræ magnitudinis*, quæ *prisco paganorum vocabulo* appellatur *robur Jovis*, in loco qui dicitur Gaesmere.—*Vita Bonifac. ap. Grimm*, p. 44.

varieties, at every step bears marks of the original creed of the people who spoke it, not only in the names of the different mythic beings and of their habitation and worship, but in multitudes of expressions and terms applied at a later period to other objects and actions, which by their formation show how, at an early period, those objects and actions were connected with the popular culture. These are found more particularly in the names of plants and diseases, and of some animals, and in the apparently unmeaning formulæ which, at a much later period, ignorant people used as magical charms. Grimm has given several popular rhymes in vogue among the peasantry of different parts of Germany, in which are found the names of Woden and Irmen. The names of the Teutonic gods are still preserved in those of the days of the week.

The information which these different authorities afford us, concerning the early forms of Teutonic mythology, is tolerably copious, but at the same time so unconnected and vague, that it required all the industry and genius of a Grimm to reduce it to order, and to elicit from it the outline and the details of a system. The materials of an early date come chiefly through the hands of those who seized most readily on the terrific and disagreeable points of the popular mythology. They do not make us acquainted with the more harmless elves and fairies, although there are sufficient traces of them to take away all doubt of their having formed a part of the creed of our forefathers at this remote period. The elves and dwarfs are frequently alluded to in the Legends of the Anglo-Saxon Saints; and, though they are much disguised under the name of devils, or rather of hobgoblins, yet there are good reasons for believing that from this period to the time when it becomes more perfectly known to us, in this particular the popular belief had not altered.* The *white ladies* are mentioned in the Life of Hereward, already quoted, and in such a manner as to leave little doubt on our minds of their having been identical with the fairies of later times.

The latter half of the twelfth century and beginning of the thirteenth was the period when the feudal barons possessed the greatest power. It seems also to have been the age when literature was most patronized, and the writings which it has left us, whether in prose or verse, in Latin or Anglo-Norman, (for those were the two languages in which people wrote,) show more spirit, elegance, and imagination, than at any other period of the middle ages. The chronicles at this period become far more in-

* See our article on *Friar Rush and the Frolicsome Elves*, in Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 35.

teresting than they had been before; there is more of life and anecdote in them; and, curiously enough, they abound in fairy legends. What makes them still more valuable is, that these legends are evidently given as told by the peasantry, without any, or at least with very little, adventitious colouring. In Gervase of Tilbury, Giraldus Cambrensis, and William of Newbury, we have the elves and fairies in all their frolicsome airiness and in all their glory, and we trace them in their dances and gambols by moonlight in their under-ground country, and in their interference in the affairs of men. From this time the documents of the history of popular mythology are very abundant, and appear in multifarious shapes, like the superstitions to which they relate. Strange it is that so many centuries after the abolition of paganism, these superstitions, so intimately grounded upon it, should still keep their hold on people's minds so firmly as from time to time to give even a character to the age. At one time they turned the philosopher into a magician, and led the scholar in wilder vagaries after the philosopher's stone and elixirs than ever Robin Goodfellow put upon the benighted traveller. At a still later period of European history, when education had been much more widely spread, in the great cry against witchcraft, these superstitions drenched England, as well as France and Germany, in torrents of blood. When we see that at that period, the learning which had been so widely spread only served to defend the popular belief, we shall easily perceive how impossible it was for the primitive missionaries to eradicate it from the minds of their converts.

In the earlier ages of Christianity among the Teutonic people, the Monks supposed that the elves and fairies of the people were neither more nor less than so many devils, whose business it was to delude people; so that in transmitting to us the outlines of the popular legends they give them a colouring of which it is not always easy to divest them. At later periods, without going so far as to make them absolutely devils, some of the most intelligent writers had very curious ideas about their origin. Giraldus tells us of a fairy who lived some years with a northern bishop as a faithful servant. Before he left the service of his master, he told him who and what he was. He said that the elves and fairies were a portion of the angels who fell with Lucifer from Heaven; but inasmuch as, though they had been seduced and deluded, they were not so criminal as their fellows, their sentence had been less severe; but that they were allowed to live on the earth, some of them having their peculiar dwelling-place in the air, others in the waters, some again in trees and fountains, and many in the caverns of the earth. He confessed, also, that as Christianity

spread they had much less liberty than formerly. As much of the popular middle-age legends relating to the fall of the angels was probably rooted on the older mythology, this story may itself be the shadow of an earlier article of pagan creed relating to the origin of the elves.

At the same time as the monks exerted an influence over the superstitions of the people, in modifying them into apparent accordance with Christianity, these superstitions were also influencing the latter, and without doubt gave rise to that multiplicity and multiformity of demoniacal agency which pervades the monkish legends. In their system the whole world was believed to be peopled with innumerable hordes of devils, who possessed only a certain degree of power, which they used in tormenting, seducing, and misleading mankind. Diseases were often the effect of their malignity, and conflagrations and numerous fatal accidents were commonly supposed to be brought about by their agency. They also exerted an influence over the elements, and caused storms, floods, and even greater convulsions of nature. The monks sometimes invented strange stories to account for the influence which the devils thus exerted, because they were not aware of the real source from which they had been adopted. An inedited English poet of the thirteenth century, after explaining in a popular manner the nature of thunder and lightning, proceeds to show how it happens to cause so much mischief. When Christ suffered death, he says, he bound the devil, and broke down hell-gates in order to let out those who suffered there. His visit was attended with such terrible thunder, that the devils have been afraid of thunder ever since; and if any of them happen to be caught in a storm, they fly, as quick as wind, and kill men and destroy trees, &c. which they meet in their way. This is the reason that people are killed in a storm.*

As we have just observed, it required all the masterly skill of a Grimm to reduce the scattered and often apparently discordant materials, which such authorities have left us for the history of

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* We subjoin the passage for the sake of its quaintness—

"Ye mowe sigge whan thundre is menging of fur and wete,
Hou is that hit quelleth men by weyes and bi strete,
And smyt adoun grete treow, and doth meni other wonder?
Therfore ic mot you telle more of the cunde of thunder.
Tho oure Loverd an urthe tholede deth, the devel he bond anon,
And debrusede helle gates, with thundre thider he com:
Therfore ever eft afterward wher so develen beo,
Of thundre hi beoth so sore agast that hi nute whoder fleo,
And sleth men bi the wey as hi fleoth, as me may ofte i-seo,
That moche fere hem geve God that he the worse ne beo."

MS. Harl., No. 2277, *fol.* 129.

the mythology of the Teutonic tribes, into order and system; to show their analogies and connections with each other; to snatch facts from beneath the adventitious garb which time and error had given them; to make ceremonies and superstitions of a later period guide back to the substance of which they were only the shadow. This is what James Grimm has undertaken, and he has done it completely and satisfactorily. His *Deutsche Mythologie* is a store-house of facts, and of discoveries, relating to every part of this curious subject.

The first eleven chapters (something more than 200 pages of the book) are devoted to that branch of the subject which, with the exceptions of a few stray traces, belonged more exclusively to the period when Paganism reigned undisturbed over the minds of our forefathers. They treat of the gods and goddesses of their temples, their priests, and their worship. One of these, *Irmin*, the Eormen of the Anglo-Saxons, the same name that the Romans called Arminius, has an important connection with our own national antiquities. Like all the names of the Saxon gods and heroes, that of Eormen is very frequently used in composition in the proper names of our forefathers, as *Eormenræd*, *Earmenburh*, *Eormenhild*, &c. As early as the time of Tacitus, a German name was *Hermunduri*. We have met with an instance where an Anglo-Saxon prince gave to all his four daughters names beginning with *Eormen*. It is also found in the composition in the names of plants, &c. as *Eormen-leaf*, a name found in one of the old glosses for the *malva-erratica*. The head seat of the worship of this god was the district about Lower Saxony, where his name was in modern times preserved in nursery rhymes, as, for example, the following, which is peculiar to Saxon Hesse:

"*Hermen*, sla dermen,
Sla pipen, sla trummen,
De kaiser wil kummen
Met hamer und stangen
Will *Hermen* uphangen.—(*Grimm*, p. 211.)

"*Hermen*, strike harp,
Strike pipe and strike drum,
For the emperor is coming
With hammer and staff,
Will hang *Hermen* up."

Grimm thinks, with much probability, that this rhyme is part of some old song on the destruction of the great temple of Irmen (the Irmenseule), by the Frankish emperor Charles. What, however, is the most interesting to us, is the circumstance that the

name is given to one of our great ancient roads, the *Erming-street* (which Somner very absurdly derives from *Here-man-stræt*, via strata militaris). It also seems probable that the name of another of these great ways, the *Watling-street*, has a similar derivation. And, what is particularly curious, the same name of *Watling-street* was formerly given to the milky way.

"Chaucer (House of Fame, 2, 427) describing that region of the heavens, says:—

> "Lo there (quod he), cast up thine eye,
> se yondir, lo, the galaxie,
> the whiche men clepe the milky way,
> for it is white; and some, par-fay,
> y-callin it han *Watlingestrete*,
> that onis was brente with the hete,
> whan that the sunn is sonne the rede,
> which that hite Phaeton, wolde lede
> algate his fathirs carte and gie."

"In the Complaynt of Scotland, p. 90, it is said of the comet: "it aperis oft in the quhyt circle, callit *circulus lacteus*, the quhilk the marinalis callis *Vatlantstreit*." In the Virgil of Gawin Douglas, p. 85:

> "Of every sterne the twynkling notis he,
> that in the still hevin move cours we se,
> Arthurys house, and Hyades, betaikning zane,
> *Watlingstrete*, the Horne, and the Charlewane,
> the feirs Orion with his golden glave."

"Wætlinga is the gen. pl.;* who the *Wætlingas* were, how they came to give their names to a street in earth and heaven, we know not. Chaucer, who could perhaps have told us, chose rather to introduce the Grecian legend of Phaeton."—*Grimm*, p. 213, 214.

In his twelfth and thirteenth chapters, Grimm carries us through the families of the wise women, wood nymphs, fairies, and the wights and elves, and dwarfs, nickers and kobolds, in all their shapes and varieties. Most of our readers will have learnt, that in the transformation of the elves and fairies of our forefathers into devils, by the monkish legends, the names were sometimes retained, and very curiously applied. Our popular name for the evil one, *Old Nick*, is a word of this class. The *nickers* held a conspicuous place in German romance and story—they are frequently spoken of in the Anglo-Saxon Romance of Beowulf. They were water fairies, and dwelt in the lakes and rivers, as well as in the sea. So late as the fifteenth century, a MS. dictionary in English and Latin explains *nicker* by 'sirena.' At present, in our island, the word is only preserved in the name of the devil, *Old Nick*. The fourteenth chapter of the Mythologie

* Probably not, here: the final syllable is evidently the Greek, Latin, O. Pers., Zend, O. Celt., Ch., Poly., Alg., in fact everywhere, *the principle of existence*.—Ed.

treats on the giants both of ancient romance and of more modern popular fiction. The fifteenth chapter treats of the elements, and of the superstitions connected with them and the invisible beings who were supposed to live in and rule them.

The sixteenth chapter of this interesting book lays before us the popular superstitions concerning trees and animals. Among quadrupeds, those which were chiefly regarded in a superstitious light, were horses, bears, and wolves, and sometimess foxes. Among birds, none has been so famous in all ages as the *cuckoo*. But in the Teutonic mythology, this bird was not, as at present, the emblem of conjugal infidelity; it played a far different part. It was, and in some parts is still, the universal belief, that if any body noted the number of times the cuckoo repeated its note the first time he heard it in the spring, it would tell him the number of years he had to live. We believe that a similar superstition exists in some parts of England. We find a rhyme in most of the German dialects to this purpose. Thus in Lower Saxony they say—

"*Kukuk* vam häven,
wo lange sall ik leven?"

In other parts of Germany they say,

"*Kukuk*, beckenknecht,
sag mir recht,
wie viel jahr ich leben soll?"

In Sweden the rhyme is,

"Gök, gök, silt på quist,
säg, mig, vist,
hur många år
jag ogift går?"

The same superstition was prevalent in Poland and Bohemia. In one of the old French poems of the cycle of Renard the Fox, we have an allusion to it as existing in France in the thirteenth century. Cæsar of Hiesterbach tells a story, which occurred about A.D. 1221, of a man who, to save his soul, was on the point of entering a monastery and becoming a monk, but on his way there he chanced to hear the cuckoo for the first time. He stopped to count the number of repetitions, and finding them to be twenty-two, "Oh!" said he, "since I shall be sure to live twenty-two years, what is the use of mortifying myself in a monastery all that time? I'll e'en go and live merrily for twenty years, and it will be all in good time to betake me to a monastery for the other two." And so saying, he went his way.

The seventeenth chapter treats of heaven and the stars, and all things belonging thereunto; the eighteenth, of day and night, winter and summer, times and seasons, and the superstitions con-

nected with particular days; the twentieth, of the world, hell, the day of judgment, &c. &c.; the twenty-first, of the soul; the twenty-second, of death; the next, of fortune and fate. The twenty-fourth chapter brings before us the fertile subject of spectres, and the numerous personages of this class who appear in the German *Kinder und Haus-Märchen*. The twenty-fifth chapter treats of the stories of people who have been carried away by the fairies, and of hidden treasures, as well as of the dragons who guard them. The subject of the next chapter is the devil. The twenty-seventh is a long chapter on magic, and witchcraft, and charms. The twenty-eighth chapter is devoted to miscellaneous superstitions, which could not be arranged under any of the former heads; and the twenty-ninth and last, to superstitions connected with diseases and their cures. A large supplement contains numerous collections illustrative of the popular superstitions described in the latter chapters of the book, many of which, we believe, were brought together after the text was printed. Of these we should have been induced to give several extracts before we left the subject, were it not our intention, on some early occasion, to give a separate article, or perhaps more than one, on magic, witchcraft, charms, prognostications, and dreams.

Before we lay down the *Deutsche Mythologie*, we cannot neglect the opportunity it has given us of expressing our sincere pleasure to see that within a few years so much has been done towards publishing the documents of our popular mythology; including, under that term, both the legends and oral traditions of the peasantry, and the documents of our old popular literature. There is much yet to be done, and we hope the indefatigable and successful labours of Grimm will draw others to the task. We have on our table a volume published recently in France, which deserves to be much more generally known than it is. It is entitled *The Book of Legends*,* and is the work of a young and most zealous labourer on the remains of the older literature of his country, M. Le Roux de Lincy, already known in the world by several other works. The volume which has appeared is only introductory to the main design, which is to publish, in a series of volumes, all the most curious inedited pieces relating to the legendary history of the middle ages. The undertaking, we confess, is somewhat large, yet we are desirous that it should be persevered in; for whether it be completed or not according to the design, it cannot fail to be a most valuable collection.

In the introductory volume of the *Livre des Légendes*, M. Le Roux de Lincy has given a slight prefatory sketch of his subject,

* Le Livre des Légendes, par Le Roux de Lincy. 8vo. Paris, Silvestre. London, Pickering.

interspersed with several curious inedited scraps. The first section treats of the state of the sciences in the middle ages, introductory to the numerous legendary fables connected with them. In the second, we have an essay on what he terms the *Sacred Legends,* including the fables which took rise during the dark ages relating to the persons and circumstances mentioned in the Old Testament, to Christ and his disciples and apostles, and to the saints of the middle ages. The third division of the work is to be devoted to the legends relating to celebrated men of ancient and modern times. With the exception of a few curious legends, this division of the work will be, to our taste, the least interesting. The writers of the middle ages often knew more about the ancient heroes, and other celebrated men, than they had any good grounds for. Benoît de Sainte-More wrote a long poem in Anglo-Norman on the Siege of Troy, in which he speaks of Homer as but a contemptible authority, and gives us a curious anecdote, for which we may look in vain elsewhere. "Homer," says he, "was a wonderful poet; he wrote on the siege and destruction of Troy, and why it was deserted and has never since been inhabited. But his book does not tell us the truth, for we know without any doubt, that he was born a hundred years after the great army was assembled, so that he certainly was not a witness of the events he describes. When he had finished his book, and it was brought to Athens, there was a wonderful contention about it. They were on the point of condemning him, and with reason, because he had made the gods fight with mortal men, and the goddesses in the same manner; and when they recited his book, many refused it on that account; but Homer was such a great poet, and had so much influence, that he ended by prevailing on them to receive his book as good authority."

The fourth division of M. Le Roux de Lincy's book is to comprise legends relating to peoples and towns; the fifth, legends relating to countries, forests, mountains, and waters; the sixth, legends relating to precious stones, plants, &c.; the seventh, legends relating to animals. The eighth division begins the *wonderful world,* comprising spectres, ghosts, &c.; the ninth treats on giants and dwarfs; the tenth comprises the elves; the eleventh, the fairies; and the twelfth, the Loups-Garoux. We may add, that the appendix to the first volume contains some very curious extracts from early manuscripts, illustrative of various subjects mentioned in the text. We must confess that the introductory volume of this work has created in us a desire to see the rest.

ART. V.—*Congrès de Verone; Guerre d'Espagne, Négociations; Colonies Espagnoles.* Par M. de Chateaubriand. 2 tom. 8vo. Leipzig, 1838.*

M. CHATEAUBRIAND must pardon us if in going through this his latest work, we do not always bear in mind that which is obviously its principal object, namely, to elevate the importance of M. Chateaubriand himself, and set forth the part which he has had in the great events of his time. We are obstinate Englishmen, and our purpose in examining this work is to see how it illustrates the policy and interests of England. We have adopted a tone, in treating of our affairs abroad, which repeated and anxious consideration satisfies us is the most conducive to the honour and advantage of England. One of our earliest efforts in this line had a special regard to the transactions which our French contemporary now relates, and of which our two countries took a different view; let us see whether the new light thrown upon them by him who was Minister of Foreign Affairs at Paris during the period, should alter the position in which we contemplate them.

Our preliminary remarks shall be but few. One peculiarity in the events of 1822,—for that, as our title indicates, is the period to be considered,—is noticed, we believe, for the first time; the foreign ministers of the three countries, England, France, and Spain, were all poets.† This is a bare fact, an unfruitful coincidence; we expected it to be followed up by an averment that the ministers took a poetical view of affairs, or that the similarity of their tastes led to an assimilation of their systems; but we are only told (from Montaigne) that a true poet would prefer to be the father of the Æneid than of the finest boy in Rome.

Mr. Canning's poetry was a secondary qualification, and a secondary sentiment. His mind sometimes conceived very poetical images, but they are more striking in his speeches than in any poem which he wrote. If his prose was thus sometimes poetical, his verse was a litle prosaic. It had all the merits of his prose, —precision, vigour, point, and chasteness; but it had not the qualities which would lead one to say, this is indeed a poet.

Although sensible that we are digressing, we will here mention one similarity in the histories of Chateaubriand and Canning,—somewhat curious, and much more characteristic than their poetry. Chateaubriand was elected a member of the National Institute,

* Sold in London by Black and Armstrong.

† Vol. i. ch. ii. p. 37.

in the room of Chenier. The rules required that he should pronounce an eulogy upon his predecessor:—"reversing," as we have formerly said,* "the disobedience of Balaam, he turned the panegyric into an anathema," and thereby lost the appointment.

When Canning was at Christchurch, it was on some public occasion his duty to pronounce an oration in praise of the founder and benefactors of the College or University. By appointment or choice (we forget which) his hero was Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham. Our recollection of this youthful composition enables us to pronounce it full of all the merits which afterwards characterized his speeches; and it was in one sense a panegyric upon the memory of the pious founder, because it proved in forcible terms that the profligacy of Nottingham was not quite so eminent as that of Sunderland, and of other statesmen of his time, whose respective demerits were marked by epithets appropriate and severe. The big-wigs were shocked and offended,—or pretended to be so; however, young Canning did not lose his studentship.†

Passing over a brilliant interval, let us now contemplate Mr. Canning addressing, not the doctors of Oxford, but the crowned heads of Europe, assembled in congress at Verona; where it was his task to oppose, and, so far as he could, to counteract the counsels of our present author.

One object of the book before us is, to show that the French invasion of Spain was not the work of the allies, but of France alone, and most particularly and eminently of the Viscount de Chateaubriand.‡

We have no desire to rob M. Chateaubriand of the glory of the Spanish war. M. Villele, we believe with him, was much more pacifically inclined. The Duc Mathieu de Montmorency, it is true, was even more chivalrously bent upon war than our viscount, and it was for some cause connected with these matters that he lost his office of Foreign Minister. M. Chateaubriand slid into it, with the same sentiments, at that time more cautiously disguised or managed; and unwilling perhaps to identify the dismissed with the promoted minister, he represents the cause of the dismissal as still a mystery. Chateaubriand furnishes no reason for disputing Mr. Canning's version,§ which was this: Montmorency wished to make the Spanish war an *European* concern; Chateaubriand certainly desired to make it

* Vol. X. p. 298.
† We are surprised that this paper, which we know to be extant, is not published.
‡ Ch. xiii. p. 50.
§ Parl. Deb. viii. 1495.

French. And it was because the former could not realize at Paris the expectations he had held out at Verona, that, with the honourable feeling of the Montmorencies, he resigned.

Chateaubriand was not acceptable to Louis XVIII., and M. Marcellus, the French minister, has represented Mr. Canning as asking,—"M. de Chateaubriand, est-il *aussi* parvenu au ministère contre la volonté du roi?"* We know that George IV. had some prepossessions against his new secretary, (to whom, however, he afterwards became warmly attached,) but we are slow to believe that Mr. Canning announced himself as minister against the king's will. Not a hint of this sort is to be found in his own letters, and it is very unlikely that he would say that to Marcellus which he would not say to Chateaubriand.

It now fell to the lot of Chateaubriand to manage on the part of France the question of interference, to put down by force the constitutional or revolutionary government of Spain; nearly at the moment when it became the duty and the chosen purpose of Mr. Canning to prevent, if possible, France from interfering, but at all events to keep England out of the scrape.

We have formerly shown† that the neutrality of England had been determined upon before Mr. Canning returned to office. Lord Castlereagh was about to proceed to Verona, to announce and enforce that determination, when death interrupted him, and his friend the Duke of Wellington proceeded in his stead.

Chateaubriand and Canning had formed, while the former was ambassador in London, something apparently more than a mere official intimacy. They had conversed perhaps of literature, as much as of politics, and had put off some of that stiffness which certain *diplomates* think it becoming to preserve. We know, moreover, that Mr. Canning at one time forwarded, or attempted to forward, the personal interests of Chateaubriand at his own court. There was thus, no doubt, a kindness between them, but as to any friendship, calculated in any degree to amalgamate political views, or even soften political asperity, there was none.

Between a Frenchman and an Englishman, communicating upon politics, there is,—to use an expressive word, often employed when its appropriate meaning is forgotten,—and always must be, a *misunderstanding.* Very possibly we do not entirely comprehend the French policy, but of this we are certain, that no Frenchman can be brought to comprehend the simple views of a straightforward English politician.

These letters of Mr. Canning, now first published, throw no new light upon the transactions of the time, because the frank-

* P. 422. † Vol. viii. p. 56.

ness which they display on Mr. Canning's part was equally apparent in his public declarations.

Notwithstanding a remark of his correspondent to the contrary, his point was distinct, and he never lost sight of it. If you ask me my opinion, says Mr. Canning in his first letter,*—

"I give it you in the words of our Lord Falkland in the time of Charles I., Peace! Peace! Peace!† . . . . . Am I for peace because I hate revolutions less than you do? you give me full credit for sharing your invincible hostility to them. But it is because *the lovers of revolutions, in all countries, pray for war*, that I am the most anxious for the prevention of it. . . . . A war in Europe, at this moment, against the revolutionary principle, would shake the monarchy of France and its yet unconfirmed institutions to their foundations. What shook so fearfully your institutions would no doubt try ours, but ours have root enough to stand the trial. And *wrapping ourselves up as we should be wise enough to do, in a strict and* IMPERTURBABLE NEUTRALITY, depend upon it, we might, if we were so disposed, turn your distractions to our own account, but, *depend upon it, we have no such disposition.* Rather, much rather, will we exhaust our efforts to preserve the peace on which we think your prosperity depends."

Mr. Canning here takes the same view of the state of the political mind of Europe, which, when presented at a later period to the House of Commons, exposed him to so much misrepresentation.‡ *Ultra* principles, on both sides *ultra*, prevailed throughout Europe; and Mr. Canning "much feared" that if the violent on both sides came into hostile conflict, England, *if she took any part*, would see "ranged under her banners the restless and dissatisfied of any nation with which she might come into conflict." This probability was, with Mr. Canning, an additional reason for *not* taking a part.

Let it not be thought that we are unnecessarily reviving bygone controversies. There are those who now vindicate by Mr. Canning's precepts—we know not whether any one is hardy enough to cite his example—our officious inter-meddling with Spain.

It is thus not only to exhibit the unvaried tone of Mr. Canning's neutral policy,§ that we call attention to this announcement of "imperturbable neutrality." We would willingly impress

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* January 11, 1823, p. 304. There is one previous, in French, merely a compliment.

† "When there was any overture or hope of peace, he (Falkland,) would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press any thing which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and many sighs, would with a shrill and sad accent ingeminate the word *Peace, Peace.*"—*Clarendon*, iv. 255.

‡ See F. Q. R. vol. viii. 422—424.

§ See F. Q. R. vol. viii. 406.

it again and again upon those who, professing to admire and to follow Mr. Canning, have set at nought (as we shall presently show) his choicest principles.

Chateaubriand in his reply* expressed his belief that the existing government of France would be exposed to more danger by the triumph of the revolution in Spain:—

"Si l'Espagne révolutionnaire peut se vanter d'avoir fait trembler la France monarchique, si *la cocarde blanche*, se retire devant les *descamisados, on se souviendra de la puissance de l'empire*, et des triomphes de la *cocarde tricolore:* or, calculez pour les Bourbons l'effet de ce souvenir. . . . . Un succès rattacherait pour jamais l'armée au Roi, et ferait courir toute la France aux armes. Vous ne sauriez croire tout ce qu'on peut faire parmi nous avec le mot *honneur;* le jour où nous serions obligés de peser sur ce grand ressort de la France, nous remuerons encore le monde; personne ne profiterait impunément de nos dépouilles et de nos malheurs."

Chateaubriand has here gone some way towards *le fond* of his *pensée* about the war in Spain. He desired to give employment to the army, and bulletins of victory to the people, and thus to feed the passion of Frenchmen for military glory; but his object was not merely to rally the army and people round the throne of the Bourbons. He tells us in his present book,† that he had a *horror* of the treaties of Vienna; and he hoped to raise up a victorious French army, which should recover for France the territory wrested from her by the Allies in 1814 and 1815. And it was for this reason that he was desirous that no other of the powers assembled at Verona should march troops into Spain. It was necessary, not only that the revolutionary government should be put down, but that it should be put down by France, and France alone,‡ and by France wearing the white cockade.

There is no important novelty in Chateaubriand's statement of the different views of the Allies at Verona.§ Russia was the most warlike, and was well enough inclined to take a part, but had some jealousy of France. Austria had no mind to go to war, and was jealous both of Russia and France. Russia too was for confining herself to the *appui moral.* We know not whether this expression, so much a favourite with our present ministers, took its rise at Verona. Chateaubriand tells us that Austria, and the minister Metternich, were very much inclined to England; we fear that Mr. Canning did not reciprocate the feeling.

We shall make no further remark upon these differences, than

* January, 14, p. 311. † I. ch. 19.
‡ See particularly his letter of 31 October, 1822, ch. 29, p. 98.
§ Ch. 13 and 29; see Stapleton, i. 147.

that they strikingly illustrate what we have elsewhere said of the tendency of alliances to dissolve themselves.

Chateaubriand pretended, for his present avowals authorize us to call it pretence, to wish for a peaceable settlement of the Spanish question :—

"La paix," he tells Mr. Canning, "est dans vos mains. Si sans nuire la marche des puissances continentales, vous aviez cru devoir tenir au gouvernement espagnol une langage sévère ; si vous lui aviez dit confidentiellement, 'Nous ne serons point contre vous, mais nous ne serons pas pour vous ; votre système politique est monstrueux ; changez-le, ou ne comptez sur aucun appui, sur aucun secours d'armes ou d'argent de la part d'Angleterre,' je n'en doute pas dans un moment tout était fini, et l'Angleterre avait la gloire de conserver la paix de l'Europe."*

No one acquainted with the public correspondence can fail to anticipate Mr. Canning's reply :—

"The language which you put in our mouths as that which you say you wish we had employed in speaking to Spain, what is it but the language which we have actually employed? . . . . . Do you imagine that knowing we shall not be *contre* she has reason to flatter herself that we shall be *pour elle* in a war with France? Be assured she is under no such misapprehension."†

Mr. Canning gives unanswerable reasons why England could not use the same language with France: "If your interest in the amendment of the Spanish constitution is such that you feel yourselves justified in saying, *amend it, or we make war upon you;* if ours, on the other hand, is only such as may authorize us to say, *amend it for your own sakes, we conjure you, or you hazard war with France;* is not the difference between the two addresses such as makes it impossible that they should be uttered in concert?"

Mr. Canning took great pains to impress upon M. Chateaubriand the moral as well as military difficulties which would attend the invasion of Spain. These difficulties, no doubt, our minister much miscalculated. We cannot examine thoroughly the cause of his erroneous estimate; but we may say that the result confirms that which Lord Castlereagh always held in the House of Commons, and for which he was exposed to much unmerited censure,—that it was *not* by the Liberals of Spain that the great opposition was made to Napoleon's invasion, or that indomitable and indefatigable spirit shown, which so materially assisted the Duke of Wellington in recovering the country.

In the midst of the discussions between the two ministers Louis XVIII. thus addressed the chambers :‡

* January 14, 1823.
† January 21, 1823, p. 322.
‡ Jan. 28, 1823, Ann. Reg. p. 149.

"One hundred thousand Frenchmen, commanded by a prince of my family, by him whom my heart delights to call my son, are ready to march, *invoking the God of St. Louis, for the sake of preserving the throne of Spain to a descendant of Henry IV.*—of preserving that fine kingdom from its ruin, and of reconciling it with Europe. . . . . Let Ferdinand VII. be free to give to his people institutions *which they cannot hold but from him*, and which by securing them tranquillity would dissipate the just inquietudes of France. Hostilities shall cease from that moment."

This language was thought so portentous, that a paragraph strongly indicative of *neutrality*, was consequently left out of *our* king's speech.* Mr. Canning invoked history in his correspondence with the French minister;* and addressed to him an exposition, perhaps somewhat exaggerated, of the universal feeling of indignation against France, which, according to Mr. Canning, prevailed among Jacobins, Whigs, and Tories.

Perhaps in endeavouring to impress upon M. Chateaubriand's mind the arguments which the language of France might suggest to Spain, our accomplished statesman imagined a regard for general principles, which never occurred to the ministers of Spain, and which the minister of France laughed to scorn.

But that which most excited the jealousy of Mr. Canning was the language of the king of France himself. Ferdinand, as it appeared to our sensitive minister, was to be restored to power, *because he was a Bourbon, and inherited the claims of Philip V.* "You remind us," said Mr. Canning, in substance, "of the time when we vainly resisted France in establishing this succession, but you teach us also to remember our more recent and successful efforts to restore a Bourbon to Spain in spite of France. There is on your part a triumph and a threat, a boast of what you did formerly against England in Spain, and a defiance of England now that it is to be done again. We English cannot hear this without remembering that if you foiled us a century ago we foiled you the other day. Why revive these irritating topics?"

But further, you told us that you invaded Spain because you apprehended danger to France from the triumph of the revolution there; you now tell us that you interfere because the king is one of your own royal family; and moreover, that whatever may be the wishes of the people, nothing but what *he* shall grant shall be suffered to remain to them. This appears to England as an interference, for the sake, not of Spain but of France,

* See Canning's Speech in Parl. Deb. viii. 1506.

which alters, the character of the measure, and prevents, us from declaring at once her neutrality.

"Still less," wrote Mr. Canning, "could England admit a peculiar right in France to force her example (of institutions emanating from the will of the sovereign) specifically upon Spain; in virtue of the *consanguinity of the reigning dynasties of those two kingdoms.* This latter reason would on the contrary suggest recollections and considerations which must obviously make it impossible for Great Britain to be the advocate of pretensions founded upon it."*

One further letter, after a considerable interval, from Chateaubriand, who left all these topics unnoticed, closed the correspondence between the two poet ministers, of which Mr. Canning, and probably Chateaubriand also, had now discovered the utter inutility.

It may possibly be thought that Mr. Canning made distinctions more accurate than important. If France were to invade Spain, in the cause of monarchical power, it mattered little to England whether she appealed to the consanguinity of the two kings, or to the common interests of princes. If Mr. Canning's remonstrance could have been made *before-hand*, and the French king's speech worded accordingly, the danger to arise from an union of France and Spain would have been neither more nor less.

If Mr. Canning laid too much stress upon the language of France, France entirely misinterpreted the language, and misconceived the principles of England. The Duke of Wellington had said at Verona, that England would not interfere with Spain unless her own essential interests were affected. The French minister pretended to think, and perhaps did think, that *commercial interests* were intended, and that interference in the internal affairs of a state would be justified, if thereby a better market could be obtained for the goods of England. And he conceived that what he deems the interference of England between Spain and her colonies, for the sake of colonial trade, was analogous to the march of the French army into Spain, to prevent apprehended dangers to the French government.

Not to mention minor circumstances, this difference is entirely overlooked—that in one case *force* was used, in the other none. Had France for her own reasons, good or bad, declined to acknowledge the government of Spain, or had she recognized only the regency of Urgel, there would have been some analogy to the conduct of England. Had England assisted the South Americans, by her fleets and armies, to throw off the supremacy

* Letter to Sir W. A'Court, in Parl. Deb. viii., 948.

of the mother-country, there would have been some analogy in England to the conduct of France.

The Duke of Wellington's note did not assert, nor has England anywhere asserted, a right to extend its commerce by force of arms. She only claims a right to *protect* her subjects and commerce, and if the existence of any particular government, or the absence of government in any country of the world, occasions piracies or other *unlawful* interruptions to her commerce, she holds herself at liberty to put down that government, and not to confine herself to the capture or punishment of such of the individual offenders as her ships may happen to catch. She would be justified, in the case supposed, in taking possession of the country itself. To assist one party against another, so as to bring about the establishment of a government capable of causing her rights to be respected, is a mitigated exercise of the extreme right of self-redress.

"The existing relations," said the Duke of Wellington, "between the subjects of Great Britain and other parts of the world, have for a long time placed his Britannic Majesty under the necessity of recognizing *de facto* the governments that have been formed in the different provinces so far as it was necessary in order to treat with them; the relaxation of the authority of Spain in the whole of this part of the world has occasioned the rise of a host of pirates and buccaneers; it is impossible for England to extirpate this insupportable evil without the co-operation of the local authorities who occupy the coast; the necessity of this co-operation cannot fail to lead to some new act of recognition in respect of one or more of these self-created governments."*

Not one of the continental powers ventured to controvert the Duke of Wellington's positions, and Chateaubriand himself seemed much inclined to occupy the same. He owns that he found the note difficult to answer; not only because its reasoning was just, but because *he desired on the part of France some portion of the trade which England was seeking for herself.* It was therefore necessary for him to recognize the principles of the English note, at the same time that on the alleged ground of the paramount importance of maintaining the legitimate authority of the mother country, he suggested an attempt on the part of the European powers to settle, in concert with Spain, the question between her and her colonies.

Obviously this would not suit England, whose relations towards the question were totally different from those of the continental powers; but we cannot go further here into the question of recog-

* Chat. i., 62, ch. xvi.

nition.* Our point is, that not only did England not interfere by force in South America, with a view to her commercial interest, but she did not avail herself of her early connection with the new states, to obtain for herself any *exclusive* privileges.

Her stipulation has always been that which is technically known as that of the "most favoured nation;" that is, she claimed a right to be treated with the same favour with any other foreign state; she was quite willing to compete in the newly-opened markets, with France or the United States, upon *equal* terms.

In reasoning upon the right of *intervention*, Chateaubriand quotes, as a precedent, the assistance given to our American Colonies by France, notwithstanding that, as he owns, she could not allege that her interests were affected.† It would be difficult to find an instance of more reckless profligacy than the interference of France in our dispute with America!

Nothing is more apparent in these extracts than the inveterate hostility of the writer towards England.‡ But his hostility was accompanied by a very respectful jealousy. In one letter he advises the Emperor of Russia not to assemble too large an army in Poland, lest England, feeling satisfied that Russia intended to interfere, should interfere on the other side. This advice, however, had partly another origin in the tortuous policy of Chateaubriand. *He* was, though upon other grounds, as anxious as Mr. Canning that Russia should obtain no share of the glory to be acquired in Spain; and he was a little alarmed when Mr. Canning's publication of his communications with England showed the pains that he had taken to disclaim the alliance, and to treat the question as entirely French. "I was obliged," he says, to Russia, "to pretend that you had nothing to do with the matter,§ in order to avoid a war with England." In another letter he is assured that the Emperor Alexander must rejoice at the French triumphs of Spain, that France might again become "the natural bulwark of Europe against the power of England."‖

Chateaubriand attached a most exaggerated importance to the

* See Stapleton, ii. c. 8, noticing Mr. Canning's masterly letter of 25th March, 1825.—State Papers of 1824-5, p. 909.

† Ch. 46.

‡ We have not time to follow Chateaubriand through all his misrepresentations of England and Englishmen; but we must find room for an indignant protest against such expressions as this, borrowed from the most vulgar of English radical journals:—"Le Marquis de Londonderry et le Duc de Wellington, *ennemis des franchises de leur pays;*" and another, too notoriously false to be found even in the worst of English journals,—"*M. Canning et tous ces Torys adverses pendant trente ans à la motion de Wilberforce,*" on the Slave Trade.—ch. xiv. p. 34.

§ Chateaubriand to M. Ferronnais, at Petersburgh, 21st April, 1823.—ch. ii. p. 4.

‖ May 27.—p. 25.

successes of the French army in Spain. They were, unquestionably, more rapid than Mr. Canning had thought probable, but to speak of them as a glorious triumph is ridiculous. Our author ascribes to them the *résurrection militaire* of France, such as to give uneasiness to the court of Vienna. This opinion he imparted to M. de Serre, confidently, because *notre métier*, he said, *est un peu contraire à la franchise.** Russia had no such jealousy, but of England he says, in terms which can excite in an Englishman nothing but a smile,

"L'Angleterre a joué une triste rôle; elle a été à la fin injurieuse et faible, mais comme cette puissance a des forces à part, et d'amirables institutions, elle reprendrait toute sa puissance, si au lieu de s'opposer par de petits moyens à la délivrance du roi d'Espagne, elle se joignait à nous pour mettre ce prince en liberté, et terminer de concert avec nous la grande affaire des Colonies Espagnoles."

England did nothing of this, yet we recognize no diminution of strength or power.

Yet this self-complacent man fed himself with the idea, that if Mr. Canning had but joined in his projects he might have avoided the inquietudes of his latter days! And this he says with singular infelicity of arrangement, just before informing us what those projects were.

To such a pitch of patriotic, we ought perhaps to say poetical, exaltation did the victories in Spain carry M. Chateaubriand, that although he thought himself worthy of a riband for preserving the peace of Europe by his own single act, he contemplated nothing less than a war for the recovery of the French frontiers; and the Emperor Alexander, as he says, listened to his projects, probably without the slightest intention of assisting him to realize them. However, he himself thought so much of them, that *when disappointed of a riband*, he retained on their account his post in the government, though he might have retired, (in all this we speak his own words,) in the *most brilliant manner* after the war in Spain. "*Nous pouvions braver l'Angleterre; une guerre avec celle-ci ne nous eut point effrayés; nous aurions voulu faner les lauriers de Waterloo.* Telles furent les causes qui nous déterminèrent à rester."†

So! the latter days of Mr. Canning were to have been made

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* Ch. ii. p. 93. There are other passages which we could have placed in our article upon diplomacy, in vol. xiii. "Que ces conférences soient toujours, ou presque toujours, des conversations dans lesquelles vous montrerez toujours le plus grand désir d'agir avec les alliés, mais concluez très peu; c'est là, votre métier et le mien: *bonhomme sans être dupe*, voilà l'affaire en deux mots."—*Letter to M. Talaru*, July 16, 1823, p. 68.

† Ch. vii. p. 176.

comfortable by the reflexion, that he had contributed to blight the laurels of Waterloo!

Surely, if the disclosures (are they such?) of the French ex-minister prove any thing, they prove that Mr. Canning was right in disclaiming all participation with France. If they would justify a deviation from neutrality, it would be a deviation the other way. Charles X. was not far wrong when he said that "Chateaubriand had a good heart and a hot head."

In one remark only of M. Chateaubriand can we in any way concur. "*Premier ministre,*" he says, alluding to Mr. Canning, "d'un grand royaume, je n'aurais pas fait des vœux publics contre un autre état, si, en même temps, je n'avais pas tiré l'épée."* Our neutrality, perhaps, would have been more admirable, if it had been, in Mr. Canning's phrase, more completely *imperturbable,* and had not been disturbed by word or gesture.

But this is of little importance; it was only in Chateaubriand's ideas that England was "*fort amoindrie*" by the part she took. What interest of England has been affected, or put in jeopardy, by the measures or events of 1823?

We have no space for tracing Spanish affairs from 1823 to 1834, when the Whig government—if such we may call one which entrusts its foreign affairs to the old Tory, Lord Palmerston—laid aside the system of non-interference.

And we may now reverse the question which we asked before. *What interests of England have been benefitted by the measures of* 1834 *and later years?*

In observing upon the policy and measures of Lord Palmerston, in respect of Spain, we may throw aside much of that which has been said about it, on both sides, with great ability. We shall pursue no critical inquiry into the stipulations of the Quadruple Treaty, as compared with the employment of marines or guns. If that treaty was founded in good policy, not only ought it to be carried into effect according to its spirit, liberally construed, but all further measures ought to be taken to give effect to the same good policy. It does not follow that all the measures adopted, such as the suspension of the Foreign Enlistment Act, have been wise; but it is no sufficient objection to them that they are not within the terms of the treaty, provided that they tend to that end which the treaty was intended to accomplish.

We are sure that it will be found that if in any part of his elaborate speeches Lord Palmerston has, after close argument, appeared to be successful, his triumph has been always over some

* Letter to M. Ferronnais, Nov. 1, 1823.

minute or technical objection to the construction of his treaty, or the mode of his operations; and that he has entirely failed in justifying his interference.

It will not, we trust, be denied that we have a right to throw the burden of the proof of necessity or expediency upon him who contracts any stipulation with another state, or who meddles in the affairs of another country; still more upon one who, in whatever mode, employs warlike force. Least of all will this be denied by a person who undertook the conduct of foreign affairs, for the first time, under a minister who inaugurated himself in a speech, of which *this* is an important passage.

"Our true policy is, to maintain universal peace; and therefore NON-INTERFERENCE is the principle, the great principle which ought to be, and will be, heartily adopted by the present administration."*

Our question then is, whether our interference in Spain forms a justifiable exception?

King Ferdinand died in September, 1833. Our king soon afterwards announced to his parliament that he had not hesitated to acknowledge the young Queen Isabella, and that he should "watch with the greatest solicitude the progress of events which may affect the stability of a government, the peaceable settlement of which is of the first importance to this country, as well as to the general tranquillity of Europe."†

Now, we take our stand at this early stage of the proceeding. We say nothing of the recognition of Isabella; perhaps it was hastily done, but it is unquestionably convenient to have an acknowledged sovereign every where, and although the queen's possession was neither undisputed nor undisturbed, it might be enough to justify acknowledgment.

Neither do we inquire here, whether we ought to have acknowledged Don Miguel as king of Portugal; though we have the authority of the Duke of Wellington for saying, that as this *de facto* king performed his part of the treaties between the two countries, we ought to have performed our part also; and that, "the civil war in Spain grew out of the civil war in Portugal, which was fomented in this country:"‡ fomented it certainly was, as indeed has been acknowledged by the ministers themselves, who, in this instance, took their first departure from their "great principle."

But we venture to call in question the very great importance, —to those English interests, which alone, again and again, we

* Speech of Earl Grey, Nov. 22, 1830. Parl. Deb. 3d Ser. ch. i. p. 610.
† King's Speech, Feb. 4, 1834.
‡ Parl. Deb. xxi. 12.

say, it is England's duty to maintain,—of the undisturbed tranquillity of Spain. These phrases run off so glibly, they have been put into king's speeches by so many statesmen of all parties, that nobody inquires what they mean. That question we now venture to ask.

Take, first, political dangers. It is doubtless true, that civil war *may* generate foreign war, and that war between any two other powers *may* involve England in hostilities; and hostilities, we admit with Lord Grey in opposition to Lord Palmerston, ought, if possible, to be avoided.

Is this probability so great, as to require us to enter into stipulations which bind us to an indefinite expenditure, which require the employment of our naval and marine forces, and which involve us, as auxiliaries at least, immediately in war?

But imagine Spain peaceably settled,—flourishing in commerce and navigation, strong in forces, military and naval. Is there no danger then? What is it that our ancestors for now more than a century have apprehended? What is it that has, in our own time, we will not say put our fleets in jeopardy, but opposed to them a formidable enemy?—The union of France and Spain, in a state of internal peace. Has Spain, tranquil at home, been to us at any time an efficient ally? No. Has she been hurtful as the ally of our enemies? Yes.

It was the opinion of Sir William Temple, that England's interest lay in the quarrels of all other nations; let them fight among themselves, was his doctrine; let us be neutral and trade with them all. This doctrine of the older Temple we repudiate, because we fear that it is not practicable; if we could really preserve our neutrality, it would, in a political view only, be perfectly sound. Our security, the great object of policy, would be increased; our trade would not necessarily be diminished. Nevertheless for the sake of humanity, and with our principles of commerce, we would gladly see Spain in peace;—but it is clear that the passage in the speech meant much more than a general aspiration for tranquillity. Indeed it was followed at no long interval by the famous Quadruple Treaty.

This treaty has two parts, concluded at two different times. Great pains have been taken to show that the additional articles of the 18th of August, 1834, grew necessarily out of the original treaty of the 22nd of April preceding; and Lord Palmerston has argued this point with great plausibility in the House of Commons, where it so happened that ministers were not called upon for an explanation between April and August.

But Lord Melbourne *did* give an explanation in the House of Lords, in which he distinctly stated that the main ground of the

treaty, on the part of England, was to take care that the march of Spanish troops into Portugal (for the purpose of expelling Don Carlos and Don Miguel) should take place under a treaty which would limit the parties from doing more than was necessary to accomplish the object.*

The additional articles went considerably further, inasmuch as they bound England to furnish arms and stores, to assist the Queen of Spain with a naval force, without any particular reference to Portugal; and France was to prevent supplies from being sent to the Carlists in Spain.

And this extension of the effect of the treaty, from Portugal, the object of our peculiar protection, to the whole peninsula, constitutes the great difference between the two editions of the treaty. We have the *official* testimony of the Duke of Wellington (for he spoke of what occurred when he was Secretary for Foreign Affairs,)† to a question arising in the very year 1834, as to the more or less extensive purview of the treaty.

But the duke condemned the whole;—as uniting, contrary to our ancient policy, the two kingdoms of the peninsula, and connecting both with France; and as leading to a perpetual interference in the affairs of Spain and Portugal, and embarking us in a series of operations of which no man would see the end.‡ It is at least clear that the treaty in its new form went far beyond the original intention of the prime minister, as avowed by himself. But it appears that Lord Palmerston, master of the cabinet in foreign affairs, had always a more extensive scheme. His first exposition of the treaty claimed it as the alliance between the four powers of the West, England, France, Constitutional Spain, and Constitutional Portugal. Spain under Carlos would not be as efficient an ally for England "*in the spirit of the Quadruple Alliance*' as under the queen. . . . . The maintenance of peace, not only in the peninsula, was the great object which that Quadruple Alliance was intended to effect.§

Upon this Sir Robert Peel asked,—

"What nation might not find in such a principle a pretext for interfering in the domestic concerns of another? To interfere on the vague ground that British interests would be promoted by intervention, on the plea that it would be for our advantage to see established a particular form of government in a country circumstanced as Spain was, is to destroy altogether the general principle of non-intervention, and to place

* See Parl. Deb. 5th August, 1834, xxv. 953, and see the reference to this in the debate of 21st April, 1837, xxxviii. 158.

† Debate of 21st April, 1837.

‡ August 5th, 1834, xxv. 955.

§ June 24th, 1835, Parl. Deb. xxviii. 1148.

the independence of every such power at the mercy of a formidable neighbour."

Nothing, surely, could be more vague than Lord Palmerston's exposition. If, aided by subsequent explanations, we understand him at all, he means that a constitutional government in Spain was more likely than a despotic government to preserve peace. Is not this a gratuitous assumption;* but, *peace with whom?* Does he mean that either Isabella or Carlos was likely to attack *England*, or in any way to injure us? Does he mean that Carlos would attack *Portugal?* Admitting (at least for the present) that it is our policy and our duty to defend Portugal, should we not serve her more effectually by leaving her neighbours alone, telling them that they might manage their own affairs as they might choose, provided that they left *her* unmolested?

Lord Palmerston did not boldly meet Sir Robert Peel's assertion of principles; but he stated in reply that it became necessary that the understanding between Spain and Portugal as to the expulsion of the princes, should be recorded in a treaty; and "it was *therefore* deemed expedient by the governments of France and England to adopt the agreement, and to become parties to the treaty concluded between these powers."

Beseeching attention to the word in italics we would ask *wherefore?* Could illogical ingenuity devise a more remarkable *non sequitur?*

But Lord Palmerston proceeded to show, from the preamble,

"That the immediate object of the treaty was to establish internal peace in the peninsula, and the means by which it proposed to effect that object was, the expulsion of Don Carlos and Don Miguel from Portugal. . . . . When Carlos returned to Spain it was thought necessary to frame the additional articles."

Now, leaving the First Lord of the Treasury and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs to settle between them what their joint object really was, we will admit, in argument, that the object of the treaty was, to maintain the *constitutional* governments in both kingdoms, and to effect the pacification of the whole peninsula. We admit with Lord Palmerston that there was a complete identification of interests between Queen Isabella and William IV. We admit the fact of the connection, but contend that it was useless and burdensome.

Our secretary contended, in the same speech, that when there

* See in Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. viii. 404, Mr. Canning's opinion of the comparative tendency to war in governments of a monarchical and republican character.

is a civil war, all writers on the law of nations agreed that other powers might take part with either of the two belligerents. It is possible that passages to this effect may be found in systematic writers, though not, as we suspect, without the condition annexed, that the safety or essential interests of the stranger requires that interference; but let jurists have said what they may, we hold by the doctrine of Lord Aberdeen, that

"No war is justifiable which is not either strictly a war of defence, or one in which the interests involved are of such magnitude as fairly to give it a defensive character"*

We wish to view the treaty in every light in which its author has placed it. On another occasion, Lord Palmerston said:—

"In former periods, Spain had been connected with different countries; at one time with Austria, at another time with France. The object was, that for the future there should be neither an Austrian Spain nor a French Spain, but a Spain which should be Spanish . . . . If Spain was to be important in the balance of power, it was necessary that she should be rich and independent.—She could not be so under such a government as that of Ferdinand, (or Don Carlos)."†

Surely, the noble lord's views are not here very clearly stated. It is true that the Kings of Spain have been successively of the House of Austria, and of the House of Bourbon; of the family which furnishes sovereigns to an important portion of Germany and Italy, and of the family of the Kings of France. Lord Palmerston approves of neither one of these connections, but would make Spain, *Spanish.* This would be more intelligible if he were labouring to place in the Escurial some noble Castilian, equally unconnected with Vienna and Paris. But he will make Spain *independent!* How? By giving her a government incapable of maintaining itself without foreign aid. To make Spain independent, we have already said, is not our affair: if it were, we must set about it in another manner.

But we have still one more authorized version of the treaty, and, as the speech which contains it is the latest and the most elaborate, we presume that it is the favorite of its author.

It was clear, said Lord Palmerston in the last Session,‡ that out of the change made by Ferdinand in the internal institutions of Spain, must arise "a change in the tendencies of its external policy." From Ferdinand's death, there was a change in the policy of Spain as to Portugal.

"England had at first remained neutral in the contest that was going

* March 18, 1836, xxxii. 387. † March 10, 1837, Parl. Deb. xxxvii. 267.
‡ April 19, 1837, xxxviii. 69. In this debate (xxxvii. 1410) Mr. Maclean quoted as *Heeren's*, a passage from our 19th vol. p. 184. It was our comment upon Heeren.

on in Portugal. What was then our language to Spain? We said to the Spanish government, 'If you send armed men across the frontier of Portugal to assist Don Miguel, the British fleet in the Tagus will instantly co-operate with the forces of Donna Maria; if you do not send troops, and do not otherwise interfere, we will not take part in the contest.' What was the result? Spain remained passive, and England continued neutral.*—After Ferdinand's death, the new Spanish government sent to request England to assist in expelling Don Miguel from Portugal and to establish Donna Maria;—because Don Carlos was in Portugal organizing an army. England refused; 'We will not comply with your request, we will not give the military assistance you desire to the cause of Donna Maria. We have taken our line of policy, and from that line we do not intend to depart. We will, however, give you something which will be of advantage to you. We will give you a treaty.'"

And then comes what we suppose we must take for the explanation of the *therefore* in the former speech. The expulsion of Carlos required a treaty between Spain and Portugal. England said,

"We will embrace the occasion which this convention affords us, to join the four great powers of the West of Europe in one alliance, for the attainment of one common and general object." . . . . . "England and France had for ages been enemies, Spain and Portugal had long been accustomed to regard each other with jealousy. To convert these former enemies and rivals into friends and allies was surely a good deed . . . . and tended to preserve peace."

The treaty, it is added, produced the surrender of Miguel. It was thus Lord Palmerston's expectation, that the union of England and France, and Spain and Portugal, in one common, though temporary object, would do away all the causes of enmity and rivalry between these respective states. France and England, so far as we know, were going on very well together; there was, at least, as much sympathy between them, as between either of them and any other government; and in order to improve this good understanding they make stipulations, not equal, not very clear or definite,—not limited in duration, except by an event of incalculable occurrence.

We should have said, *à priori*, and we are sure that those who are acquainted with the history of alliances† will say too, that a treaty of this sort was more likely to lead to the breach than the improvement of friendship. And so it is, that the only *known* dif-

* We have no space for the Portuguese question; but we cannot admit that the English government was bonâ fide neutral in the contest between Pedro and Miguel; they professed neutrality, but took no pains to enforce it. And they encouraged France to oppress Portugal; and would not give her the benefit of the treaties with England, of which, nevertheless, they compelled her to perform her part.

† See F. Q. R. vol. xix. p. 135.

ferences between France and England have arisen out of this very transaction.

But Lord Palmerston's speculations were much deeper.

"The establishment of Don Carlos on the throne of Spain would be incompatible with the independence, the security and tranquillity of *France;* and thus peace would be destroyed in the rest of Europe."

These distant speculations are justified by a story (to which, however, the noble Secretary does not pledge himself)—that when Charles X. was dethroned in 1830, and some of the Continental powers thought of interfering, one of them sent to invite Spain (then under the government of Ferdinand) to send 40,000 men across the Pyrenees while France was attacked on the Rhine. We suppose that the far-fetched inference is, that so soon as the Continental powers saw a government in Spain, supposed to sympathise in their views, they would attack France, and Spain would give them powerful aid. Or is it that Spain would quarrel with France, and the Continental powers assist her?

Passing over the novelty of this overweening anxiety lest France should be attacked and embarrassed—for we do not desire war *anywhere*—we ask whether the possible occurrence of this confederacy against France, which did *not* occur, under those which are represented as similar circumstances, can be seriously adduced as a motive for our interference in Spain?

Does Lord Palmerston think that, if we let Spain alone, the Spaniards will place Don Carlos upon the throne? If that is his opinion, he must talk no more of his liberal and popular principles; but he has said, we believe, that the majority is with the Queen. Then, where is the danger? What chance is there of a Carlist government? And in this, and in all such cases whatever, we ask how much of probability is there that when the events occur against which we are providing—if they do occur—our friends and our enemies, our preferences and our wishes, our points of interest and security, will still be the same.

We have scarcely room for the two topics which remain—Colonel Evans's legion, and our discussions with France.

We know that works may be quoted against us, but we are clearly of opinion that a state ought not to permit its subjects to engage in a war, except under circumstances which would authorize the employment of the national troops; and therefore condemning the interference in the internal affairs of Spain—as not being required by paramount and unequivocal English interests—we necessarily condemn the permission to private persons to serve the Queen. Lord Melbourne holds, that "no obstacle should be thrown in the way of those who are desirous of engaging in

war, and who were desirous of learning that which was merely a practical art!"* If this were the motive of the prime minister, why were the scholars restricted to one school? The permission ought in this view to be general.

But if the defeat of Don Carlos, and the establishment of the Queen's government in Spain, really is of so much importance as our ministers have taught us to believe, how sadly have we neglected our duty in sending these volunteers only! Don Carlos, says Lord Palmerston, is not Napoleon; a smaller force is sufficient to expel him. But we have *not* expelled him. Our force is *not* sufficient. We have *not* tranquillized Spain. We have *not* made Spain independent and rich! Just in proportion as one admits Lord Palmerston's estimate of the importance of the Quadruple Alliance must he calculate the disgrace of its failure. Or if it be true (as it probably is) that no exertion which we could make would really effect the pacification of Spain, where is the wisdom of engaging, without any limitation of time, to attempt it?

Lord Palmerston, as Foreign Secretary, has properly said very little of his discussions with France; but he has lauded without qualification a pamphlet† which is more explicit. The speeches of Louis-Philippe himself—one of them condemning us in no unequivocal language, for the matter of the legion‡—indicate pretty clearly a difference of opinion, and no very friendly feeling. But the advocate of the ministerial policy in Spain has no reserve, unless it be in the use of one diplomatic figure of speech, whereby he "has no right to doubt"§ that which he intends us positively to disbelieve. It is quite clear, according to this favoured writer, that France has separated herself from England in the matter of the Quadruple Alliance. And the same announcement was distinctly made by M. Thiers. "Quant à notre alliance avec l'Angleterre, elle en est considérablement amoindrie. . . . L'Angleterre est désormais bien avertie qu'elle ne peut plus compter sur vous qui lui aviez promis de co-opérer avec elle dans cette question très difficile où elle est engagée, et dangereuse-

* March 18, 1836, xxxii. 395.

† The Policy of England towards Spain.

‡ "I entertain the most sincere desire for the consolidation of the throne of Isabella II., and I trust that the constitutional monarchy will triumph over the perils with which it is threatened. But I applaud myself for having preserved France from sacrifices, the extent of which cannot be appreciated, and from the incalculable consequences of any *armed* intervention in the internal affairs of the peninsula. France reserves the blood of her children for her own cause, and when she is reduced to the painful necessity of summoning them to shed that blood in her defence, it is only under our own glorious colours that the soldiers of France march to battle."—(December 27, 1836)

§ Page 149.

ment engagée si elle ne réussit pas . . . . vous avez l'Angleterre avertie qu'elle ne peut pas compter sur la France dans une situation difficile, et avertie qu'elle n'a à songer qu'à ses propres intérêts."* Let it not be said that this is the speech of an ex-minister. It is adopted as the creed of an English diplomate, whose views of Spanish affairs are commended by our Foreign Minister. According to this writer the effect of the Quadruple Treaty upon the relations of France and England has not been friendship, but estrangement. He speaks loudly of the union of these two powers,† and of its beneficial effect upon the world, until he treats of it in reference to Spain: and then, it has developed in our near ally an "inexplicable policy"—"a fast and loose policy"—"a Machiavelian policy;" and it is distinctly affirmed that France has turned her back upon England.

Yet while these hard words are launched at Louis-Philippe, it cannot be said that he has violated the treaty; he is justified by its letter, and he has an equal right with Lord Palmerston to interpret its spirit. Yet we may say, either *he* has failed in his performance, or *we* failed egregiously in our stipulation.

The author of the pamphlet does not hesitate to say,‡ that if France had in June, 1835, made the movement beyond the frontier which England recommended, the object of the alliance would have been accomplished.

The writer here speaks with a degree of confidence which no knowledge can justify; but surely, if so slight an effort on the part of France would pacify Spain, and that pacification has really the importance which our ministers ascribe to it, it is their duty to make greater effort to attain it. And if the favoured of Lord Palmerston is good authority, England could of herself annihilate the Carlists.§ If this be so, which, however, we greatly doubt, the ministers are traitors to the interests which they acknowledge.

Now what is the result of the policy of the Whigs?

They made a treaty to pacify Spain, and to strengthen their intimacy with France. They have not pacified Spain; and they have created a cause of difference with France to last as long as their treaty. And though they do not advance *one step* towards their object, they are obliged, even now that the tragical episode of the legion is at an end, to feed at some expense an unfruitful warfare.

France has found out her error, and her engagements, more cautiously framed than ours, permit her to withdraw without a breach of faith, leaving us alone in the scrape.

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* Speech of M. Thiers, January 14, 1837.
† Page 107. ‡ Page 113. § Page 138.

Our alliance, therefore, may be said to have been already dissolved, even as to its primary object. What right then have we to expect that it should be operative for those more indefinite and speculative purposes which Lord Palmerston had in view? We say, which Lord Palmerston had in view, for it is not the least remarkable part of this transaction, that its most interesting motives, and most considerable ends, have never been publicly acknowledged, save by one only of the parties.

Surely, if there be any truth in the history, which, not for party purposes, but in the shape of a systematic treatise, we lately gave of our continental connections,* the Quadruple Treaty is obnoxious to every objection made upon principle, and illustrative, in its results, of the soundness of our doctrine. Viewed as a speculative scheme for making friends, to be useful in some unknown and unforeseen situation of affairs, it bears some resemblance to Mr. Pitt's Triple Alliance of 1788; but *that* alliance commenced with success, whereas *this*—we speak of the extended treaty of August—has had no result but controversial if not angry discussion between the principal allies, an unfruitful expedition, and an useless expense.

In the former case, a war soon arose, out of causes altogether unforeseen, and under circumstances entirely new. Our ally has soon been numbered among our enemies.

We will not deal in the speculation which our principles teach us to mistrust, by pointing at a quarter in which an enemy may appear; but we would ask Lord Palmerston to point out the possible enemy, formidable to our maritime, colonial, or commercial interests, against which our partners in the Quadruple Treaty would cordially assist us.

But waving all these more general considerations, and looking only to the pacification of Spain, let us do one of two things. If the object is really important, and if it might (as we are told) be accomplished by one considerable exertion, let ministers go boldly to parliament for the means, and do that upon which, they say, the peace of the world depends. If not, let them disengage us from the Quadruple Treaty, by the payment of one sum of money to the Queen of Spain; and return to that "imperturbable neutrality" which Mr. Canning enforced and practised.

ART. VI.—1. *Nederlandsche Legenden in Rijm gebracht* (Netherland Legends versified), by M. J. van Lennep. 6 Vols. 8vo. Amsterdam, 1832.

2. *De Pleegzoon, een verhaal* (The Adopted Son, a Tale), by M. J. van Lennep. 2 Vols. 8vo. Amsterdam, 1835, 22d edition.

3. *Het Dorp over de Grenzen, eene Schets uit den laatsten Veldtocht* (The Village beyond the Frontiers, a Sketch from the last Campaign), by M. J. van Lennep. Amsterdam, 1831.

4. *Johanna Shore, Treurspel* (Jane Shore, a Tragedy), by A. van der Hoop, jun., Dordrecht, 1834.

5. *Poezij* (Poetry), by A. van der Hoop, jun. 8vo. Amsterdam, 1836.

6. *De Renegaat, een berijmed Verhaal* (The Renegade, a poetic Tale), by A. van der Hoop, jun. 8vo. Amsterdam, 1838.

AT a very early period of our labours* we thought it incumbent to communicate to our readers the astounding fact, that the dykes, ditches, and marshes of Holland boast their Parnassus! Nor is it perhaps a fact less startingly inconsistent with our national opinion and ideal of a Dutchman, that those votaries of the muse who steal a few hours from money-making, or from needful recreation amongst tulips and tobacco, to climb the forked hill, are loved and honoured in that most trafficking of communities, instead of being hooted for pursuing an idle trade, as is the excellent and established practice of our own land. Yet so it is. Vondel and Cats amongst elder poets, Bilderdyk and Tollens amongst the living—i. e. when we last turned our eyes their way—are assuredly not the names in which their countrymen take least pride. Since we thus wrote, the Dutch literary world has experienced changes; Bilderdyk, fondly denominated the Dutch Göthe, is, like his prototype, dead, and Tollens has ceased to publish. But, to supply their places, a new swarm of poets has appeared, inspired, it may be, in some measure by patriotic zeal to redeem their native language from the obloquy cast upon it by their former fellow-subjects, the Belgians, in the vanity of half Gallicism, at the time of separation; and as their German King Leopold has latterly discovered that Belgian independence must be a non-entity if not Teutonic, he is accordingly endeavouring to revive the old Flemish or Low German language in his dominions.

But our business is with the literature of Holland, and to that

* See Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. IV. p. 36.

we return. The writer now in activity, to borrow a French idiom, and who has most nearly succeeded to Bilderdyk's popularity, is Van Lennep, at this moment one of the chief law officers of the crown, and formerly mentioned as a promising poet, known by his translations. He has, however, long since discarded the literary go-cart of translation, and although apparently aspiring less to actual originality than to the title of a Dutch Walter Scott, has set forward independently in the various paths of the poet, the novelist, and the comic dramatist, following his great prototype both in the selection and treatment of his subjects. We shall speak of him in his several capacities, and first, in due order, as a poet.

Van Lennep possesses considerable poetic powers, but he has not happily selected his model, however delightful that model in itself. Scott's excellences are of a kind to supersede the very highest strains of genius. His vivid graphic touches, the drama of his scenes, the strong individuality of his personages, and the living spirit of his verse, hurry the reader along, leaving him no leisure to miss the depth of thought or those loftiest powers of poetry which seem the native element of Shakspeare and Byron. In all his imitators we have invariably felt this want of a rich, high, and glowing tone; and Van Lennep, though far from deficient in general powers, though he describes faithfully, and brings the past strongly before us,—though his characters are well-conceived and individualized, and his verse spirited,—is no exception from the rule.

The Netherland Legends are, as the name imports, all founded upon the early history of the Seven Provinces; we select Adegild, not as superior to the War with Flanders, but because the placing of the scene amongst the heathen Frisians, gives it more originality. The poem opens with the celebrated answer of the Frisian king to the missionary about to baptize him.

> The Monarch spake; and dread the words of fear
> Smote, in that sacred choir, the Bishop's ear.
> No, priest!—thy words are vain:—to Charles return:
> Firm to my gods, your damning creed I spurn.
>
> What boots, for me, your paradise divine,
> If there I meet not my ancestral line?
> Rather than lose them thus, I mock outright
> Your idle waters, and baptismal rite.
> Here I remain, and with my people dwell,
> Content with mine own heaven and native hell.
>
> The Frisian spoke, and with indignant look
> From his wet limbs the dripping waters shook:

Snatched from prompt hands the fur-lined mantle warm,
And eager flung around his naked form.
The rite was o'er—the grateful choral strain,
The hymn of praise, to-night was said in vain—
The priest's rejoicing tones no more arose;
Hushed in the silence of that awful close.

* * *

"Returned so soon, blest Lord!—fulfilled each right?—
In sooth yon Frank hath spared his Neophyte!
He tires you not; but soft—a heathen I,
In silence sage my hopes of favour lie."

Thus Grimwald, taunting, sought the royal ear,
Unheeding how received that biting sneer;
Grimwald, the Wilt, with savage heathen bred,
Retained each sterner pulse his nature fed.

Two of the principal characters being thus introduced, the story of the poem may be briefly dispatched. It turns upon the necessity of King Radbod's atoning for his intended apostacy, by a human sacrifice. To procure victims, he sends out his son, Adegild, upon a Viking expedition, under the control of Grimwald. They capture a vessel, on board which are a Christian Prince and Princess of Northumberland, with a suite of ecclesiastics. Adegild and Grimwald quarrel about the treatment of their prisoners, and Grimwald throws the princess overboard; Adegild plunges into the sea to rescue her, when the savage Wilt, leaving them to their fate, returns home with his prize, and before the king imputes Adegild's loss to the sorcery of the Christian captives. One of the best passages in the poem is the following scene.—The monarch is mourning in solitude for his lost son, when the bard forces his way in, to communicate his suspicion that Elegast, Charles Martel's envoy, is plotting the escape of the victims. The king, who was sitting as if turned to stone, rushes furiously upon the intruder with his drawn sword.

Yet how!—the poet's face no terrors paint:
The upraised arm, now faltering sinks and faint;
Down from his hand that deadly weapon falls,
Where no resistance meets, nor fear appals.

* * *

BARLOF'S SONG.

Why fill'st thou, oh Wolf! all the valley with howling?
For whom have thy claws dug a grave in the sand?
Whom seek those grim glances, and why art thou prowling?
Lo! wildered by terrors, all flee from the land.

WOLF.

Slain by the hunter's murderous hand,
For my cubs am I digging this grave in the sand,
By the hand of the hunter my young have bled,
And I seek revenge on the guilty head.

* * *

We have little room for this spirited passage, but take another short portion.

Sleeps all forgot the monarch's might,
That drove his foes to shameful flight?
Is hand of righteous vengeance tamed?
Is artful Charles more dread proclaimed?
Can he his hosts immortal make?
'Tis battle's hour;—oh, Radbod wake!

Let bucklers clash; let banners wave:
Still we seek war, still danger brave:
All have not fled thy need:—arise,
For altars, hearths, and liberties!
That arm barbarians sink beneath
Gives Friesland freedom; Charles, his death.

This last song effectually rouses the king, and the prisoners are secured. On the festival day, as a concession to the French envoy, a duel between a Frisian and a Christian is to decide the issue of the contemplated war, and also whether the prisoners shall be sacrificed or peace concluded with Charles Martel. The Frisian champion is Grimwald, to whom it has been prophesied that if alarmed he is lost, but that whoever falls, Frisian shall be the triumph; and at the moment of the prophecy, a vision of the drowned Adegild had scared him. The Christian champion selected is the captive prince, a mere boy, and in holy orders. The duel proceeds as might be expected. The Christian's weakness is evident, and a blow of Grimwald's axe shatters his helmet. It is Adegild himself!

Adegild and his beloved had been preserved from the waves, and by an almost miraculous coincidence Radbod and his nation are converted, and the tale ends.

We turn to prose and to the Adopted Son, a tale of those troublous times which resulted in the independence of the Seven United Provinces. The story of this historic novel is too complex to be analyzed within our limits, wherefore a few words as to its tenor must suffice. The whole turns upon an involvement of civil war disasters, which lead Baron van Lonheuvel to adopt the infant son of his dearest friend, believing the child to be the offspring of a Spaniard, the murderer of that friend; and the

hero's real parentage is at length revealed by a series of events nearly as complicated, whilst the loves of the baron's daughter and his adopted son are thwarted or crowned, as the cloud thickens or clears up. The novelist in his course takes occasion to paint the disorders, miseries, and conspiracies of the times; the arts and plots of a somewhat caricatured Jesuit; and the theological squabbles, engendering bitter hostility, between the Remonstrants and Contra-remonstrants. The scene in which the Jesuit, Pater Eugenio, is first introduced, would exceed our limits, and we confine ourselves to a passage of historical interest and historical painting, by the introduction of two sons of William Prince of Orange, Prince Maurice, and Frederic Henry, his successor. It will only be requisite to state that the Jesuit has sown dissension between the brothers, casting upon the younger a suspicion of plotting with the Arminians or Remonstrants for the usurpation of his elder brother's stadtholdership; and he sends a packet of letters, of course designed for interception, by the hero of the novel, Joan van Cravinhorst. The unsuspecting messenger is in consequence arrested and imprisoned. At an hour considerably later than usual for visitors, Joan is summoned from his room to a stranger.

"It was growing dark, and the last lingering of twilight scarcely fell upon the room; so that Joan did not immediately recognize the man who sat by the table in a comfortable arm-chair, his legs crossed and his arms folded; the rather that his head was covered by a wide-brimmed hat and his person by a large cloak. Some minutes elapsed, during which the stranger, without speaking, looked Joan steadily in the face; who at length, in an offended tone, asked, 'Was it me your honour wished to see, or is there any mistake?'

"'There is no mistake whatever, young man,' was the reply. 'You seem not to recollect me, yet we have met before.'

"'It is true,' said Joan, 'that your voice is not unknown to me; but this room is so extraordinarily dark, that——'

"'Captain Holtvast of the Guard at your service: we met a month ago at Tiel.'

"'Right, I recollect perfectly—but how could your honour know I was at the Hague, and in this prison?'

* * * *

"'Come here and sit down——I can do more than visit you: I come to offer you the means of liberation.'

"'Indeed!' cried Joan, grasping the captain's hand. 'Believe that my gratitude——'

"'Gratitude!' repeated the captain. 'Ay, ay! Reckon upon gratitude! Gratitude is bell-metal for fools; I have never been better paid than in assurances of gratitude. Gratitude is the orange-peel that is thrown away when the juice is sucked. Gratitude! Ay, in the Devil's

name! Ha! ha! ha!' And Captain Holtvast laughed a forced laugh, even whilst he seemed lost in reverie.

"'It should seem that your confidence has been abused,' said Joan, in a voice of embarrassment.

"'What say you, boy?' Holtvast rather thundered than asked, as he rose and flung his cloak over his shoulder. 'Who should dare do that? Or rather in whom should I have placed confidence?'

"Joan was silent in amazement.

* * *

"'To-morrow is your final examination, young man! Then comes your sentence, and you cannot escape the gallows,' said Holtvast with perfect coolness.

* * *

"'Impossible! I have committed no crime, and thus guiltless——'

"'What matters that?' said Holtvast laughing. 'If only the guilty were hung.——But I ask not whether you be guilty or innocent, I would help you, my young friend.'

"'You would not help me, believing me guilty?'

"'Hark ye!' said Holtvast laughing, and taking hold of him, 'It is just because I believe you guilty of what is laid to your charge that I am willing to help you. I know that it is through you that Count Frederic Henry corresponds with Grobbendonck.'

"'Very possibly,' Joan calmly replied; 'but it was without my privity.'

"'How! Very possibly!' exclaimed the captain, starting up. 'Do you think it very possible that Count Frederic Henry——'

"'Why not?' asked Joan. 'The judges who questioned me seemed to hold it very possible.'

"'Even so,' said the captain, who had recovered his composure, and then proceeded in a whisper, 'But you cannot be unaware of the plot for placing Frederic Henry at the head of affairs.'

"'This is the first time I have heard of it,' replied Joan. * * * * 'I know nothing of the Count of Grobbendonck, nor of the letters. I brought a packet from the exiled Remonstrant gentleman without knowing its contents, and that is my only offence.'

"Then you believe the Count innocent?' asked Holtvast precipitately.

"'I hold myself to have been deceived, and judge no one.'

"'So you will not accept my assistance to rescue you from this dreary prison, and a certain death?'

"'I have not yet heard the conditions upon which you offer me your assistance.'

"'The first is, that you speak to me frankly, and no longer affect an ignorance that can avail you nothing; the second, that you take a part in the design——which you well know.'

"'If you speak only in riddles,' said Joan, turning away, 'it were best to end the conversation.'

"'Well, well, I mean the design——Do you understand me now?' asked Holtvast, making with his hand the gesture of stabbing.

"'What!' exclaimed Joan indignantly. 'A design to murder Prince Maurice?'

"'Why not? His father was murdered before him.'

"'And you a captain of his guard! Villain! But you shall pay for it! Here gaoler! Turnkeys! This man would murder the prince!' As he spoke, Joan sprang upon, and grappled with Holtvast, who roughly flung him off into the arm-chair. At this moment the gaoler entered, and ere Joan could rise up again the captain had vanished.

"'Softly, softly!' said the gaoler; what is all this hubbub about?'

"'That villain would murder the prince,' Joan repeated.

"'Away with you to your cage, blockhead,' returned the gaoler, 'and sleep yourself sober, that you may answer rationally at your morning's examination.'"

The same night Joan escapes from prison in company with his chamber-fellow and early playmate, Hendrick Raesfelt, a zealous young Arminian, who has won the heart of the gaoler's daughter, herself infected with the same heresy. The guide to whom she commits the safety of the fugitives leads them to an Arminian conventicle, where one of our author's most dramatic scenes occurs. Joan there meets with a busy-body acquaintance, Heer van Bleiswyk, and sees the judge who had examined him, while Groenhovius, a Remonstrant minister, is preaching rebellion from the Old Testament after the manner of a Cameronian. The young Arminian, whose heresy was unmingled with politics, is indignant at what he hears.

"Raesfelt could contain himself no longer; but starting up he pressed through the crowd to the pulpit, and seizing Groenhovius by the arm, passionately exclaimed, 'Hence, son of Belial! Who authorized you to preach such horrible doctrines? Dare you, a teacher of peace, exhort the unhappy common people to sedition?'

"'Well said!' exclaimed van Bleiswyk aloud. 'That is intelligible language; the other was too deep to be understood by any but the learned.'

"'What imprudence!' murmured Joan to himself; and at the same time taking advantage of the general bustle produced by the incident, he likewise pressed nearer to the pulpit, that he might be at hand to assist Hendrick in case of need. He had done more wisely, perhaps, had he followed the example of those who, during the first movements of confusion, escaped from the room.

"'Who are you, young man, who thus boldly interrupt me?' asked Groenhovius. 'Am I not the messenger commissioned from on High to teach the people what it is needful they should know?'

"'False prophet!' exclaimed Hendrick, raising his voice above that of Groenhovius. 'Do you preach Christianity? Your words are the words of the evil one!'

* * * *

"'Youth!' said the man in a velvet cap, who sat next to Groen-

hovius, and pushing Hendrick aside, 'touch not the holy man who utters the words of truth. Look about you—the great deliverer of Israel, to whom he alluded, is amongst us; is present in this congregation to convict your mendacious accusation of falsehood.'

"'Hah! whom have we here?' cried Joan, as recognizing the voice, he sprang forward, and tearing off the false white beard of the unknown, added, 'Pater Eugenio amongst Arminians!'

"All eyes were turned upon the Jesuit, who stood thus revealed amongst them; but at the same moment the general attention was drawn to another bystander, who rose, and throwing off his cloak, discovered himself to be Count Frederic Henry; and said, 'Yes, I am present, but by no means——'

"'What imprudence!' said Ludwig (the prince's treacherous secretary) and a tool of the Jesuit's, who stood beside, and tried to wrap the cloak again about his master. 'For heaven's sake, your highness——'

"'Forbear, Ludwig!' cried the count. 'I must explain my conduct; I must tell these ill-advised people——'

"'That explanation you shall give me,' said, in a half-smothered yet stern tone, a man enveloped in a large mantle, who rose up behind him, and touched his shoulder.

"'Maurice!' ejaculated the count, turning round with a start.

"'Silence!' said the prince in his ear. 'I shall expect you at home. Come, van Kinschot, let us go.' And uttering these words he made his way out in great agitation, followed by the judge. * * * *

"'Oh, van Kinshot!' exclaimed the Stadtholder, as upon reaching the palace he flung himself into an arm-chair; 'and he who betrays me is my brother!'

* * * *

"A chamberlain announced his excellency Count Frederic Henry. A cold shuddering seized the prince, but quickly recovering himself, he ordered his brother to be admitted, and desired the judge to wait in another room. * * * *

"Frederic Henry entered, and advanced some steps towards his brother, when, confounded by the sternly penetrating look which Maurice fixed upon him, he suddenly paused, cast down his eyes, and stood like a culprit before the tribunal that is to pronounce his doom. Maurice suffered him to remain some minutes in this posture, as though expecting him to speak first. He hoped that consciousness of his guilty purpose would impel the count to fall at his feet and sue for pardon, and wished to afford him the opportunity of so doing. But when he saw him thus rooted to his place, he asked in a low yet earnest voice, 'Well! What would you?'

"The tone of this question struck the count's heart like an electric shock. He recognized in it the accents of the rigid judge, combined with those of the deeply-wounded brother. But arming himself with courage, he raised his head, and said in a broken voice that betrayed the disturbance of his soul, 'You summoned me, Maurice!'

"'And only therefore are you come?' asked Maurice with a burst of passion. 'Had I not summoned you, you were not here? Then I want you not!'

" 'Maurice!' said the count, stepping forward and endeavouring to take his brother's hand. 'Not thus should we speak to each other.'

" 'Back!' said the prince recoiling. 'Not a step nearer! I will not give you an opportunity of committing fratricide!'

" 'Almighty God!' exclaimed the horror-stricken Frederic Henry, 'Who can have given you such an idea of me?'

" 'Who? yourself. He who has so far degenerated that he can with the dissembling smile of innocence deceive his brother and his prince, apostatize from the worship of God, betray his country, and howl with crafty knaves—he is fully capable of fratricide!'

" In the Count's mind indignation at such a catalogue of unmerited accusations now overpowered sorrow and alarm; he emphatically said, 'Maurice, dare you suspect your father's son of such guilt?'

" 'I suspect you no longer,' returned the Prince, with a contemptuous smile. 'This morning I did; but where certainty exists, suspicion ceases.

" 'Do you condemn me unheard?' asked Frederick Henry; 'to me, your brother, do you deny what is due to the vilest criminal? Is that the boasted justice of Prince Maurice?'

" 'I listen,' said the prince; 'What have you to urge in your defence?'

" 'I must first know of what I am accused!' returned his brother, with the pride of a clear conscience.

" 'Wretch!' cried Maurice, starting up furiously; then recovering his self-command, he added calmly but bitterly, 'You are in the right; —you must know your offence.' "

The Stadtholder now questions his brother touching his alms to Arminian widows and exiles, and his presence at the conventicle. Frederick Henry alleges the first to have been mere acts of charity, and says of the second charge:—

" 'It was foolish, nothing worse. I had been warned that at such assemblages the preachers occasionally instilled mischievous and seditious notions into the brotherhood; and I wished to ascertain for myself whether this accusation were just, whether my charity had been ill-bestowed.'

* * * * *

" 'Did I not myself see and hear the whole,' returned Maurice.— 'Did you not rise up in the midst of the crowd to confirm the words of one of the knaves, to show that you really were present?'

" 'To prove the preacher of rebellion a liar, and to undeceive his hearers as to my views,' answered the Count.

" 'Indeed!' said Maurice, bitterly. 'It is very true I did not let you conclude your speech. It would have been worth hearing.'

" 'With your leave,' said Frederic Henry, hoping to lighten the weight of the imputation by retorting it upon his brother;—'Of what do you accuse me? Did you not yourself honour the assemblage with your presence?'

* * * * *

" Maurice's face became purple with rage. His hands shook like the

leaves of the aspen, and his voice seemed the hoarse roar of the tiger, insnared in the hunter's pit, as he bellowed, 'Hah! Snake! Is that thine infernal craft? Wouldst thou discover my objects, to make them thine own cloak? Yes, I also went thither;—I went because, like thyself, I had been warned that rebellion was there preached, and that - - - my brother participated in it.'

"'You went then as a spy upon me?' asked Frederic Henry, quietly drawing back. A rare trait of brotherly love!'

"'Wilt thou further insult me, traitor?' thundered Maurice, whose rage had now reached its acme. 'Tremble at my wrath!' As he spoke he grasped the hilt of his sword with his right hand, whilst he raised his left, in menace against his brother.

"'Maurice, recollect yourself!' said the deeply-moved Count.

"'The words were scarcely spoken, when the Prince was himself again.'"

The production of the letters and cyphers discovers the forgery; the secretary, Ludwig, is sent for, and his fears induce him to confess every thing. The brothers are again happy in restored confidence, and Maurice proceeds to announce to Joan the secret of his birth, as now revealed by Ludwig.

"'We have met before now,' said the Prince, taking Joan by the hand, and looking upon him complacently.

"'Captain Holtvast,' cried Joan, in amazement.

"'I bore that name at Tiel,' rejoined Maurice; 'here I am called Maurice of Nassau.'

"'Your highness!—Oh, can you pardon my unwitting—'

"'No pardon can be needful where there was no purpose to offend,' returned the prince. 'I formerly offered you my services, and will now make my word good by revealing to you the secret of your birth.'"

With this discovery, that "Snowdon's Knight is Scotland's King," we close the *Pleegzoon*, and take leave of our author's more important work. The only specimen of his dramatic productions that has reached us, is a mere comic opera or *vaudeville*, which not even the circumstance of its having from the first moment of its appearance been the rage at the Dutch theatre, could entitle to our notice, but for its political character. The Village beyond the Frontiers owes its extraordinary popularity not to its dramatic interest, or comic effects, nor yet to the skill of the composer, but to the ridicule which it unsparingly lavishes upon the detested Belgians. Viewing it under this aspect, as a dramatico-political lampoon, we feel justified in taking from it some specimens both of the farcical tone of Dutch drollery and of Dutch estimate of their former fellow-subjects, whom they still consider as little more than temporarily successful rebels.

The scene is laid in a Belgian frontier village, and the rising of the curtain displays an Orangeite Belgian manufacturer at

breakfast with his daughter in a verandah on the high road. Their conversation discovers the complete stagnation of trade consequent upon the insurrection, the avoidance by all real patriots connection with the revolutionary government, the mischiefs of intervention by foreign demagogues and fortune-hunting adventurers, and the recent arrival of King Leopold. Upon the village burgomaster, Pluysken, being announced, the manufacturer escapes to read the newspaper, leaving the task of entertainment to his daughter, and she, finding it rather a heavy one, by way of resource offers the visiter some breakfast. The rustic dignitary, whose Belgic accent and affectation of French phrases are as diverting to a Dutch, as broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire to a London audience, courteously answers, condescendingly:

"*Pluysken.* Yes; a *tasse de Caffé* I will take—But what do I see!
"*Anna.* Why, what do you see?
"*Pluysken, snatching a cheese* from the table, sings,*

How, a cheese? Yes, a cheese!
Of crime dread load in this abode!
'Tis a cheese! Your fears should freeze!
Mercy there is none for cheese.

Don't your conscience stricken stand?
Treason's here and contraband!
'Tis a cheese! Oh! dreadful thought!
A cheese from Holland hither brought!

How, a cheese? Yes, a cheese!" &c. &c.

"*Anna.* Well; and may we not eat cheese?
"*Pluys. Mamselle,* your honoured papa has long been *suspect;* but now that a cheese, actually a Dutch cheese, has been found in his house, he is proved to be no good patriot.
"*Anna.* Oh! It is clearly high treason to eat cheese?
"*Pluys.* High treason, as you have well said. And I take it when his worship the district commissioner, whom we are expecting, shall arrive, he will look queer at such things. By the bye, it would be awkward if the *corpus delicti* should meanwhile be made away with—(*tries to pocket the cheese*).

No evil ensues, however, upon the adventure of the cheese, which is forgotten in the greater treason that follows. Two young Dutch sharpshooters, seeking their regiment after leave of absence, have unconsciously crossed the frontier, whence the boundary stakes have been stolen for fuel by our Belgian villagers. They begin to suspect their predicament, and seeing the burgomaster approach, strip off and hide their uniforms, &c., and

* Such readers as have not visited Holland may be ignorant that cheese is as indispensable a part of a genuine Dutch breakfast as bread and butter.

take to fencing with sticks; they also persuade the Belgian that they are a German and an Englishman, who cannot speak Dutch, (they fear that the purity of their accent must betray their country,)—that to travel without a coat is an English fashion, and that they are sent to announce Leopold's coming: whereupon the burgomaster hurries off to prepare for the king's reception, by converting the gallows into a triumphal arch. Anna finds her lover, Wildervanck, in one of the strangers; and as the arrival of the district commissioner, Tortu, who is quartered upon Braafhart, the manufacturer, prevents their retreat, she conceals them in the room of her absent brother. We shall extract part of a scene that occurs upon the commissioner's surprising the Dutchman, disguised in the brother's clothes, with Anna, who replies to Tortu's questions, that they are guests. They sing a duet, full of flattery of the would-be-great man, who, thus propitiated, says—

"Gentlemen, you flatter me. With whom have I the honour—

"*Vogelaer.* As *Mejuforouw* (Miss Braafhart) said, unexpected guests. That gentleman is her cousin; I am her brother.

"*Tortu, to Anna.* I thought your brother was in England.

"*Vog.* Yes; I have but just now returned thence with Leopold.

"*Tortu.* With his Majesty? So, so! (*bows profoundly.*)

Enter BRAAFHART *and* PETER.

"*Braafhart.* Yes; lay the cloth here. You will give him leave, colonel? A little collation here will not disturb you?

"*Tor.* Not at all. And allow me to congratulate you, Mynheer Braafhart: you had not told me of the return of Mynheer your son.

"*Braaf.* My son?

"*Tor.* And I am *charmé* to have made his acquaintance.

"*Braaf.* But I do not understand—

"*Vog.* Yes, papa, and I am no less delighted to have met with the colonel.

"*Braaf.* What can it all mean?

"*An.* How, papa; had you not presented my brother to the colonel?

"*Tor.* Excuse me; it is I who should have been presented to Mynheer Braafhart's son.

"*Braaf.* (*aside.*) Who the deuce is the dupe?

"*An.* Dearest father, might I speak with you?

"*Wildervanck.* Yes, dear uncle, we have something particular to say to you.

"*Braaf.* (*aside.*) Uncle, too? I have seen those lads before.
(*aloud.*) With your leave, Mynheer Tortu.

* * * * *

"*Tortu* (*to Vogelaer, as the rest withdraw*). Might I ask a minute's conversation with you?

"*Vog.* With all my heart. How can I serve you?

"*Tor.* Shall we not sit?

"*Vog.* With all my heart. (*They sit looking at each other in silence.*) He's at a loss—I have him! 'Tis but lying shamelessly—like a Belgian.

"*Tor.* Mynheer is just arrived from England?

"*Vog.* With King Leopold.

"*Tor.* I did not see your honour with his majesty.

"*Vog.* Of course not. I obtained a fortnight's leave of absence on landing.

"*Tor.* Does your honour hold any office at court?

"*Vog.* His majesty has done me the honour of appointing me Governor-General of Belgic India.

"*Tor.* Belgic India! Where lies that?

"*Vog.* How? Can Mynheer be still ignorant of our having conquered Java?

"*Tor.* Is it possible?

"*Vog.* Yes. A secret expedition. Two trekschuyts and a barge, taken last autumn in the Southern Willem's canal, were converted by our minister of marine into men of war. * * * *

"*Tor.* And you are governor-general?

"*Vog.* At your service. * * * * But to the point. You wished to speak with me.

"*Tor.* Very true. Is your excellency aware that I am a suitor for the hand of the bewitching Anna?

"*Vog.* I have heard something of the kind; but that is out of the question. The sister of a governor-general of Belgic India—

"*Tor.* Your excellency is right; and yet a district commissioner, and colonel of the—

"*Vog.* Pooh, pooh! What is that? (*rising and speaking pompously.*) Do you know, mynheer, that a governor-general of Belgic India never stirs abroad without an escort of a hundred black princes? that he eats and drinks out of jewelled vessels? that only sultans are privileged to wait upon him at table? that a king undresses him? that two Arab princesses stand beside him with fans, to drive away the flies? Do you know all that, mynheer?

"*Tor.* No, Mynheer, I did not know it.

"*Vog.* (*quietly sitting down again.*) So, Mynheer! Then you know it now.

"*Tor.* (*aside.*) That's a tempting country. (*Aloud.*) But I consider one thing. I have now been a colonel these two months, which in our army is a good while.

"*Vog.* That I allow; more than ten years in other countries.

"*Tor.* I have therefore a claim to be made a general.

"*Vog.* I see your drift; but were you made minister at war, it were of no avail. My whole family accompany me to Batavia.

"*Tor.* But supposing I was named, through your influence, commander-in-chief of the Belgic army in India?

"*Vog.* Why that would make a difference. But then I would recommend your losing no time, for there are plenty of lovers in the field.

"*Tor.* I will immediately repair to Brussels. I can soon dispatch my business here.

"*Vog.* That would be my advice.

"*Tor.* There is still one consideration. I cannot bear the sea, so can only go to Batavia over land.

Enter PLUYSKEN.

"*Pluys.* Colonel, a column of the enemy has entered the village.

"*Vog.* (*aside.*) That is this morning's goose.

"*Tor.* What say you?

"*Pluys.* Yes; two Dutch sharpshooters were discovered this morning. They came from the heath, entered the village, and have not been seen to leave it again. So they must still be there.

"*Vog.* (*aside.*) Logically deduced.

"*Pluys.* I have ordered all under arms.

"*Tor.* Very wisely done.

"*Vog.* Very foolishly done. A couple of sharpshooters, and you make a fuss as if van Grene's whole division had marched in. Shame upon you! Why did you not hang them at once?

"*Pluys.* Yes, but — (*aside to Tortu*) That is the English milord of this morning. But then he spoke nothing but English."

Vogelaer easily baffles the burgomaster; but a *capitain*-adjutant, with more sense than his colonel, discovers the real characters of Wildervanck and Vogelaer, notwithstanding the ready wit and effrontery of the latter. They are seized, and ordered to be shot as spies, and Braaf hart with them, as their harbourer and accomplice. Anna now interferes, and says, speaking with effort,

"Mynheer Tortu! You have sought my hand. Release them—and I am yours.

"*Tor.* Aha! The proud beauty is growing rational. Well, well; that way something might be done.

"*Braaf.* No, my child, no. You shall not sacrifice yourself for my sake. Now, and for ever, I refuse my consent to such a marriage.

"*Vog.* And I mine.

"*Wildervanck.* Oh that I but had my sword!

Enter PETER.

"*Peter.* Colonel, here are two millions of Dutchmen marching on the village.

"*Tor.* Then must the whole nation be in the field. (*A cannon shot is heard.*) Heaven defend us!

"*Pastol.* Your orders, colonel?

"*Tor.* I don't know. I have no instructions for such a case. 'Twill be best to have my horse saddled, and ride off to the general to report the occurrence. (*To Peter.*) Where is my servant?

"*Peter.* He has just ridden away on Mynheer's horse.

"*Tor.* The devil! (*runs out.*)

During this confusion the Dutch captives have got hold of

their arms, with which they now put their guards to flight, and then sallying forth, make some progress in taking the village, even before the two million of Dutchmen, who prove to be their own regiment, arrive to their support. It is supererogatory to say that all ends satisfactorily, but not so, perhaps, to add that the happy catastrophe is the emigration of the Belgian manufacturer to Holland.

We now quit M. van Lennep for some of the younger poets who have arisen since his fame was fully established in Holland. The first of these, and second to Van Lennep in popularity, is Van der Hoop; and to him we shall for the present confine our attention. A. van der Hoop is a Rotterdam merchant, whose time is mainly devoted to his commercial affairs; and the modest regret he expresses in one of his prefaces for his want of a learned education—a deficiency which, he adds, he has endeavoured to remedy by unremitting diligence in the hours of relaxation—disposes us to look kindly upon the fruits of his exertions. The mercantile, like the legal poet, first formed himself by translating; and then proceeded to publish, in almost incredible abundance, occasional poems, fugitive pieces, poetic tales, and tragedies. Of these last, his Johanna Shore is esteemed the best. But it will be requisite first to glance cursorily at the character of the Dutch theatre.

Dutch tragedy, with which only we are concerned, assumed at its rise a form neither altogether imitative, nor yet original. It aimed at the old classic model, retaining even the chorus, so uncongenial to the habits and feelings of modern life: it preferred narration to action; and adopted for its language the French fashion of the Alexandrine couplet, the heaviest and most monotonous of metres; thus carefully combining every thing to prevent the excitement of strong sympathy in a modern audience. Far, even beyond French, did Dutch tragedy discard truth and nature, sacrificing the sympathies of domestic grief, and even the loftier idealization of sorrow, without ever inducing the spectator's forgetfulness that he was contemplating a work of art. In illustration, and as affording a standard by which Dutch dramatists should be measured, we may refer to an old play, still considered as the masterpiece of the Dutch drama, to wit, Vondel's Gysbrecht van Amstel.

This national tragedy professes to dramatize the surprise of a Dutch town in olden times, in a manner not unlike the taking of Troy. But all is narrated, nothing acted, except the treachery of the Dutch Sinon. The first scene announces the raising of the long-continued siege, when the present joy and past sufferings of the inhabitants are described. So are, successively, the introduc-

tion of a vessel laden with firewood, under which lurk hostile soldiers,—the adroitness of the Sinon in preventing its being immediately unloaded; and so too, finally, are the fighting, massacre, and other horrors that ensue, when the ambushed troops, issuing from their concealment, admit their friends, and fall upon the unwary citizens. The piece ends with the flight of the hero, Gysbrecht, and his family, when resistance has become hopeless. In this play the chorus is, not like that of the Greeks, one immutable body, but divided into as many separate choruses of nuns, warriors, young ladies, &c. as happens to suit the occasion. The lyric strains assigned to these choruses are by far the most pleasing parts of the piece, being poetical and spirited, while the dialogue is often heavy, as indeed Alexandrines must be. Some of the characters, however, are well drawn, especially that of Gysbrecht.

In process of time Vondel, though still admired, ceased to occupy the stage, or to be the model of his successors. But he was unluckily superseded only by the classic French tragedians; and the chief change effected was discarding the chorus, whilst all that should be dramatized and seen in action is still tediously narrated in Alexandrine couplets. Upon this model is written Van der Hoop's Johanna Shore, blending, as the author avers, the tragedies of Rowe and le Mercier, and superadding an infusion of Shakspeare's Richard. In his preface the poet declares that Dutch taste requires the rhymed couplet; but that had he written for the theatre of Paris, Vienna, or London, the tragedy should have been in prose; and then he would, amongst other improvements, have made Jane Shore not a penitent, but—(how shall we express it decorously?)—an unfortunate female, and her husband an uxorious idiot, caring only to get her back!

Is this irony? Or is it possible that a good English scholar, as our poet unquestionably is, and an admirer of Shakspeare to boot, can confound the genuine English drama with the vicious prosaic monstrosities of Dumas and Victor Hugo? However this may be, of a rhyming tragedy the conduct as well as story of which is familiar to every one, it were idle to offer analysis or extracts. It is by his poems that van der Hoop must be judged in this country.

Of his poetic tales the newest is *De Renegaat*, originally designed for an episode of a heroic poem upon the French conquest of Algiers; which larger work was abandoned when the African expedition lost its interest amongst the successful abortive revolutions that followed.

The Renegade for a substantive tale has too little story, and that little so clearly suggested by, or at least so necessarily re-

calling the Giaour, as to subject the Dutch poet to unfavourable comparisons, even in the best passage of the poem, the drowning of the unfaithful slave. We therefore close *De Renegaat*, and select a short extract from an allegorical, mythological poem, entitled Hercules.

See, yon bright shield flings back the torches shine,
Where in Thebes' kingly halls, two youths recline;
How fair the blush that tints each cheek of rose!
How calm, how soft, the spell their slumber throws!
Sleep on in peace, fair boys, till earth again
Glows in the glories of the solar reign!—

* * *

Two glossy snakes crawl in, athirst for blood,
Glide on the floor, and seek their human food;
With eyes of darting flame, heads reared on high,
And fangs that threaten doom'd mortality;
Mocking the Epidaurian leech-god's skill
They come, dread instruments of Juno's will.

* * *

One shrieks and flies, and round the buckler clings:
With bolder heart the elder boy upsprings:
Nervous and iron-strong, he turns, where they
Approach by stealthy coils, athirst for prey;
Grasps each huge neck, and views their writhing length,
Serene as godhead, playing with their strength.
Vain all their wrath those folds to disengage;
The might that holds them masters their wild rage.
Shout—the child triumphs!—wearied and out done
The gasping monsters yield; the strife is won;
Powerless, outstretched, supine, they gasp for breath:
He holds them, strains them, casts them off, in death.

We should recommend this Author to write less, and learn to condense his thoughts. In composition the difficulty is, not to accumulate, but to reject ideas.

ART. VII.—1. *Il Duca d'Atene, Narrazione* (The Duke of Athens, a Narration), by N. Tommaseo. 12mo. Paris, 1837.

2. *Il Primo Viceré de Napoli* (The First Viceroy of Naples), by E. C. di Belmonte. 12mo. Parigi: Londra, 1838.

NOT many years ago the novel, as we understand the word, might have been considered as unknown in Italy; and now Italian historic novels and novelists are actually swarming, in numbers, if not quite equal to those of France and Germany, yet approaching very near to our own present home growth. Four authors of this class we some seven or eight numbers back introduced to our readers, and are now called upon to perform the same friendly office to two more of the fraternity, who have arisen since that time. These are the Signori Tommaseo and di Belmonte; which last is, however, as we are assured upon good authority, a mere *nom de guerre*, assumed in compliance with a German fashion. The author's true patronymic is Capoccio, and he himself, we apprehend, a descendant, if not the direct representative of an Italian warrior celebrated in his novel, and one of the champions of Italy in the well-known combat of thirteen Italian against thirteen French knights, fought for the express purpose of ascertaining the relative military, or rather chivalrous prowess of the two nations; and in which victory decided nearly, if not quite, for the last time, in favour of the former mistress of the world.

Both *Il Duca d'Atene*, and *Il Primo Viceré di Napoli*, are extremely popular in Italy, and are moreover considered there as decidedly historical. They nevertheless differ very materially, not to say essentially, from each other in character; and, to speak sooth, neither of them answers precisely to our idea of the historic novel. *Il Duca d'Atene* is, in conception and situation, pretty much what our last number predicated of *Ida della Torre*, save that it has far less intermixture of love story: in fact there is very little of love itself, and of incident arising out of the passion, none. Its merits lie in embodying the humours of the democratic Florentine nobles, people, and populace, in their republican condition; and presenting vivid, striking, and instructive views of the nature of democracy, even in a small, highly cultivated, and, for the times, highly enlightened state.

Il Primo Viceré di Napoli on the contrary, in due compliance with the most approved recipes for the concoction of these same historic novels, combines a regular love story with a fragment of history, but does not blend them. The history comes first; and the love story, with the exception of a bare mention of its existence in the early part, follows only when all historical curiosity,

all doubt, and sympathy are ended. Unfortunately, too, for our gentlest readers, this portion is interesting chiefly for the picture it affords of the state of the country at the opening of the sixteenth century. But we must speak of these works separately, and somewhat more in detail, beginning with the former and far better performance, *Il Duca d'Atene*, inasmuch as it takes precedence in time both of action and of publication.

As every reader may not be so familiar with the history of the Italian republics as M. Sismonde de Sismondi, it may not be amiss to give the origin of the tale, for the sake of rendering intelligible the portion of history wrought out in this narration, as Signor Tommaseo is pleased to call it.

The Florentines, who long alternated between the extremes of self-government, to adopt the favourite liberal expression for a sort of dictatorship, in June 1342 elected the French Comte de Brienne, titular Duke of Athens, Captain and Signor of Florence for one year. In the following September they were induced by the duke to make the term of his rule coequal with that of his natural life; and on the 26th of the following July, exasperated by his arbitrary tyranny, they rose in rebellion against him. This insurrection is the subject of the narration before us.

The opening of the book exhibits, in a series of sketches, the vindictive grief of parents unjustly bereaved of their children by legal or illegal murders; the insolence and licentious amours of the duke's creatures, whether foreigners, or the yet more detested exiles of neighbouring Italian cities; and conspiracy ripening amongst nearly the whole population of Florence. This too, not in one indivisible, nor even in a federate form, but, as it should seem, a variety of unconnected conspiracies, scarcely aware of each other's existence; whilst the moment that is to call them all into action appears to be still remote and uncertain. But so many important secrets, each known to so many persons, were not likely to remain long impenetrable to the ruler; and accordingly we early find the fears of one conspirator revealing that which, as implicating the principal nobles, appears the chief conspiracy, to the duke, who immediately secures the person of its leader, Adimari. This blow brings the heads of the scattered conspiracies together on the very night of the arrest; when, in order if possible to save Adimari from death or torture, the ensuing morning is appointed for the general rising, and an introductory popular movement is arranged to collect and excite the rabble. The outbreak affords a lively picture:

"As nine* o'clock struck, a tumult arose in Porta San Piero: an ap-

* Italian hours are counted from sun-set; so this would be, in July, between four and five o'clock in the morning.

prentice first commenced, screaming from his shop-door to a neighbouring apprentice,—'We are now not Florentines but Frenchmen, I tell you, having a French ruler: he who calls himself a Florentine is a traitor!'

"'Who denies it?' cried the other, with the full strength of his lungs, 'We are Frenchmen; I well know that!'

"'Thou'rt flouting me, and dost not speak as thou truly thinkest,' replied the first; and thou liest in thy throat!'

"'And I tell thee that Florence is no Florence now, and that thou'rt a scoundrel, the very refuse of *Porta San Piero.*'

"From all sides the people flocked to the scene of strife.

"Lower down, in *Mercato Vecchio,* two blackguards got up another quarrel. 'Thou grumblest,' said the one, 'because wine is dear; and I tell thee the dearer wine is, the better it relishes, and cheers without getting into the head, and leaves us free to think of the mercies of our lord the duke.'

"To which the second replied, 'Who denies the duke's mercies? Villain, would'st set me at loggerheads with Guilio d'Assisi? (the *bargello,* or head of the police.) I'll have a bout with thee first.'

"And grappling each other, they rolled together in the kennel. The noise attracted a crowd.

"When hark! a cry of 'To arms!' bursts from one of the nearest houses, and then from an opposite and distant street, and now it resounds on all sides, filling the city like the deep voice of a bell in the silence of the night. Some shops are already closed, and the owners hurrying along, shouting 'To arms!' Other tradesmen are precipitately shutting up theirs; artificers and labourers run each to his own ward, whilst a few companies, some mounted, others on foot, impetuously scour through the town. Men in the streets call forth their comrades who had remained at home. Cries hurtle in the air like arrows in battle. Banners with the arms of the people, a cross gules on a field argent, some with, some without the regal portcullis, waved from the mansions of the noble and the citizen, and even from the meanest hovels. The red lily too was there; whilst the duke's banners were thrown down, and dragged by a rabble of boys through the filth and the blood from the slaughter-houses, with cries of 'Death to the duke and his minions! Long live the people and commonwealth of Florence!' One thought, that of mutual assistance, filled every mind. From the windows the women, loudly reiterating the cries of 'Death!' and 'Long life!' threw, one a flag, another a spear, to husband or to father. Others knelt to pray, but interrupted their devotions, to chorus from their windows the cry of 'Death! Death!' The streets were instantaneously thronged with people, active as ants expecting rain. * * * *

"All was in order; every man ranged under the banners of his ward; and they moved as lightly under the weight of their arms as in the burgher frock; both tradesmen and artificers being well trained to break opposing breastplates with the charge of their spears. The Adimari rode through the six wards, preparing for attack and defence; of the other conspirators, each provided for his own district. Even the Medici appeared, as if from underground, stirred partly by shame, partly by

the desire of vengeance for the fate of Giovanni de Medici, sentenced to death a year before by the duke. * * * * Barriers were erected at the end of every street.

"The duke's soldiers armed hastily at the sound of the tumult, and hurried to their posts. The best marksmen thronged the windows of the palace, the horsemen the *piazza* below. But many were made prisoners on their way thither; one was intoxicated; the right foot of another was grappled by a boy, whilst the left was already in the stirrup; others were set upon unawares, bound, and stripped of their splendid armour. * * * *

"One Burgundian giant, his shield covered with a tiger's skin, brandishing his huge spear, and uttering terrific threats, routed all before him: but a tanner, armed with a scythe, came behind, and aiming at the joint of the armour between the neck and the head, cut right through. The body fell to the left, the spear to the right, and the head in its helmet, spun amongst the horse's feet. Two fair twin youths, reared under the joyous sun of Provence, covered with gold-pointed and beautifully carved shields, and mounted on white mares, were galloping with unclosed visors, when two arrows struck them, and they fell dead at the same instant. The women set up a cry of pity; but two of the populace, catching the flying mares, exclaimed, 'Thanks to the good duke for the gift! Oh, the Florentine people for ever!'"

The duke and his guards are shut up in the ducal palace, where they are first besieged, then blockaded; whilst the leaders of the conspiracy new model the government, and the people revel in atrocious revenge upon all such of the duke's creatures as fall in their way. Many scenes of their cannibal triumph are taken from contemporary writers, and graphically given; but the subject is revolting, and some of the passages are too coarse and too horrible to translate; nevertheless as a specimen, we select one of the least offensive, yet still characteristic from the blending of buffoonery with ruthless cruelty.

"It was well that the better citizens provided for the concerns of the republic; the people heeded them not, engrossed with past sufferings and present joys. * * * * The worst amongst them, like drunkards to whom a holiday is nothing beyond an opportunity for intoxication, were in keen pursuit of vengeance. Meanwhile the blockade continued; hunger, noiseless and invincible as death, pressed on each separately, fixing a gnawing tooth under the steel cuirass. The complaints of the soldiers were loud; the more delicate barons were silent from pride, which assumes the mien of many a virtue.

"The inferior citizens meanwhile were hunting for victims; but they sought not so much the pages and courtiers of the merciless duke, as the ministers of his cruelty. Forgetting in their blind fury that the *bargello* (or minister of the police) with his son Ippolito were shut up with the duke, they sought him in his usual abode; he and Cerrettieri Visdomini being the main objects of the popular rage. Spreading them-

selves throughout the city, making every alley, byeway, and corner, a mesh of the net designed to entangle their foes, the people hunted their prey by the scent, impatient to tear it with their fangs. Bindo Altoviti surprised a notary, a man well known for cruelty, who, in female apparel, crossing the street like a truant cat, was stealing down the bank to crouch amongst the reeds at the washing places in the river. Altoviti, noting his mistrustful glances and masculine step, guessed the truth, unmasked and pointed him out to the attendant rabble; intending to deliver him to contumely, not murder. The populace, stripping him of his borrowed garments, and tearing those proper to his own sex, proceeded to inflict flagellation upon the delinquent. The poor wretch invoked the name of the Virgin, and his tormenters shouted, 'My lady's going to lie in! What fresh crime art about to bring into the world? Perhaps a new compact betwixt the duke and the commonwealth, guarded with securities and oaths, like the first? Ah, dog of a notary! Ah, slave of the *bargello!* Tell us how many hast sent to the gallows, how many to the rack!' Every word was accompanied with a blow. Suddenly a corn-sifter collared him, exclaiming, 'We must make as many mouthfuls of this rascal as he has betrayed citizens.' To utter these words, to tear the miserable man quarter from quarter, limb from limb; sawing his flesh with blunt saws, while it still creaked and palpitated, gnawing his fingers and other limbs, as they seemed spasmodically to seek their perhaps still living fellows—all this was the work of a moment."

In the course of a few days famine compels the duke to capitulate, and the only condition upon which he can obtain permission for himself and his guards to leave Florence unharmed, is the surrender of Guilio and Ippolito d'Assisi and Cerrettieri Visdomini to the brutal pleasure of the people. The duke rejects the infamous terms. Our last extract from this volume shall be the struggle that extorts his consent.

"Duke Gualtieri, to strengthen himself against temptation, summoned Rinaldo, Conte d'Altavilla (alias Comte d'Hunteville, his almost only virtuous French follower), and sent him to intercede. The count invited Pino d'Rossi (one of the *balia,* or ruling council) to a conference, and offered whatever terms the Florentines should desire, except blood.

"Pino d'Rossi, lowering his voice in deep shame, replied, 'The people insist upon blood.'

"'But of what avail those three guilty heads?'

"'They avail to save a fourth yet more guilty. Hard as it is to say it, suffer the fate of these miscreants to be fulfilled. In a well-ordered town, would they not already be the prey of the gallows? * * * Let us yield to iron necessity, and give thanks that it is no worse.' * *

"The duke's internal struggle continued, and wearied therewith he could bear no conversation. * * * * All the *balia,* the bishop excepted, and the Siennese envoys, repeatedly came, separately or together, to urge the imminence of the danger, and the necessity of submission; which he sometimes resented as though he had been the victor. * *

"The soldiers sent a corporal to pray the duke to yield, but to pray in words of command. He, either offended from pride, or perhaps inspired by his good angel, answered 'No!' One only honourable course was open to him; to have bargained for the lives of his followers as the price of his own, then to have gone forth and died with the courage of a Frenchman. But of this he thought not. And grievous indeed it were could the wicked repair a foul life by a fair end. Even to the good it is not easy to die well. * * * *

"Twelve of the chief soldiers were sent back to the duke. * * One of them grasped the hilt of his sword with his right hand, outstretched the left to his lord's face, and said 'You must now choose, lord duke, between these three heads and your own.'

"Recoiling as from the touch of a serpent, Gualtieri exclaimed, 'What is that?'

"'My will, and the will of my three hundred comrades without.'

"'It is our will,' re-echoed the three hundred as one man; some clashing their arms, others striking theirs against the ground.

"'I am your commander, and mine is the will that must govern.'

"'To day, sire, we are more dukes than you, because the unanimous will of three hundred men is stronger than your's. You cannot make our three hundred heads fly from that window; your's sire, we can.'

"Gualtieri spoke not. The soldier struck with the thought of having said too much, with astonishment at what he had done, withdrew, followed by his comrades, one only remaining. To him the duke said, 'Return in two hours. If I then neither speak nor make sign, be the three surrendered. If I say 'No, have respect for a while to my will, my conscience.' With a trepidation that seemed intreaty, he added, 'But for a while.' * * * *

"The two hours elapsed. At noon a Burgundian silently appeared—'No!' Two more hours passed—'No!' Another two—'No!' But the rage within and without pressed like the executioner's noose; the increasing yells were fearful, insupportable. * * * * They, the soldiers, entered. The duke moved neither tongue nor muscle; and the torture of that immoveable silence surpassed all he had ever endured from crimes perpetrated or suffered under. They went out, and he would have recalled them, but fancied it too late. And bitter was his remorse for thus deceiving himself."

The victims being surrendered are actually torn piece-meal and half-devoured, with circumstances of even more atrocity than in the case of the notary, although without the horrible intermixture of buffoonery. The duke departs in safety with his followers, and the narration, ere it closes, returns for a moment to the loves of the French Rinaldo d'Altavilla with Matilda degli Adimari, daughter of the chief conspirator. Their loves had early been mentioned, and we are now briefly told that they married, and Matilda died in childbed within the year.

The historical subject of *Il Primo Viceré de Napoli*, is the conquest of Naples by the troops of Louis XII. of France, and

Ferdinand V. of Spain; the quarrel to which the division of the spoil between the royal plunderers gave rise, the consequent war, and the final seizure of the whole by the Spaniards under the conduct of the able though we grieve even to say it, not equally conscientious great captain, Gonsalvo di Cordova. The book opens with the first entrance of the French troops into the Neapolitan dominions; and perhaps we cannot select a fairer specimen of the author's talent than a scene at the very beginning, exhibiting the deadly spirit of faction and private feud, that has for so many centuries mainly contributed to lay Italy at the foot of every invader.

"It was a fair morning of the month of June when two warriors who had recently met, rode through a wood towards the camp. Both were in the flower of youth; the one, very tall, was too slender to be called well-proportioned; the other, scarcely surpassing the middle stature, impressed the beholder at first sight by his perfect symmetry of limb and grace of carriage. The first rode a powerful bay charger; the second a black jennet. The richly chiselled armour of the former showed a man of high rank; that of the latter, though of fair temper and well burnished, was far inferior in precious work. But whatever difference of rank might hence be inferred betwixt them, their manners betokened perfect equality.

"'Kind indeed have been my stars,' said the seemingly more considerable of the two,' in bringing to meet me, ere I reach the camp, him I most wished to see.'

"'And but too happy am I, my Pompeo,' rejoined the other, to return thither in thy company. Who could have thought that upon my foraging mission I should fall in with thee! And the enemy so near! Oh my heart wept to see our lances in rest without thee!'

"'At Capua I was charged to use despatch! My uncle dwelt upon the importance of the orders of which I am the bearer. Did he suppose such injunctions could add to the speed of him who is hurrying to camp in the hope of a battle?'

"'Thou'rt in good time, friend; thou'lt share in the very first banquet.'

"'What delight! To mount so fine a charger; to brandish such splendid arms! The time is come, Gianni, to practise in earnest the sports of our childhood. This will be a rare tilting bout, with a real enemy confronting us!'

"'Add too, a detested enemy.'

"'Right, Gianni, right. Methinks this sword would cut less sharply were it wielded against other than the Orsini.'

"'I am more desirous to wield mine against the pestilence from beyond the Alps. Happy I, if this yet virgin blade, still pure from blood, be never stained by blood of Italy.'

"'Oh thou hast not had a father slain by those villains! Thou didst not last year see the slaughter of Monticelli! When Marcantonio and I reached the combatants, those we best loved were falling like leaves

under their blows. Signor Antonio, the bravest man of the house of Lavelli, dying between my feet! And I myself, had not Capoccio arrived in time with his squadron.' * * * *

"'I understand; but when the fate of all is at stake, private hatreds and enmities should be forgotten. * * * * Such quarrels and mistrust amongst ourselves, with such indifference towards the foreigner! Why when King Charles came, we were all on his side, and the Orsini of course on the Neapolitan. And now 'tis the very reverse!'

"'What would'st thou have? An enmity of 206 years standing! Thou know'st too with whom originated the new rupture. After the peace concluded with Carlo Orsini, whilst he was still our prisoner, was it fair, was it seemly to engage themselves to the infamous Cæsar Borgia?'

"'I say not that the fault was your's; but I know that its punishment will light upon us all.'"

A few months later this prediction is fulfilled, the conquest of the kingdom is completed, and the whole Colonna party proceed to join the Spaniards under Gonsalvo di Cordova; but we must stop here.

If such conversation as we have extracted can ever be entertaining, it must be to the interlocutors alone; and we may hint to our readers that there are verifications everywhere of the proverb to go farther and fare worse. Let him therefore rest content, as we doubt not he will, with this specimen of the Viceroy, the author of which, whether Belmonte or Capoccio, does not possess either the dramatic or graphic power of Tommaseo. We must, however, bestow on him the praise of giving a fair picture of the condition of the country during the unhappy times in which he has laid his scene, and especially of the degree to which, at the end of the war, it was infested by banditti, who bid defiance to any minister of justice, less powerful than a troop of soldiers.

From the mediocrity of the extract given we are satisfied to refer any more curious reader to the work itself for further specimens, confessing that its merits cannot, in our judgment, warrant us in proceeding farther.

ART. IX.—1. *Atar Gull* (Atar Gul), par Eugène Sue.
2. *La Coucaratcha, Roman maritime,* (The Cockroach, a Naval Romance,) par Eugène Sue.
3. *La Salamandre, Roman maritime,* (The Salamander, a Naval Romance,) 2 tom., par Eugène Sue.

IT is singular that maritime novels should be of foreign origin, when the sea itself had been so long the favourite and boasted possession of Great Britain, and the members of the naval profession were so closely interwoven with our political existence and habits of thought as the great bulwark of national defence. To Englishmen, the service was a kind of embodied idealism, rough in its outline and peculiar failings perhaps, but exempted generally from the usual besetting sins of landsmen, that is, of the larger portion of the human race: to say nothing of the lustre cast upon it by the universal sentiment of respect and admiration entertained for those who brave unwonted dangers. All these, and many more considerations, had united to produce among us so high an appreciation of maritime life, that it is not a little singular, we must repeat, that English literature, when the failing voice of fiction was infused with fresh energy by Scott, should have entirely overlooked, even amidst the very eagerness of search for novel phases of life, the ample scope afforded by the boundless wastes of ocean. There, too, all the machinery of natural terrors, displayed constantly to the eye and physical apprehension, is heightened by the corresponding weight of superstition, and nourished by all that most forcibly appeals to imagination: and this little checked, or even modified, by that actuality which, however potent on land, but feebly opposes the hourly spells that seem to reign in supremacy over the world of waters.

It was with a wonder, therefore, scarcely inferior to that which attended the mortifying intelligence of our first defeats on our favourite element, that the British public found our transatlantic brethren equally prompt and successful in their rivalry of our favourite branch of literature also: the Hornet, the Constitution, &c. were not, in their way, more productive of astounding disclosures of rival strength, than were, in another form, the Spy, the Pilot, and the Last of the Mohicans: and in both cases the national vanity, like that of Mrs. Primrose in the Vicar of Wakefield, at her daughter's dancing, comforted itself by whispering, with at least as much of jealousy as approbation, "that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself."

The allegation, probably true in either case, did not, however, lessen the merit of the thief; but the emulation awakened by

these successes over ourselves, roused the national energy in every point of view; and to the portion of this development that regards our literary pursuits, we shall refer in its place, after a few preliminary observations.

In this question the name of Smollett has been naturally brought forward as the real originator of the seafaring novel; and Mr. Cooper has been considered as only treading, to a certain degree, in his footsteps. We cannot hold with this opinion in the least.

The subject of Smollett was, strictly speaking, less the seafaring life than sea-faring individuals. It was the manners of the man rather than the occupations of the class; it spoke of the sailor, not of the sea. The whims and eccentricities of nautical thought and language, as called forth incidentally and by collision; the steering of a chaise, the lee-shore of a road-post, the menage of a cock-pit, or the brutality and ignorance of a commander; all that could bring us close into intimacy with this amphibious variety of the genus *homo*, was traced by the pen of genius before our eyes, and mingled with our subsequent recollections by inimitable powers of comic extravagance and frolicsome humour. Humour too that at times led of necessity to pathos, for humour itself is but the irony of affection. That this result, of pathos, occurs more seldom in Smollett than might have been imagined from the depth and richness of his humorous vein, is no argument against the consequence we have drawn; and may be easily accounted for by the circumstances of his life and habits, and the thence induced cynicism of his character. But his power in such scenes is unquestionable: and, as an instance of this, we refer to the passage immediately following that where the whimsical propensities and prejudices of the old commodore have closed with his life and the especial direction for his epitaph: namely, that it must be, not in your outlandish Latin lingo, but in good plain English, in order that the angel who is to pipe all hands from under hatches may be able to read it. The scene begins thus: "Every thing being duly arranged, all the rest had left the room: Pipes stood over the body of his old commander.—'Well fare thy soul,' (he said,) 'old Hawser Trunnion! Fifty years have I sailed with ye, man and boy, and a better seaman never broke a biscuit,'" &c. &c.

But if individual incident and portrait were thus sketched or worked out with singular power, the phenomena of nature, the dangers of the deep, and the triumphs of human skill and resolution,—all that form the real staple of the seaman's existence, were totally beyond the province of Smollett. Still less was he calculated for attempting to depict those yearnings of the heart that arise in the loneliness of dignity that invests the state-cabin and

the quarter-deck; in the solitude and isolation of the night-watch, and in that stronger solitude of the heart itself, which feels in the long intervals of forced repose that those around, though united for a time in the same vessel, have no one point or capacity of sympathy with its private ties; and that it cannot, like the landsman's, seek out these when most desirable.

The very bustle and motion of the crowd that constantly surrounds the seaman, while it keeps up an incessant but moderate degree of excitement in his mental system, prevents him from the general leisure of a landsman's spirit, that can indulge the mood and give it vent. Checked and chilled on the contrary with the sailor, it sinks into the mind successively, if we may venture on a similitude, like the reiterated trace of frosts into the bosom of earth—unseen but ineffaceable; — and keeps like that, its deep, indelible register to mark, more strongly than externals can be expected to retain it, the impressions and effects of past states and feelings. But there are times when these feelings rise in concentrated strength; such as when called from society or the mess-room in all the flush of mirth and enjoyment to keep the midnight or morning watch, to see the gallant vessel hold her own and in due trim; to mark the changes of the wind and the strength or slumber of the waters; to see the sun sink or rise, to gaze on the moveless track of the moon, and commune in loneliness with the stars that so often have lighted far other hours;—while the necessity of a vigilant but restrained attention, and the dignity of command, give a slight though certain elevation to the spirit. It is then that the light voice of the breeze, the murmuring sound of the waves, the motion, the serenity, the dreamy softness of night, all combine to fill the breast with unuttered emotion: all this the sailor feels, but the voice of his feeling is dumb.

Such a state might, and must necessarily have given a power of positive poetry to the seaman, but for the counteracting influence of those ruder and more stirring energies that every moment of change and vicissitude calls into play: these hourly calls of action fling emotion into the shade; and on glancing back he finds that he has outsailed them, like the ocean weed that a moment before was floating over the bow, drifting now with the current far behind the stern. The sailor thus, if he is prevented by the circumstances of his life from becoming actively imaginative, is always in proportion more susceptible of that power: sensitive beyond other men to the influence of the finer pulses, though less able, or less willing, at least, to attempt to sway them.

Who can wonder then that, imbued with the living energies of nature and the ocean; constantly in contact with powers whose recollection is the very poetry of existence, the navy were among

the foremost to hail the genius that gave these their first tangible form, in the verse of the first of energetic poets. If the voice of passion had been restrained on land, that of the seaman had never existed at all, till Byron felt the stirring might of the waters and imagined the exciting inspiration of scenes and characters denied to his actual experience. With what delight seamen dwelt upon his nautical descriptions and partialities the foregoing suggestions may aid us to imagine, and what pleasure too they derived from those effective delineations, which some writers absurdly characterize as picturesque not poetical; as though the mighty lord of the lyre had not been competent to detect that the picturesque was only the poetry of the eye. We need not refer more particularly to the gorgeous panorama of the archipelago in Childe Harold, or in the Letter to Bowles, but instance the following passage:

"The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam:
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought."—*Childe Harold*, Canto 1.

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild seamew.
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

"A few short hours and He will rise
To give the Morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother Earth."—*Ibid.*

"He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

"And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:

Hark to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

"White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks:
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.

"Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
What leagues are lost before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these!

"The moon is up; by Heaven a lovely eve!
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand;
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe:
Such be our fate when we return to land!
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measures featly move,
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove."

Ibid. Canto 2.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone."

Ibid. Canto 4.

More imaginative and in a different vein, but not less magnificent and impressive, are the following:

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feebler faint—can only feel—
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
Save that it seems even duller than repose:
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
When lost—what recks it—by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls enamour'd of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes controul.
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
And they who loath'd his life may gild his grave;
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead."

Corsair, Canto 1.

"'A sail!—a sail!'—a promised prize to Hope!
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?

No prize, alas!—but yet a welcome sail:
The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.
Yes—she is ours—a home-returning bark—
Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the dark.
Already doubled is the cape—our bay
Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray.
How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her foes—
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings;
The sails are furl'd; and anchoring round she swings:
And gathering loiterers on the land discern
Her boat descending from the latticed stern.
'Tis mann'd—the oars keep concert to the strand,
Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.
Hail to the welcome shout!—the friendly speech!
When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;
The smile, the question, and the quick reply,
And the heart's promise of festivity!"—*Ibid.* Canto 1.

"Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,
The blue waves sport around the stern they urge;
Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck,
A spot—a mast—a sail—an armed deck!
Their little bark her men of watch descry,
And ampler canvass woos the wind from high;
She bears her down majestically near,
Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier;
A flash is seen—the ball beyond their bow
Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below.
Up rose keen Conrad from his silent trance,
A long, long absent gladness in his glance;
'Tis mine—my blood-red flag! again—again—
I am not all deserted on the main!'
They own the signal, answer to the hail,
Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail.
'Tis Conrad! Conrad!' shouting from the deck,
Command nor duty could their transport check!
With light alacrity and gaze of pride,
They view him mount once more his vessel's side;
A smile relaxing in each rugged face,
Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace.
He, half forgetting danger and defeat,
Returns their greeting as a chief may greet,
Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo's hand,
And feels he yet can conquer and command."

Ibid. Canto 3.

In spite, however, of these magnificent lines from the Corsair, there is a limit which genius itself cannot pass, and where its utmost efforts must yield to the humbler power of experience. However admirably we may describe from a previous description, there is an artifice or feebleness about such labours that, if it does not absolutely betray its own origin, yet always leaves upon the observant mind a sense of doubt, ineffectiveness, and insufficiency. It is not that the details furnished are incorrect or incomplete, but that the hand that borrowed, did not gather them itself: different objects strike different minds, according to their composition and nature, and the utmost art cannot use another's knowledge like its own. Thus the splendid shipwreck of Don Juan, though combined from both, yields to the simple narratives of the *Meduse* and the *Disasters at Sea*, recorded by witnesses of the events, and who have given their own real impressions, not imaginations, to the relation.

It was not till after the public mind had been thus led to nautical scenes, and prepared to enter into and enjoy them, that the full development of their fascination met its eye. Bred in the American navy, and evidently no ordinary lover of his gallant profession, nor an ordinary observer of its details and vicissitudes, Mr. Cooper may be justly styled the creator of the maritime novel, the type of one phase of literature and human feeling. The general reluctance and ignorant dislike felt by the many for a mode of life so utterly distinct from all their ideas and habits, strengthened by total unacquaintance with the nautical vocabulary, all disappeared before the hand of the master. The storm, that before had, in every relation, been the object of fear and avoidance to the mind, now lost its terrors, and became rather the point of attraction and subject of our wishes, as affording an agreeable excitement;—a mere obstacle the more in the conduct of the story, and, like all the rest, to be surmounted by the personages of the tale—a foil to render human skill and courage more conspicuously triumphant at the end.

Perhaps none of those who have hitherto essayed their talents in this class of composition, were so fitted as Cooper to effectuate this diversion in public taste. With a thorough knowledge of the details, there is blended in him a power of acute observation and perception of external circumstances, and an unwearying fondness for displaying every variety of atmospheric change or marine difficulty, as met and obviated by a corresponding exertion of nautical science and firmness. As the wind shifts and chops, the reader learns in succession the power of every sail, the use of every rope, the object of every distinct manœuvre; the knowledge and experience of the pilot, lavishly called into action, bears

the vessel in safety along the imminent edge of a reef or quicksand, over shallow or rocky bottoms, and through dangerous shoal-water, with every shift and risk of tides and currents into the safe soundings of a deep channel; a chase displays the vessels going large, off the wind, hoisting, reefing, or shaking out, under press of sail, or shifting; the engagement brings out all the nice points of wind, weathergage, and lee-shores, hauling in, raking, broadsides, and boarding. The reader and the author go through all the manœuvres together, and share the toils, anxieties, and success of the crews; nor is it the author's fault if we are not speedily as skilful as himself, for he has brought us, not only a new pleasure, but a new science to heighten it.

The very *forte* of Mr. Cooper is, however, too often his *foible*. He is too apt to forget that there must be an end to even excitement, that his readers are not familiar with his technicalities, and that we soon cease to feel an interest when we cease to understand. Farther, whilst that which is novel is unintelligible to the landsman, to the sailor, though intelligible, it is not novel. With winds, waves, and vessels, Mr. Cooper has the might and sympathies of poetry, but beyond these he has, unfortunately, little power. His genius is for the tangible, both in action and sensation; of abstract feeling he has scarcely an idea in his works. Unrivalled in physical, he has little or no moral development; his personages have no intellect, but what gets them into or out of danger. He has no wit, no probability of tale, no common sense of conduct, no pathos, and little humour. His romantic portions are generally bad in taste and tone, his land scenes ineffective; his heroines mawkish and monotonous, unreflecting and forward. His plots are impossible and thread-bare, the action never proceeds, but the characters are discussing to infinity matters of no consequence whatever. The author is unfortunate too, we think, in applying and shaping his narrative and conversations to certain and peculiar objects not absolutely within the scope of the story; and his benevolent endeavours to improve his countrymen at home are brought too prominently forward, instead of being veiled by his satire: nor are his sneering attacks upon religious establishments and forms either in better taste or better managed. There is nothing like strength or condenseness of phrase in his works. Even on the sea, though we cannot profess to be equal judges with Mr. Cooper in their relative value in the American service, we doubt whether an English commander would risk and lose a vessel, like the Ariel, for the sake of a friend and lieutenant.

Long Tom Coffin is, perhaps, the only exception to our remarks upon the naval tales of Mr. Cooper; he is certainly a

character, strictly speaking; and such, also, is Hawks-eye in the Indian novels. The merit and success of these two portraits render it obvious that the author's monotony and general failures on this head, arise, not from want of the power, but from neglect or inconsideration. A writer of such talent can scarcely fail where he wishes to succeed—yet his characters have no mental elevation—he makes them trivial instead of amiable, and extravagant, not energetic. Still it is but justice to confess, that Mr. Cooper's is the genius of inanimate nature: his strength is fear: his force is in anxious agony.

The English imitators or successors of Cooper cannot rival him on this ground: their merits are essentially different. The Tom Cringle, &c. of Basil Hall, is full of talent, power, and variety: his descriptions are as beautiful as his narrative is replete with intense, but always living interest—and to these his admirable and eloquent delineations of nature and the elements are always subservient: his humour is bold, varied, and in perfect keeping.

The humour of Marryatt is distinct from this. It is more simple, eccentric, and whimsical: the ridiculous is his forte, and carried often to excess, but always effectively. A strong bias for truth and reality, a plain manliness and simplicity of conception, composition, and conduct of story, distinguish him as the painter of the British navy: nor is this lessened by his extreme propensity to fun. The defects of Captain Marryatt are few, but really serious—his romantic characters are demoniacal; and his grossness, fortunately rare, is as uncalled for as unpardonable.

If the difference between Cooper and Marryatt may be considered as characteristic in some degree of the two countries; the former displaying more of physical and practical energy than abstract intellect, and the latter preserving, with some painful exceptions, a calmer and more general display of finished development, M. Eugène Sue may be considered to hold the same place in relation to the two, that his country maintains with respect to both theirs. This author's powers of composition are lighter, more various and brilliant, with a more delicate and feminine, though not in the least effeminate, fancy. His love of fun is whimsical, with a touch of sarcasm; his sentiment is imaginative and tender, if not enthusiastic; his fancy is gay, but wandering and desultory, even to affectation; and his tendency towards the mystical of influential sympathy is extravagant though effective. His descriptive powers are considerable, but continually carried to excess in his living characters, while they seem curtailed in the severer scenes of nature, and elaborated in the softer and more gentle. Like the votaries of one school in France, he seems to delight in the savage and revolting, and reminds us of Voltaire,

not certainly in his religious feelings, which are less devout than impassioned, but in the tendency to sneer at the usual objects of human interest and ambition, and also in his propensity to humiliate our nature by degrading the very persons he had at first seemed most inclined to honour.

With M. Sue and the personages of his tales, we are continually reminded of the restless and versatile susceptibility of the French character in general. Its passions and emotions lie on the surface, and are easily moved therefore by the lightest breath, and are more easy also, in the end, to divert than allay. Its impetuosity and vehemence is no less strongly distinguished from the rough phlegmatism of England or the frozen enthusiasm of the German, than from the southern nations, whose characteristics it appears at first sight most closely to resemble. The passions of these last, though at least as fierce, are of a more settled and sedate complexion. Their very might and force keeps each the other in check, so far as regards externals: their depths are more slowly roused also; and the motion of these is more furious perhaps, assuredly more lasting, and more uniform in development; less easily excited, they are also diverted less easily. But we have dwelt too long on preliminary points that will require considerable extracts for their illustration, and these consequently we mean to give with no more of remark than shall make them conducive to our observations, and bringing out national differences and peculiarities of French maritime habits and character.

The merits of the writer require this introduction of his works at some length to our countrymen.

We take our first extract from Atar-Gul:

"The crew of the brig, overwhelmed by the heat, had doubtless retired below. All slept in the vessel except the helmsman, and three other sailors, who were lying at the foot of the mainmast.

"The steersman sounded eight times the little bell close to him, and cried aloud, 'Now, relieve the watch.'

"The noise this manœuvre occasioned awakened doubtless the inhabitants of the poop; for the curtain moved, coughing, grumbling, and motion followed, and a man came forth, rubbing his eyes twenty times over, and yawning desperately.

"It was M. Claude Borromée Martial Benoît, captain and owner of the brig *Catherine*, of 300 tons, and copper-bottomed."

We need not give at any length the personal appearance of the worthy slave-trading captain beyond the vest and trowsers, the check cravat, and the straw-hat that covered his grey hairs.

"'Well, my lad,' said he to the helmsman, gaily pinching his ear; the *Catherine* goes before the wind like a good girl ahead of her mother.'

" ' Yes, captain, but she rolls like a porpoise, the gipsy. There—there's a heave;—and there again' "—* *

At this moment their conversation is interrupted by a man from the look out, who had failed to catch a second view of a distant schooner, through the fog. The captain comforts himself that he shall not be detected shipping his cargo of *ebony;* i.e. negroes. He retires to indulge his golden dreams with songs and gin, with his companion, the mate.

" All at once the sky is shrouded, the sea is troubled, the wind moans. Leave your songs and half-empty glasses below there, clear your looks and brave death, for he threatens.

" The crew ran on deck, sad and silent, for the worst was yet to come.

" The brig had righted from the previous shock, though with the loss of her topmast. But the waves were becoming heavier, the sky was covered with vapours, murky and red, like the smoke of a conflagration, and which, reflected on the waters, cast a grey and melancholy tint over the ocean, lately so calm and blue.

" ' That's a hint of what the storm promises, and it means to keep its promise,' said Benoît, who knew the symptoms; and scarcely were the topmasts lowered when a dull moaning was heard and a large zone of clouds, thick and black, that seemed to unite the sky and the sea, moved rapidly from the north-west, driving before it a mass of boiling foam; a fearful proof of the fury of the waves that came on with the tempest.

" Those faces, till now unmeaning as the light breeze that plays with the ship's cordage, seemed roused as from a lethargy: these vulgar men, these dwarfs during a calm, enlarged; enlarged with the hurricane; became dauntless giants on the first shock of the storm.

" The dull and stupid air of the captain disappeared; his face, heretofore heavy, assumed a brilliant daring, as in defiance of the skies.

" ' Never mind,' roared the captain, for already the storm out-raged the thunder, ' never mind, boys, its only wind and water. Haul down that standing-top. Simon, go ahead; we'll try to hold the cape with reefed main-sail; and try on a tack. Ho, steersman, down with your helm—go to it, two or three of you, for the wind is coming down on the brig like a mutinous child against his father. So, my boys; we wont give way—its a bad example.'

" The Catherine staggered long under the force of the formidable waves that broke against each other, and even disappeared at times in the showers of foam brought by the tempest; while the incessant cracking of the wood-work in various parts sounded loud and sharp as the blows of a hammer on the anvil. Overwhelmed by immense masses of water which broke upon deck with horrible fury, sweeping its whole length; borne on the crest of enormous waves, or plunging into unfathomable abysses, the unfortunate brig seemed every moment on the point of being swallowed up.

" ' Hold fast by the shrouds and yards,' cried Benoît, ' its nothing; its only cooling us this hot weather; and then the Catherine will be all right to-morrow. Ho there; down with the helm :—luff, luff; or else'—

"Before he had ceased speaking a mountain of water, heaving as high as the tops, came down upon the poop, swept along the deck covering it with wrecks, and passed over the bows, bearing with it two of the crew, who disappeared in the waters. These men had married two fresh and pretty sisters of Nantes; they were attached to each other with all the strength of sailors' friendships—they kept watch together, got drunk together, fought together; one married because the other did; and this flung himself into the water to save the other, or be like him—drowned. They ended as they began—together—* *

"'Caiot, my good fellow,' cried the captain, 'port your helm,—look out.' 'Oh, captain,' he replied, raising his head, 'there is no fear while she answers her helm—steady.' * *

"'Take care, take care, captain,' cried Simon, for he saw an enormous sea rising; which threatening the ship, remained motionless for the short time that its summit poised on the base; the force of the wind drove it on; it curled over, rolled heavily, carrying before it a sheet of white water, broke furiously upon the vessel's stern, and then was lost awhile under the mass, which roared like thunder.

"So violent was the blow, that the rudder, struck by its force, gave the tiller a tremendous shock; the three men stationed at the wheel were thrown down on the deck; and, owing to this unfortunate event, the brig coming to the wind, the mainsail failed and backed.

"The mainmast hardly resisted for two seconds; it bowed, creaked, and broke with an alarming noise, and bearing with it the rigging of the windward side, fell on the larboard rails and thence into the sea; the shrouds and cordage still held it to the vessel.

"This state of things was dangerous, for the mast, at the mercy of the furious waves, beat backwards and forwards against the vessel, and, acting like a battering-ram upon its sides, threatened to make a breach that would have sent all to the bottom.

"Only one thing remained; namely, to cut the cordage which retained it to the brig.

"'No time for considering; it is dangerous, but it is for our lives;' and Benoît, seizing a hatchet, mounted across the railing."

Simon, the mate, precipitates himself on the mast to save his superior from risk. He succeeds in disengaging the vessel, but is drowned in the gallant task.

The vessel reaches the Fish-river in a state of distress. Our next extract must be of a different cast from the preceding. Benoît meets with the slave-dealer, Van-Hop, commissioned on the part of King Taroo; and he, after previous discussion, introduces the captain of the brig to his sable majesty.

"King Taroo, seated majestically upon a table, with his legs crossed like a tailor, was smoking a huge pipe.

"He was an ill-looking negro of about forty, arrayed in full state; proudly surmounted by an old three-cornered cocked-hat with narrow copper lacing, and bearing by way of all garment a large cane with a silver head and a rag of red cloth which scarcely sufficed for propriety."

After an hour of vigorous discussion through the interpreter, Van Hop, a treaty of sale is signed; some of the articles however being objected to, and discussed by Benoît with the interpreter, the objections are explained to the king at his especial command; but as his majesty did not in the least comprehend their drift when referring to European customs, he cleared his comprehension by various glasses of rum. When the sale was fairly concluded, he got dead drunk and tumbled down. The unhappy negroes were led or hauled on board according as they went quietly or resisted.

"It is unnecessary to say, that the negroes allowed themselves to be led, hoisted, chained on board, in stupid insensibility. Not imagining any other object for their purchase than that they were to be eaten, they exerted their utmost courage to remain passive.

"Before weighing anchor, M. Benoît had a fair distribution made of salt-fish, biscuit, and water with a little rum in it.

"But they would scarcely touch it; * * for the blacks, it is well known, remain generally the first five or six days of the voyage almost entirely without eating, and it is then that mortality is greatest among them."

They set sail, and speedily discover a schooner with her raking masts and singular equipment, standing off them about a mile. They endeavour to escape, but are soon chased, brought to by the friendly expedient of a cannon shot in the mainwale. The conference commences thus auspiciously.

"'*Brig ahoy! send a boat with the captain aboard.*'

"'*With the captain aboard,*' ironically repeated Benoît to himself. * * (But his soliloquy is not suffered to go to any inconvenient length.)

"The schooner's speaking trumpet repeated, in the same style as before, the same words:

"'*Brig ahoy! send a boat with the captain aboard.*'

"And a match was seen burning on the gangway of the unknown vessel.

"'————, I understand it all; muttered Benoît, and, striving to evade the requisition, replied in his turn with great volubility,

"'Schooner ahoy! where are you bound from?'

"'What do you want with the captain?'

"'Why don't you hoist your flag?'

"'What countryman are you?'

"'I do not know you.'

"'I am French.'

"'I am from Nantes for Jamaica.'

"'I have not fallen in with anything.'

"The schooner's speaking trumpet, the huge mouth of which was pointed to them the whole time, bore with this volley of questions; and after a moment's silence repeated in the same style, the same words:

"'*Brig ahoy! send a boat on board with the captain.*'

"And the explosion of a cannon, which injured no one, concluded the speech by way of peroration.

"'The dog! Is he bamboozling?' said Benoît * * Caiot, let down the yawl, and four men in her.'

"'Look out, captain,' said Caiot, 'she has to me the look of a pirate.'

"'Why the d—— should he touch me; he wants water, perhaps, or stores. * * Who ever heard of a pirate touching a slaver?'

"'Perhaps:——the boat is ready, captain.'

"And the unfortunate Benoît got into it half dressed, without arms, or a hat, just as the accursed speaking trumpet repeated once more in the same style, the same words:

"*Brig ahoy! send a boat with the captain aboard.*"

The captain, whose suspicions are increased as he makes for the stranger, is somewhat reassured by the boatswain's whistle as he mounts the deck, a mark of nautical civility to personages of distinction. His first glance is at the crew, and the deck. The former do not impress favourably, even after his own, the hapless captain, who, "though engaged in a trade not lauded by everybody, yet carried it on honestly;" and after all, as he declared, he did it for the support of the colonies. The deck of the stranger ship, like the crew, had a sinister physiognomy.

"Everything was confused and thrown together; arms scattered here and there, that they might be always at hand. The very planks moist and dirty, covered in some places with large spots of a blackish red; the cannon were ready for action, but all grease and rust; on some of their carriages were traces of the same blackish red, mixed with certain membraneous fragments, dried and hardened in the sun, and which Benoît, shivering, recognized as the remains of strips of human flesh.

"'You have taken long enough for heaving to, old curmudgeon,' was the salutation addressed to him by a man of very forbidding aspect, and but one eye. This winning character was but half clad, in ragged trowsers, an old, old red woollen shirt filthy with grease and tied round his waist with a rope; under which was thrust the huge blade of a knife with a wooden handle.

"Benoît rallied his dignity, his courage, and replied calmly,

"'You have sixteen guns, and I have not one; it is easy work to be overhauling us at this rate.'

"'More reason, my old puffer, for keeping a taut hand: good sense is always on the side of guns.' * * * *

"'But you have hailed me,' said Benoît impatiently, 'What do 'ye want? I'm losing the wind; how much more yarn are you going to spin?'

"'There a'nt none but the commodore can give you an answer to that: so keep calm and gnaw your cables to keep your gums from grinding.'

"'Commodore! ah! you have a captain on board? That at least is something;' said Benoît imprudently, and with a kind of disdainful grimace.

" 'Hold your tongue, you old swabber, or I'll have it out to fling to the fishes.'

" 'Lubber of h——,' cried the unhappy captain, what do ye want; water or stores?'

" 'Water and stores, water and stores, that's it, and rum too; what can't do no harm.'

" 'Say at once then: Jean Louis, you there, cried Benoît to one of his boatmen, get aboard, and stow in the yawl——.'

" 'You there,' said Benoît's interlocutor to the man addressed, 'You, Jean Louis, I'll just put a brace of bullets into your carcase if you go to cast off.' "

An intimation that they should help themselves and not ask Benoît's leave, induces a sudden movement of the latter's tongue into his cheek, and his finger to his nose:

" The pantomine was harmless, you perceive, but appeared an insult to the dignity of the gentleman. With one blow of his huge, black hand he stretched poor Benoît on the deck, and called out,

" 'Do you take old Blind-eye (*le Borgne*) for a lubber then—Here, you there, tie up this brute by the legs.'

" This was done despite the reiterated exclamations of Benoît. The boat's crew did not interfere, from respect to *le Borgne* and his worthy friends.

" A huge, hideous, curly head now appeared above hatches, calling out, 'Le Borgne—Le Borgne—captain wants to know what's all this jaw on deck.'

" 'Its this here old alligator that owns the brig; he is being kept quiet.'

" Down went the great head,

" Up it came again—

" 'Here,' said the cabin-boy, 'here, *le Borgne*, captain says that 'ere *gentleman* is to come below.' "

He is transmitted accordingly down the hatches to the doorway of the cabin of the lord and master of the *Hyena*, and meets this gracious reception:

" A voice of thunder cried out,

" 'Cut him in two, the old blazes, if he a'nt quiet. Aha! he's here. Let him come in—we'll see the whites of his eyes.'

" Claude Martial Borromée thought of Catherine and Thomas; buttoned his coat, passed his hand through his grey hair; coughed twice, blew his nose, and entered."

The old, half worn-out blue shirt, tied with a rope's-end round the waist, that formed the single equipment of M. Brulart, the commander of the Hyena, was not more ceremonious than his reception of the stranger; nevertheless

" Benoît, wishing to spare him the trouble of beginning, opened the conversation with dignity;

" 'I want to know what for'—but Brulart's loud voice interrupted him—

" 'What for, yourself;—dog! don't ask me questions, but answer them. Why have you been so long coopering up your tub?' * * *

" 'Where are you bound from?'

" 'I'm from the African coast; I have made a purchase; got my cargo on board, and am going to Jamaica to sell my blacks'—

" 'I know that better than you: I only asked to see if you'd tell me a lie.'

" 'You knew it?'

" 'I have been after you from Goree.'

" 'It was you then that I saw before the storm—in the fog?'

" 'A glimpse—hold there, shipmate, your servant'—said Brulart, pulling a lock of his thick hair as if it had been a corner of a cocked hat:—'aye, aye! we make a treaty: and so will I:—I'm quite delighted.'

" 'I was sure we should understand each other,' answered Benoît, a little reassured by this parity of situation.

" 'But tell me, where did you get your blacks? for the hurricane parted us, and I have only found you again this evening.'

" 'On the coast;—mouth of the Fish River; they were sold me by a chief of the Kraal of the Great Namaquois: it is a party of Little Namaquois, taken in war.

" 'Indeed'—

" 'Oh yes: I had some thoughts of descending to the Red River * * to make up my cargo with Grand Namaquois; for they take prisoners on both sides; and if the Great Namaquois sell the Little, these eat the Great. Now, if they eat them, they would sell them cheap; and I tell you of this place as a great secret.'

" 'Oh, I get my cargoes of blacks in another way:—quite another thing—a kind of tontine—but I fund largely.'

" 'But now you see I'm losing time: all I can do for you is to give you six casks of water and two barrels of biscuit; and considering I have twenty in crew and eighty blacks on board, it is a great deal: I am giving my blood for you'—

" 'That's the word'—observed Brulart, with a peculiar smile.

" 'I can't spare a particle more,' said Benoît, with an air of decision.

" 'I swear nevertheless * * that you shall do more for me; you *Mister of the Grand Namaquois.*'

" 'Will you betray me?' said Benoît, pale as death.

" 'I betray you?'"

Offended by the laugh that followed, the choleric captain assaults the corsair.

" But Brulart, seizing his two arms in his iron fist, while with the other hand he untied the cord round his waist, Benoît was in a few moments doubled up and bound neck and heels, so that he could not stir; Brulart placed him across his great sea-chest, saying, Bye and bye we'll have a laugh together,—*shipmate.*'

"And he mounted the deck amidst all the imprecations, abuse, insult, and outcries of the unhappy Benoît, who moved by leaps upon the chest, just as a fish on a sand-bank."

The conference is shortly resumed on the return of Brulart to his prisoner.

"'Ah, thief, rascal, blackguard,' cried the latter the instant he saw him: 'Ah! had I had guns, and my brave Simon, you should not have taken me as a beast in a trap.'

"'It's all one, father'—

"'No—rascal—no:'—

"'As you like; * * but now, let us play at some game; at guessing;—come, guess, guess: come now, guess what I am going to do with you and your crew.'

"'Rascal, is it not infamy? to rob us, villain'—

"'No, go on—try again'—

"'To make us prisoners, monster!'—

"'No, try again'—

"'Well then, to murder us; you are capable of any thing'—

"'You burn—but that's not it exactly'—

"'Ten thousand thunders! to be here tied up, unable to move; like an anchor lashed to the bow'—

"'You give up guessing—well, listen'—

"He tossed off a large glass of rum, and Benoît closed his eyes.

"But, recollecting himself: 'I'll not hear you, rascally vagabond,' he exclaimed, 'I'll stop your speaking—you shall see'—

"And Claude Borromée Martial began to gabble, bawl, sing, and swear, to drown the voice of M. Brulart, and avoid hearing his atrocious jests.

"Two or three of the sailors, alarmed by this infernal uproar, ran to the cabin-door, thinking somebody was cutting his throat.

"'Get on deck again, rascals,' said Brulart, 'don't you see it is only the gentleman amusing himself by singing Namaquois airs: ah! wretch of a musician.'

"Poor Benoît continued his cries, in every variety of tone * * but he was speedily gagged: his eyes became blood-shot and seemed starting from his head."

The details he had given the corsair are now turned against the poor captive; for Brulart communicates his fate. He with his crew are to be surrendered to the Little Namaquois, in exchange for the same number of captives these may have made; the inducement to the savages being, that they may eat the unhappy whites in revenge for the imputed murder of the Little Namaquois captives they had bought of King Taroo: and to substantiate this charge, one of these last is to be drowned, and his body carried, as in evidence, by a detachment of the pirate crew, to the savages. By this Brulart disposes of his white prisoners, who are

useless to him, and acquires twenty blacks more, whom he can sell.

The wretched man, on hearing this infernal resolution, bursts a vein and faints; but is restored by some drops of rum poured into his eyes: he petitions for mercy,—for death, if his crew be spared: but all in vain. The fatal sentence is executed to the letter.

We next proceed to give our readers some specimens from La Salamandre. The scene opens with a tobacco-shop in the Rue de Grammont, at Paris in 1815. It was constantly full, for a crowd of Germans, Russians, Prusians, Bavarians, and English, desirous of charming away their leisure moments, always thronged M. de Formon's establishment.

Unhappily for M. de Formon's peace the day when the story commences he is absent from the shop; the customers are mystified by this unwonted event, but he is no farther off than in his own parlour, where he learns that his friends of the Restoration have procured for him, with the resumption of his old title of Marquis, an appointment as captain of a frigate, to which he is in every way incompetent. M. de Formon is anxious only to remain unknown and happy in his shop; but this base propensity receives small encouragement from his better half.

"The impatience of 'his faultless partner' (as he has just styled her) could bear no more. Rising suddenly from her chair she seized her husband by the arm and dragged him to the farther end of the room.

"Then drawing back a slight gauze curtain, she displayed to him the portrait of a naval officer whose costume denoted the last century. * *

"'There,' she said, pushing back poor Formon so violently that he fell upon the sofa; 'there, look: and die with shame in comparing what you might have been and what you will be.' * *

"'I refuse the command,' added he, throwing the despatch upon the table.

"'You refuse it!' articulated slowly the marchioness, making him sensible at the same time of the points of her sharp nails. 'You refuse it!'—repeated she. 'No, no, I do not believe it;' and keeping her husband's arm compressed in her dry and bony hand, she smiled with an air truly diabolical."

A month after, the Marquis de Longtour set off for Toulon to assume his command. In his youth he had been once at sea; for he had gone from Toulon to Rochefort.

We have no room for a scene on board the frigate where the government commissary pays the seamen's wages, and proves to the astonishment of a sailor, that the latter, by receiving 160 franks less than his claim, is a gainer to that amount in excess. We cannot give the details, nor the scene of the crew, counting

over their money and swearing to spend it at once. They are not permitted to leave the ship.

"About midnight the officer of the watch, seeing the weather perfectly calm, and the sea magnificent, quitted the deck and went to his cabin, desiring the boatswain, La Joie, to keep a good look-out. Boatswain La Joie watched as long as he could; but the weather was superb; there was no fear for the ship, and he would be waked by the first noise."

A cabin-boy gives the signal to the crew: they were all dressed and ready, in their hammocks; the watch left the deck and eighty sailors got out of a port-hole into the three boats, and rowed to shore, leaving no means of sending after them. (Such tales are never told of British or American seamen.)

Boatswain La Joie, waking, pipes all hands in great dudgeon; but imagining the crew afraid to come up goes on gradually excusing them for a timidity that so magnifies his own importance; on discovering his blunder he rouses the officers by his furious calls. The boats are gone, and the crew: even the yawl has disappeared; but a strip of an officer's uniform, left on the rails, shows the lieutenant that this boat could not have been taken by the crew. His son is missing also.

A far less anxious scene was meantime going on at the auberge, or public-house, of St. Marcel; so far aloof from other habitations, that the police-regulations never included it in their visits.

The present guests had the advantage of being under the guardian care of "M. Marius, a gentleman versed in the abstract sciences," and who had established a scale of proportions that proved mathematically that a sailor's money went five times as far as others." "Accordingly he made them pay five times the value of all they took."

"There is nothing so delicious as a fine summer evening to prolong a gay repast under the doubtful gleam of the moon, and inhale the sea-breeze that cools the burning forehead, flushed with generous wine.

"To judge by the cries and songs which then rang through the *auberge* of St. Marcel, it might be presumed the breeze would have plenty of foreheads to cool that night."

The scene, it appears, was somewhat animated: "a noise, an infernal uproar shook the few panes of glass that yet remained:" —"plates, full and empty bottles, glasses, chairs, and furniture, from time to time sallied forth from the three windows of the balcony and fell to earth like bombs."—"Hats, garments of all kinds, shawls, shoes kicked off, &c. followed in the same track. The party was under the control of reason, for, observes the author, "neither man nor woman had yet been thrown from the window." It seemed however that the last named kind of pro-

jectile was about to succeed the rest, for this way descended the proprietor Marius, pale, frightened, raving, and swearing.

One of the sailors, Giromon, appears at the balcony; his hair carefully powdered.

" ' We begged of you to descend, d'ye see old curmudgeon, because you were driving us wild with your *go aways.*'

" ' But, brute that you are,' said the other, ' you have broken everything in my house, and bilged my casks.'

" ' We'll pay for them.'

" ' You broke my tables!'

" ' We'll pay for them.'

" ' You broke my chairs, glasses, and ——'

" ' We'll pay for them; we'll pay for them.'

" ' You have twice nearly set my house on fire!'

" ' We'll pay for it. Now I consider, we'll pay for it, and then it will be ours; and if you have the ill-luck to come near it, we'll have a dance on your carcase. Now then, what's the price of your crib?'

" Giromon turned his head every way, examined the exterior like an architect, and said,

" ' Will you take ten thousand franks for the whole set out as it stands, and leave us alone? Its a bargain; the crib's ours; and before we go, we'll set fire to it.' * * *

" In spite of the refusals of Marius, Giromon went in delighted with the idea. * * Five minutes after he re-appeared, with two heavy bags.

" ' Here's your money, you dog of an oil-eater:* now the house is ours. Be off, or we'll give you chase: Come, sheer off; you plague us, and it makes us modest—and these here ladies too.—There's your money.'

" And the bags came to earth with a heavy clink. Marius picked them up.

" Ah, you drive me out of my house, thieves, plunderers, brigands, bonapartists as you are. * *

" Giromon returned into the room with the steadiness and confidence of a gentleman on his own grounds."

We cannot help noticing that the term Bonapartist is sunk in the south of France to a mere epithet of foulest reproach; and throughout the books before us does anything but recal the glories of the empire, and its enthusiastic supporters. It is early, perhaps, for such an excess of devotion so to counterpoise itself.

The drunken scene is given at ample length and with considerable spirit; but we are far from certain that it is entirely adapted to our pages. All readers familiar with our neighbours must have remarked how easily excitable and noisy they speedily become under the influence of liquor, while our more phlegmatic

* So the Northerns call the Provencaux.

constitutions scarcely betray a symptom of its effects till long after: but though far more peaceably disposed than ourselves under a tolerably strong stimulant of this kind, and inclined to gaiety rather than to differences or quarrels, as with us, yet when carried to the extreme of inebriety the former is far the more dangerous character, while the worse humours of the latter appear to have worked themselves off. In intoxication the extravagance of the Englishman, generally speaking, is frolic, that of the Frenchman frenzy. The characteristics of the two nations are ever the antipodes of humanity.

At a loss for amusement the sailors first propose throwing the ladies out of the window; but as this expedient is declined by the parties chiefly interested, they pile up the bodies of their insensible comrades, thirty-five in number, with straw-hats, scarfs, towels, cudgels, and chair-bottoms heaped round them, in order to smoke-dry them by setting fire to the whole mass. This frantic task is arrested at the moment of execution by a violent knocking at the door. Giromon goes to the balcony.

An immense crowd, grotesquely habited, as clowns, satyrs, fauns, with Herod, Plato, Proserpine, and the Virgin, all led by a ragged, filthy, bearded, gigantic clown under the guise of the Queen of Sheba, surround the house with torches, and attempt to force the door. They are hailed by Giromon with the broken neck of a bottle by way of speaking-trumpet; they charge him and his comrades with having robbed and beaten their worthy friend Marius. A table is thrown down and crushes several of the assailants: they take to the two fire-arms they have brought, and Giromon receives a ball in the throat and dies, bequeathing his wife and daughter to a comrade. We must offer a specimen of every kind.

"Avast, resumed Giromon with difficulty, you perceive I'm running aground. Good bye, my old hearties (flambarts). Our time is all up, d'ye see: our flag's losing colour; the English are boarding us:—I am going to see aloft if their ships have stays and royals. Good bye, my hearties. Heave me overboard d'ye hear; and tie a thirty-six pounder to my legs;—its a sailor's grave. Good bye, good bye, Parisian! Love my poor daughter a little, and don't beat my wife too much; and —— z——ds, you wont speak against me, all of you: so ——long live the Emperor!'

"And he fell, dead."

We need not detail the horrible scene of drunken and infuriate contest that ensues between the two parties. The Queen of Sheba is stabbed by one of the sailors, but these are overwhelmed by numbers, and on the point of utter destruction when a fresh party, sent to make up the complement of the Salamandre,

arrives, headed by La Joie and Paul, the lieutenant's son; the Provencaux are vanquished and bound with ropes.

We cannot but give our praise to M. Sue for the force and spirit with which he has pourtrayed this revolting scene. But we are glad to turn from it; and fain would ask if such a state of things is possible in civilized France? England assuredly has ample cause to blush for outrages committed at home, and deeds of violence and fraud: but the discipline of our navy seems to have infused a spirit of moderation, to a certain degree, into even the common sailors. M. Sue is a Frenchman, writing of Frenchmen; and if his tale is, as we imagine it must be, the exaggeration of a novelist, we at least cannot give him the credit of seeking to elevate the character of his countrymen. Monstrosity is the favourite resource of one school of writers in France; but we doubt if a single Englishman could be found to outrage so extravagantly his country's navy.

As a sequel to our remarks we light, curiously enough, upon a contrast between French and English sailors.

" ' You treat your men too gingerly;—the English'—

" 'The English, the English, sir—have not French blood in their veins. You bring them into action with the cat-of-nine-tails; and that is a poor courage, sir, which fights only when placed between two dangers, or gorged with rum and wine (!) I have only given the rope's-end eleven times in nine years, sir; I have seen my old shipmates (flambarts) under fire, and I know what they can do.' "

To do M. Sue justice, however, this is almost the only passage we have met with that reflects on the courage of our seamen—they can freely afford him the sneer. The French themselves admit that the sea is repugnant to their habits; and even if our author be correct, it only proves how feeble is that boasted moral courage which has so often struck its flag to this *courage* of the *Cat*.

ART. IX.—1. *Scripturæ Linguæque Phœniciæ Monumenta quotquot supersunt inedita et edita ad autographorum optimorumque Exemplorum fidem edidit, additisque de Scriptura et Lingua Phœnicum Commentariis illustravit Guil. Gesenius.* 4to Lipsiæ, 1837.

2. *Paläographische Studien über phönizische und punische Schrift. Herausgegeben von D. Wilhelm Gesenius. Enthaltend,* 1mo. *Franz Perez Bayer über Schrift und Sprache der Phönizier, aus dem Spanischen, von H. Hollmann, mit Anmerkungen von W. Gesenius*; 2do. *W. Gesenius über die punisch-numidische Schrift, und die damit geschriebenen grösstentheils unerklärten Inschriften und Münzlegenden.* 4to. Leipzig. 1835.

A CONSIDERABLE number of years have elapsed since the attention of the learned was first directed to the study of a very interesting branch of archæology and philology, that of Phœnician antiquities. When we reflect what a vast extent of territory the enterprising and commercial spirit of the Tyrians and Carthaginians led them to explore and colonize, we shall be only the more astonished at the comparatively small number of monuments of those great nations which time has spared us. What is left consists of a few inscriptions and coins, found principally not where we should *a priori* anticipate, namely, at the chief cities themselves, but at their distant colonies. The neighbourhood of the few huts which constitute the present Tyre has furnished us with almost nothing to attest the pristine magnificence of the city of the waves. Carthage indeed affords us somewhat more, and the various colonies on the shores and in the islands of the Mediterranean, each furnish us with a small relic of the very interesting nation from whence they sprung. The extreme rarity and obscurity of these monuments adds largely to their interest. It was long ere the utmost sagacity of the learned could decipher and explain their inscriptions. Excepting these and the few verses in the Poenulus of Plautus, nothing whatever remains to give us the most remote idea of the language spoken by the Phœnicians. Their whole literature has perished. We know nothing of it but at second hand through the medium of the Greek and the Latin. We are scarcely acquainted with more than the names of some of their writers, and with but few of those. Sanchuniathon, Theodotus, Hypsicrates, Mochus, Mago, Hamilcar, Hanno, Himiles, Hannibal, and Hiempsal, form the whole catalogue. In this extraordinary dearth the few monuments that do remain acquire a tenfold interest. Many and varied have been the attempts

at interpreting them, but the first inquiries were certainly any thing but successful, and their results to the last degree absurd and extravagant. No fixed principles were ascertained, the power of each letter awarded to it in the most arbitrary manner. An utter disregard was shown to the idiom and genius of the Hebrew language, which it was agreed on all hands* afforded the only key to their explanation. The degree of elucidation attained may be guessed when an inscription on a triumphal arch is interpreted by Hamaker to mean "ut precatio propter defectum canalium;" by Lindberg, "torcular reginæ in loco perenni;" by another, "locus ducum Romæ excelsæ," while according to Gesenius it is "principatus imperii Romani stat in æternum." It was not till Bayer and Akerblad entered the field of inquiry that we find any thing like accuracy resulting. The reasons for these discrepancies are manifest. Gesenius well remarks, that there are four causes in addition to the difficulties inseparable from the nature of the inquiry. The first is the paucity of the means of information, as even now there are not altogether more than about eighty inscriptions and sixty coins, and those moreover scattered through the different museums of Europe. The second cause is the inaccuracy of the copyists in furnishing fac-similies of the inscriptions; and whether that proceeded from haste or negligence, still their integrity and fidelity remained for a long time undoubted: it was only by an examination of the monuments themselves that Gesenius has been enabled to discover the mistakes which led Hamaker and others of his predecessors in the field of Phœnician archæology astray: he did not find a single edited inscription which did not swarm with errors. The third cause he states to be the want of any complete exposition of Phœnician palæography. Kopp indeed and Lindberg had made some progress, still there was no great advance to boast of, and the student who addressed himself to this pursuit launched himself upon a sea without pilot or compass to direct him. The fourth and last cause arises from the renewed discussion as to the nature of the dialects spoken at Tyre and Carthage and their dependencies. For although since Bochart's time the learned world had almost universally allowed that the Phœnician language was, with few exceptions, identical with the Hebrew, Hamaker has lately put forth what Gesenius might well call "perversam istam et temerariam opinionem;" that it is a com-

* We must except the lucubrations of Vallancey, strongly as he has been lately supported by Sir W. Betham, as both consider that the Phœnician and Carthaginian language still survives in the Irish. Some little regard must be paid to the pretensions of the Maltese that their idiom is *the* relic of the language of Tyre.

In both cases we conceive a portion unquestionable, but not at all to the extent asserted.—*Ed.*

pound of all the various dialects of the Semitic branch. Whether this be correct or not, must of course be determined by an attentive and careful examination of the monuments that remain, and we shall see in the sequel that Hamaker's notion is entirely without foundation.

Under these circumstances, then, it became absolutely necessary, in order to arrive at any accurate knowledge, to revise thoroughly the labours of those who had gone before; and without rejecting any valuable hint and suggestion which they might have thrown out, to submit each individual monument, whether even papyrus or inscription, to a searching, and, as far as possible, a personal examination; this in a great measure Dr. Gesenius has accomplished. We shall endeavour to present our readers with a condensed account of the results of his labours.

As early as the year 1576, Goltzius had given to the public figures and descriptions of various coins having what were deemed Punic inscriptions, in his Historia Siciliæ et Magnæ Græciæ ex numismatibus illustratis. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, indeed, present us with a respectable number of writers on the medals and coins found in Sicily, Spain, Syria; among them may be mentioned the names of Albrete, Agostino, Gesner, Irselith, and Lord Pembroke. Still, however, but little progress had been made: it is true, indeed, a number of attempts had been tried to form something like an alphabet from the legends on the coins; yet so far from these attempts being at all successful, not one coin became in the smallest degree more intelligible than it was before. In fact, the alphabets were not Phœnician at all, but, on the contrary, Samaritan, such as is seen on the coins of the Maccabees. It is not until the beginning of the eighteenth century, that the slightest good fortune seems to have crowned the random guesses that were made; and the first probable explanation was put forth by Rhenferd, in his Periculum Phœnicium s. litteraturæ Phœniciæ specimine; and Montfaucon was the first to make the lucky guess that the legend on the Sidonian coins must be read לצדן. Further than this, no progress had been made until Swinton in this country, and Barthelemy in France, turned their attention to the bilingual inscription found at Malta in the year 1735, and those discovered in Cyprus by Pococke, and described by him* in the year 1745. These two

* The following are the titles of Barthelemy's and Swinton's treatises:

Barthelemy Réflexions sur quelques Monumens Phéniciens et sur les Alphabets qui en resultent. Mémoires de l'Acad. des Inscriptions. Tom. xxx. p. 405.

Lettre à M. le Marquis d'Olivieri ou sujet de quelques Monumens Phéniciens. Paris, 1766.

Swinton Inscriptiones Cilicæ s. in tinas Inscriptiones Phœnicias inter rudera Citii, nuper repertas conjecturæ. 1750. Another, on two more inscriptions from the same place, in 1753.

able scholars approached their task with an industry and sagacity almost unparalleled; and having ascertained the true power of a number of the Phœnician letters, they may be said to be indeed the first founders of all Phœnician Palæography. It is to be lamented, that like their predecessors in another species of foundation, Romulus and Remus, a quarrel ensued. A sharp and angry discussion arose between them, both as to the priority of discovery, and likewise as to the interpretation of several monuments. The truth with respect to the first point of dispute seems to be, that to Swinton is due the earliest interpretation; and for the second, that to Barthelemy must be awarded the credit of being the more accurate. Swinton, indeed, seems to have been much more successful in decyphering than in interpreting the inscriptions. After them came Dutens and Bayer, one of whose treatises forms the second heading of our present article, and Pellerin, who collected no less than 33,000 ancient medals and coins. They were followed with equal ardour by Kopp, Tychsen, Akerblad, Sir W. Drummond, Bellermann, Gesenius, and Peyron: monuments and inscriptions multiplied, and new forces were brought to bear upon the matter; still, however, it appears that like their predecessors, most of the writers on the subject seem to have found it a much easier matter to make out each individual letter, than to discover the signification of the mysterious writings which they had so far at least stripped of somewhat of their obscurity. We shall not, however, incumber our pages with a catalogue of all the ingenious authors who have written upon this matter, but must refer our readers to the work of Dr. Gesenius which heads our article. Still the names of Kopp, Eckhel, Quatremère, cannot be passed without mention. The first certainly is one whose writings, though of but trivial extent, form quite an epoch in this most interesting branch of study; the second is, if anything, rather too fastidious, and inclined to be hypercritical.

One of the first subjects of inquiry is, in what regions did the Phœnician language prevail as the idiom of the inhabitants; and was the method of writing, that is, the alphabet used, identical in all? The latter part of the question may be shortly answered; for wherever one language was spoken it is most likely that one alphabet was in use: and with respect to the first we may assume

A Dissertation upon the Phœnician Numeral Characters anciently used at Sidon. Philos. Transact. vol. 50, p. 791.

An attempt to explain a Punic Inscription lately discovered in the Island of Malta. Ibid. vol. 53. p. 274.

Some remarks on the first part of M. l'Abbé Barthelemy's Memoir on the Phœnician Letters, &c. Ibid. vol. 54, p. 119.

Further remarks, &c. Ibid. p. 393. 438.

that wherever a monument or monuments containing Phœnician inscriptions have been found, it is probable that the Phœnician language was spoken in that region, or at least that those who spoke it occasionally resided there or visited it. But then it may be objected, that if the Phœnician be identical with the Hebrew, how comes it that the latter language is written in an entirely different character? It is undoubtedly true that at a certain epoch the Jews ceased making use of their ancient alphabet, and adopted the square Aramæan character. This is supposed to have occurred after their return from the Babylonian captivity.

The most ancient document containing Phœnician characters that has hitherto been found is a Cilico-Phœnician medal, struck apparently in celebration of the naval victory of the Persians at Cnidus, in the third year of the ninety-sixth Olympiad, or 394 A.C.; and the most modern is an inscription on a triumphal arch erected at Tripoli in the reign of the Emperor Septimius Severus, A.D. 203. This is embracing a period of nearly six hundred years, during which we are quite certain that the Phœnician language prevailed; and there is every reason to believe that it was spoken and written at a much earlier as well as much later date.

As we before remarked, the enterprising mercantile genius of the Tyrians, and their descendants the Carthaginians, carried their language, manners, and habits, throughout a range of territory comprising a very large portion of the then known habitable part of the world. Starting from their island city on the western coast of Syria, they in succession visited and colonized almost every island and shore of the Mediterranean, and, boldly venturing beyond the pillars of Hercules, founded Cadiz, the ancient Gadir or Gades; it is also believed that trusting themselves to the winds and waves of the Atlantic they even visited our own islands. With Dr. Gesenius however for our guide, we shall proceed to take a survey of the several localities in which it is absolutely certain that the use of that dialect of the great Syrian idiom, called Phœnician, at one time or other obtained. Our own opinion is, that instead of its being a language of itself, properly so called, it was only a branch of that spoken in the wide territory stretching from very far beyond the western boundaries of Persia at least, to the Mediterranean, and once as nearly related to, if not identical with Hebrew, as the English of Middlesex is to that of Surrey.

"That the Phœnician and Punic bore considerable affinity to the Hebrew tongue, Jerome and Augustin, of ancient authorities, have remarked more than once—the latter indeed is a high authority on the subject, as living when the Punic tongue flourished in Africa. He owns

himself a Carthaginian (contra Jul. 3. 17). So also in the Questions on the Book of Judges, he says 'those tongues (Hebrew and Punic) are not widely different.' The same writer says (contra lit. Petil. 2. 104) the Hebrews call him (Christ) the Messiah, which word has the same sound in Punic, as have very many others, and in fact almost all. On John, tr. 15. 'These languages are cognate and neighbouring, viz. Hebrew, Punic, and Syriac.' De Dom. 35, where he explains Mammon; 'It is a Hebrew word of Punic affinity, for those languages are connected by a certain unity of signification.' Loc. l. l. 'And he raised his hand. The phrase is what I should term Hebrew, for it is nearest allied to the Punic, in which we find many words agreeing in sound with the Hebrew.' So too Jerome (Jer. 5. 25), 'Tyre and Sidon are the principal cities of the Phœnician sea-coast; Carthage is their colony; whence also the Pœni are corruptly called *Phœni*; their language in a great measure resembles Hebrew.' In Jes. l. 3. c. 7, 'In the Punic tongue also, which is said to come from the Hebrew, a virgin is properly called *alma*.' In Quæst. Gen. 36. 24, 'Some think that hot-water is signified by this word יָמִים, according to analogy with the Punic, which accords with Hebrew.' Priscian, l. 5. p. 123, asserts, 'In particular the Punic has no neuter gender, in which it resembles Chaldaic, Hebrew, and Syriac.' On the other hand Jerome is in error, Jes. 19. 8, 'We cannot,' says he, 'speak in Hebrew but in Canaanitish, which is a mediate tongue between Egyptian and Hebrew, and in great part resembling Hebrew.' Perhaps however for *Ægyptiam* we should read *Aramæam*.

"The same has been the opinion of more recent Philologists; such at least as have bestowed their attention on the relics of the Phœnician language, or come to a conclusion respecting them. Yet these we find dividing into two different opinions. For some affirm that, except a slight difference in writing and pronouncing, the Phœnician language is the same as the Hebrew, pure from the forms of its cognate dialects: others think it like the Hebrew certainly, but variously modified by Arabic, Syriac, Chaldaic, and Samaritan forms. Hamaker went beyond all bounds in the repeated assertion of this latter opinion. He, calling the above opinion of the similarity and affinity of Phœnician with Hebrew perverse and rash, pretends that the learned ought to reject it; and blends together all the Semitic tongues so far as they can be brought apparently to support his conjecture; making for himself a particular Phœnician speech very different from the true Phœnician. He affirms that the Phœnician is not exactly any one Semitic dialect, but at one time inclining to Arabic, at another to Syriac, and not unfrequently to Samaritan: at which no one can be surprized who knows that the Samaritans drew their origin from Sidon: that the Carthaginians had not only derivatives, but also radicals, peculiar to themselves, incorporated with their own from the common mother of all the Semitic dialects, or from the Lybian; all which is proved by other Phœnician monuments, as many as are extant, as well as most especially by the Tuggensian inscription, in which almost all the expressions are novel and unknown. Quoting this opinion of a very learned man for the purposes of criticism, we now, in addition to the remarks in our notes, return to ex-

amine the grounds of his opinion, or the causes of his errors. Of these, upon reading Hamaker's essay, we detect two. The first and principal source of error consists in the false reading of various monuments; and this we perceive is to be attributed to careless copyists, and more especially to palæographic blunders (in old inscriptions). Respecting the first of these in fact, our readers should remember that such is the prevalence of error, that, in Numidian inscriptions especially, (see Tugg. Num. 3. 4), we have scarcely found even two or three continuous letters rightly decyphered by Hamaker. But no Punic Œdipus could restore the legitimate analogies of the Phœnician tongue from false readings. All the obscurities of cognate dialects were to be struck out; and this Hamaker did; so that from letters wanting sense in themselves, a something, however silly, might be made out.

"A second species of error arises from the fact that Hamaker also, as well as Lancius, neglected a most important distinction: for as Barthelemy had been accustomed to denominate Phœnician even those monuments which were discovered in Egypt (especially the Carpentoractensian stone), in the Aramæan dialect, and in a certain peculiar character; an error which in fact had already been detected and exposed by Koppius; yet Hamaker, biassed by a preconceived opinion respecting the nature of the Phœnician dialect, did not hesitate to deduce from such a source a confirmation of his opinions, the value of which we need not examine at any length. Now since these monuments are in reality written in the Aramæan dialect, modified with a few Hebrew and other letters, and found in Phœnicia and also elsewhere, you may define the nature of the true Phœnician tongue from these about as correctly as if you inferred from the Chaldean chapters of Daniel and Ezra, or from the Targums, that the language of the entire Old Testament is full of Syricisms and Chaldaicisms."

Beginning, then, with the tract of country bordering on Palestine, and called Phœnice, we find in the Old Testament the most ancient and undoubted specimens in the names of places and men, such as צור, צידן, חירם. It is strange, however, that in this, the native soil of the language, are found neither very many nor very ancient monuments bearing inscriptions in the Phœnician character: of marbles none are known to exist; and what coins remain are those of the Seleucidæ; the most ancient of these date from the reign of Antiochus IV., and were struck A.D. 173. The only part of Asia besides Phœnice, properly so called, which presents us with any inscriptions is Cilicia. These are indeed the most ancient, and therefore the most interesting, as they date as far back as the epoch of Persian domination in that province. The cities whose Phœnician names these coins present, such as Ibaal, Baal-melek, seem entirely to have vanished; or at any rate, if still existing, their names have merged into the Greek at the period when the use of the Phœnician language fell into desuetude. This happened shortly after the death of Alexander the Great.

Leaving the shores of Cilicia, we come upon the island of Cyprus. In this favoured region of the goddess of love, the Phœnicians founded many cities, such as that of Citium on the southern coast of the island. In this place no less than thirty-three marbles, with inscriptions in the Phœnician character, were found by Pococke in the year 1738, and described by him; and afterwards by Porter about 1750, who brought one of them to England: it is now in the Bodleian library at Oxford. The rest have been copied with more or less accuracy by both the above-named travellers, and thus afford, perhaps, the largest collective body of materials with which to build the edifice of Phœnician Palæography. It is remarkable that none of the whole number is bilingual, and that no Greek inscription has been found in the same locality; we may, therefore, conclude that these marbles date from the time when the Phœnician was the sole language spoken at Citium. This, however, could not have been much later than Alexander. No coins with Phœnician legends have been found in this place, and even the extremely few that have Greek inscriptions are for the most part suspicious.

Leaving Cyprus in the course of our periplus, the next place we arrive at is Athens. Here three bilingual inscriptions have been found on very elegantly formed tomb-stones erected in memory evidently of Tyrian and Sidonian merchants, who had died at Athens. One of these marbles is at present deposited in the United Service Museum. It is formed of Pentelic marble, and of very elegant shape; the translation of the Phœnician part of the inscription is,

"The tomb for remembrance among the living, of Abd-Tanith, the son of Abd-Shemesh, the Sidonian."

The other two marbles are, one at Paris and the second at Leipzig.

The inscription which we have just given is extremely interesting; the first name answers to the Greek Artemidorus, and the second to Heliodorus. We might, did our limits permit us, enter into a discussion as to what goddess is meant by Tanith, translated into Greek, Artemis, and whether she be identical with that goddess and the Latin Diana. Dr. Gesenius says,

"What in fact is תנת? How is this name derived? What other traces does antiquity afford of such a Deity? These we shall investigate severally; and in the first place from the inscriptions we have referred to, three points can be observed. 1st. That the Deity תנת together with *Baal Chaman*, has been worshipped and invested with the titles of the *Solar Baal* (Carth. 2, 2, 5). 2nd. That it was of greater authority than *Chaman*, which it everywhere precedes. 3rd. That it was usually assimilated with Diana. But, as it appears, Tanais or Tanaitis was the domestic name, not of the Greek, but of the

Oriental, Persian, or Armenian Diana, which Akerblad assimilated long since with תנת. In this view others were so desirous to concur, that they discovered Tanaitis rarely occurs in ancient writers, or but in one or two passages, and these probably vitiated, in which its vulgar name, Anaitis,* should be inserted: the modern Persian name of Venus, Anahid, Nahid, Nahidah, having that signification. But let these persons be cautious lest they rashly blot out the traces of an older and genuine form found in various writers, supported by numerous MSS., and of considerable authority in our inscriptions. For those passages of greater authority in which we read Tanais, are, one in Strabo, book xi. 13, 16; a second in Eusthatius Il. 14, 295; a third, which alone De Sacy seems to have had before his eyes, is from Clemens Alexandrinus (Prot. p. 43, Sylb.), thus;

"Figures resembling the human form, Artaxerxes, son of Darius, son of Ochus, introduced; who was the first that erected in Babylon, in Susa, and Ecbatana, and in Bactria, and Damascus, and Sardis, and ordered to be worshipped, the statute of Venus Tanais.

"Bulenger on Arnovius reads Ἀναΐτιδος. Compare also Plut. in Artax. 27, where he relates that Aspasia was chosen in Ecbatana to be priestess of Diana, whom they call *Anaitin* or *Anaitin*.

"A fourth passage is from Eustat. ad Dion. Per. 846.

"The authority for Tanais is thus sufficiently strong. Even the learned will feel less hesitation in admitting it according to the vulgar form, when we come to examine the origin of both words. But that this Tanais or Anais was generally called Diana is confirmed by the passage of Plutarch just now referred to, and also by other authors among ancient writers, and we shall show hereafter that it had the same sacred rites as Omanus. Therefore the goddess תנת, which may be called in Hebrew תנית, is the divinity which at one time was worshipped by the Greeks under the foreign name of Tanaitis, Anaitis; at another, under the domestic appellation Artemis; (see the passages just referred to;) more properly Artemis the Persian; Artemis Tauropolos, Urania, Aphrodite,† thence also Athene, which Creuzer quotes; and thence also called Bellona. By Artaxerxes' order who introduced her worship from Babylon into the cities of Ecbatana, Susa, Pasargadæ, in the Persian Gulf, in Armenia, in Scythia Taurica, in the cities and countries of Asia Minor, as Zelæ, &c. in Pontus, Comana in Cappadocia, Hierapolis in Phrygia, in Lydia, at Ephesus,§ she was worshipped with great honours, which renders Creuzer's conjecture probable, that she represented the moon or light-giver, φωσφορον. Everywhere were the images of the goddess; in some places rude, representing

* Strabo, Plut., Paus., Agath., Plin.

† This Artemis the Ephesian, is rendered in the Arabic version of Acts, xxix. 24, Zoharah, (i.e. Venus.) Hesychius, on the other hand, gives Zaretis (i.e. Zoharah), Artemis, Persai. To which also belongs Azara, according to Strabo, 512, the temple of Minerva and Diana, more correctly Diana herself or Venus (Zoharah).

‡ Apuleius the African, (Golden Ass. xi. p. 254, Bip.), invoking the moon: Queen of Heaven, whether thou art the fair parent of corn, or the celestial Venus, or the sister of Phœbus * * and now adored in the glorious temples of Ephesus.

§ Especially Jerome, præf. ad Ephes. He (the apostle) wrote to the Ephesians worshipping Diana; not her the huntress, who bears a bow and wears the cincture, but

merely a trunk, without head or feet; or in other places it was turretted, armed, many-breasted, carried about with great ceremony on certain days, worshipped in Pyratheioi by the Persian priests, and virgins who prostituted themselves for gain: in some places sacred cows were kept in honour of her.

That this same Diana was worshipped by the Phœnician Athenians our inscription shows. Her Carthaginian worship will be discussed at greater length hereafter. But there are also other, and not obscure, traces extant of her worship and even name, תנת, in the proper names of Phœnician and Punic men and places. If indeed, according to a custom sufficiently received among the ancients, and even among the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, proper names were usually bestowed on men by which they confessed themselves to be worshippers of this or that Deity, then, by an ellipsis of the word (a b d), the very names of the Gods were assigned, as *Alonymus* for *Abdalonymus*. Towns also, by a similar ellipsis, then were accustomed to adopt the name of the Deity they worshipped.* But of the former kind these examples are cited: first, the Shield of Tanaitis; of this power, which it was usual to represent armed, and therefore assimilates to Bellona, sufficiently appropriate to the worshipper of the same. I cannot omit the remark that in Pocock's transcription of this title the middle letter seems rather to be ל than נ; but experience has proved to us what little value can be assigned to these transcripts. Second, Tennes, King of Sidon, as it appears, instead of the more ample form עכדתנת. Third, Mutten is the same name as Myttonus of a Sidonian king, probably muttanith, a man of Artemis; as mutto-baal, a man of Baal; mutto-ashtaroth, a man of Astarte; perhaps, in the fourth place, Masintha and Massinissa from masinith, *opus* (ta) *Neithæ*,† omitting ת, of which more presently. Again Τυνης (ητος) and Τυνις (ιδος) Tunis, (the Tunis of our days,) a town near Carthage, which I had written in Phœnician characters תנית, I had explained as the Temple of Diana, i. e. the Artemesian.

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her the many-breasted whom the Greeks call πολύμαστον. There was a temple dedicated with great ceremony to the same Ephesian Diana at Carthagena, near the island of Hercules (Strabo lib. iii. p. 159, Casaub.), and another similar in the same coast at Emporia (Strabo b. c. c. 160.)

* Thus in the Old Testament, Ashtaroth, a city of Peræa, (Deut. i. 4; Josh. xiii. 12), so called from the worship of Astarte, more correctly Beth-Ashtaroth.

Nebo, the name of a city and mountain, from the worship of the god Nebo, or Mercury.

Amongst the Egyptians Amûn, i.e. Thebes, Mendes, Bubastis, so called from deities.

Among the Greeks, Athenai, from the worship of Athena.

With us, Radegast, Jüterbog, towns of Saxony, from idols of the same name, worshipped there by the Slavi.

† The letters נת of the Egyptian name Neith, are found also in the proper name (אסנת) Asenath; Septuag. Aseneth; Alex. MSS., Asseneth; borne by Joseph's wife, the daughter of Potiphar, Gen. xli. 45, 46, 20. Whether written, as by Jablonski, CME-NEIT, i.e. adoring Neith, Opus. ii. 209, Parth. Æg. 1, 56, or, as I prefer it, AC-NEIT, devoted to Neith, Thes. ling, Heb. T. 1, p. 130. Other Egyptian proper names comprising the same name are, Nitetes, Herod. 31, i.e. given by Neith; Psammenitus, taught by Neith; Pataneith, devoted to Neith. Proclus in Tim. 31.

That the Upsilon, i. e. the obscurer sound of the sixth Ethiopian vowel, was pronounced similarly by the Carthaginians, and written by the Greeks and Romans in Punic characters, where it was either the changeable schwa or segol, is evident from numerous examples.

Secondly, Tingis, in Mauritania, which word is written תנת on the coins generally assigned to the Spanish Sexti, I think I have myself discovered. Among these names, are two which have the *n* double, and this might persuade us that the writing was תנית, Τέννης, or Τίγγις. But this does not seem to have been the genuine and native pronunciation of the name, although so pronounced occasionally.

From this extract we shall leave our readers to draw their own conclusions: we cannot, however, refrain from directing their attention to the immense mass of erudition displayed in it, and we have given only *a few* of the authorities. With respect to the etymology, Akerblad has suggested that it may very probably be the Neith of the Egyptians, with their feminine article *Ta* prefixed, and signifying, according to Münter, Mercy, Compassion.

The second inscription is of a similar nature to the former, and its import is that it is the monument of

"Ben Khodsho, son of Abd-Milcart, son of Abd-Shemesh, son of Tagginez, of Citium."

The four names are in the Greek part of the inscription translated respectively, Numenius, Heraclius, Heliodorus, and Stephanus. We need scarcely point our readers' attention to the second name, which is a common Carthaginian one. The third inscription will not detain us, as it is little more than the representation in Phœnician characters of the Greek words, Ἐρήνη Βυζαντία.

The island of Malta is the next spot that arrests our attention. It was early colonized by the Phœnicians, and afterwards in the time of the first Punic war by the Carthaginians; consequently, as we may easily imagine, several inscriptions have been found, but most of them in very imperfect condition. One monument, however, which is bilingual, consists of the bases of two candelabra, one of which is preserved in the Museum of the Public Library at Malta, and the other at Paris, whither it came as a present from the Grand-Master Rohan to Louis XVI. Of this inscription several interpretations have been given, and it is hard to say, with the exception of two, which is the most absurd. One interpreter, pleasantly called by Gesenius "tribus Anticyris insanabile caput," renders it as as follows:—

"Urinatori (magno) urinatorum magistro (deo) duci et (deo) absorbenti in die (quo) sublevarunt (anchoram) et natarunt et exierunt (ad

verbum) navigarunt e Tyro, portum reliquerunt eum, coeperunt invenire coralium: exierunt iterum e Tyro, ecce vastare Lydam."

We give it in the interpreter's own Latin, professing our utter inability to comprehend, and the same we may say of the next.

"Fluebat libertas, fluebat sors, inimicus imperabat: hostis absorptus est: tunc insculptum, perverse eum effecisse, Cosuram rubum (desertam) remex eius deus eius praecipitavit eum equus (vel equitatus) eius emaciavit eum; pasti sunt Cossurenses, cum deficeret corpus et aspectus eius (inimici.)"

The interpretation given by Gesensius is as follows:—

"Domino nostro Melcarto, domino Tyri. Vir vovens (est) servus tuus (i. e. sum ego) Abd-Osir cum fratre meo Osirschamar, ambo filii Osirschamari, filii Abdosiri. Ubi audiverit vocem eorum, benedicat iis."

The first name, Melcartus, is, as our readers are probably aware, the Phœnician Hercules. We may also notice that this inscription affords us evidence, were other wanting, to prove that, if not adored as the Egyptian name of Tanith, before alluded to, Osiris was at least familiar at Tyre. The Greek part of the inscription contains the same sentiment, but more shortly expressed; it is as follows:—

"ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΟΣ ΚΑΙΣΑΡΑΠΙΩΝ ΟΙ
ΣΑΡΑΠΙΩΝΟΣ ΤΥΡΙΟΙ
ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙ ΑΡΧΗΓΕΤΕΙ."

Here we may observe, that Abd-Osir is represented by Dionysius; and that Osiris, and Dionysius or Bacchus were considered the same we have proof from Herodotus, Diodorus, and Plutarch. There are very few coins found in Malta, and those doubtful, and most probably belonging to the neighbouring island of Gaulos, or the present Gozo.

Sicily we may easily conceive was an early object of Carthaginian colonization. There they built many opulent cities; among others, Palermo, Syracuse, and Heraclea may be mentioned. The inscriptions that are found here are for the most part in very bad condition; whereas, on the contrary, their coins and medals are extremely well preserved and well made.

We shall now turn our attention towards Africa, and there Carthage occupies a pre-eminent station. It was not, however, in Carthage alone that the Phœnician language prevailed; on the contrary, it was more or less in usage along the whole coast from Tripoli and Leptis, as far as Tingis (Tangier), and the Pillars of Hercules. It must not be understood, however, that the Phœnician language and alphabet were the only ones adopted in that

vast and extensive region. Another, the Lybian, flourished at the same time with it, as amply attested by a bilingual inscription found at Tacca, and likewise by the sixteen verses in the first scene of the second act of Plautus's Pœnulus. The first ten of these are Carthaginian, and the latter six Lybico-Phœnician. We shall conclude our present article by calling our readers attention to this celebrated fragment of a great language, the only one indeed in which is found a continued discourse. With the exception of Vallancey, O'Connor, and Sir W. Betham, who have laboured hard to prove the Irish Celtic and the Carthaginian Phœnician to be one and the same language, it has been pretty generally admitted by philologists that the only key to this fragment in Plautus must be sought for in the Hebrew; it being assumed, as we have before stated, and we think fairly enough, that the Phœnician and the Hebrew were identical. But it may be said, how comes it that the speech is in three different languages? It may readily be answered, that the intention of the dramatist was, that the actor representing the part of Hanno should repeat the speech in only one of the languages, and should select that in which he was most skilled, whether that might happen to be the Punic, the Lybian, or the native idiom. Another point that may be assumed is, that the three parts have the same or nearly the same import; that, in fact, they are translations more or less literal of each other. According to Bochart's collection, the Phœnician is to be read in the Roman character, as follows:—

"1. N'yth alonim valonuth sicorath jismacon sith
2. Chy-mlachai jythmu mitslia mittebariim ischi
3. Liphorcaneth yth beni ith jad adi ubinuthai
4. Birua rob syllohom alonim ubymisyrtohom
5. Bythlym moth ynoth othi helech Antidamarchon
6. Ys sideli: brim tyfel yth chili schontem liphul
7. Uth bin imys dibur thim nocuth nu' Agorastocles
8. Ythem aneti hy chyr saely choc, sith naso.
9. Binni id chi lu hilli gubylim lasibit thym
10. Body aly thera ynn' ynnu yss' immoncor lu sim."

This he renders in Latin thus:—

"Rogo deos et deas, qui hanc urbem tuentur,
ut consilia mea conpleantur: prosperum sit ex ductu eorum negotium meum.
Ad liberationem filii mei a manu praedonis et filiarum mearum.
Dii (inquam id praestant) per spiritum multum qui est in ipsis et per providentiam suam.
Ante obitum diversari apud me solebat Antidamarchus,
Vir mihi familiaris: sed is eorum coetibus iunctus est, quorum habitatio est in caligine (i. e. mortuus est.)

Filium eius constans fama est ibi fixisse sedem, Agorastoclem (nomine.)
Sigillum hospitii mei est tabula sculpta, cuius sculptura est deus meus: id fero.
Indicavit mihi testis eum habitare in his finibus.
Venit aliquis per portam hanc: ecce eum: rogabo numquid noverit nomen (Agorastoclis.)"

It will be seen that there is very considerable correspondence in the import of Bochart's interpretation and that of Plautus; still there are several objections to his reading, which Gesenius has successfully laboured to remove. He reads the passage as follows:—

"1. Yth alonim valonuth	siccarthi simacom syth
2. Chym lacchu yth tummy	'sthyal mytthibariim ischi
3. Liphocaneth yth byn achi	iadidi ubynuthii
4. Birua rob syllohom	alonim ubymysyrthohom
5. Bythlym moth ynn	ochoth li velech Antidamaschon
6. Ys sid dobrim thyfel-	yth chylys choa them liful
7. Yth binu ys	dibburt hinn ocutnu Agorastocles
8. Yth emanethi hy chyr saely	choc syth naso; Bynni
9. Id chi llu hily gubulim	lasibit thym
10. Body aly thera ynnynnu ysl ym	moncor lu sim."

His version of which is,

" 1. Superos Superasque celebro huius loci,
2. ut, ubi abstulerunt prosperitatem meam, impleatur iussu eorum desiderium meum
3. servandi filium fratris mei e manu praedonum et filias meas
4. virtute magna, quae diis (est) et imperio eorum.
5. Ante mortem *ecce* amicitia (erat) mihi tecum, o Antidama:
6. (qui erat) vir contemnens loquentes fatua, strenuus robore, integer in agendo:
7. Filium eius est fama hic (esse) cognatum nostrum Agorastoclem:
8. Foedus meum (i. e. tesseram foederis), imaginem numinis mei, pro more fero, indicavit
9. testis, quod hae regiones ei (sunt) ad habitandum ibi.
10. Servi ad ianuam: ecce hunc interrogabo, num cognitum ei sit nomen."

As a means of comparison, we refer to the original of Plautus, which is manifestly a free and metrical translation of the former portion. This interpretation is in our mind decisive of the consanguinity and mere dialectic varieties of the Hebrew and the Phœnician. It must remain for future inquiries to examine from what great stock they themselves have branched.

The limits which we have prescribed to ourselves will not permit us to trace the language on to the continent of Europe; we shall conduct our readers to the second work heading our article.

The Paläographische Studien consists of two parts: the first, a translation of a treatise on the alphabet and language of the

Phœnicians and their colonies (*Del alfabeto y lengua de los Fenices y de sus Colonias*), which was published at Madrid in 1772, as an appendix to a translation of Sallust. The author of this Phœnician treatise was Don Francisco Perez Bayer, tutor to the Infante, Gabriel de Borbon, and a man of astonishing learning and research. He was also, it is now beyond a question, the real* author of the edition of Sallust, attributed to the Prince. The errors which this learned writer fell into necessarily from the general ignorance of the time on such subjects, have been corrected by Gesenius in this translation.

The monuments discovered during the recent investigations on the Carthaginian soil have thrown, as might be expected, great light on this hitherto sealed question. To add to our information on the subject of the Punic Rustic Writing, or Numidian writing, is the object of this work.

Numerous monuments with Phœnician, or rather Punic inscriptions, have been found within the last fifteen years in the kingdom of Tunis, and in the region of North Africa, which belonged to Carthage and Numidia. They are written in a character which in some measure differs from that of the other inscriptions.

These African monuments are divisible into two classes. The first consists of monuments in which the writing is like original Phœnician. These have all been found either among the ruins of Carthage itself, or at least in the neighbourhood of Carthage. Hence Gesenius calls this kind of Punic writing *Scriptura Urbana*. He refers as examples, to an inscription now at Leyden, represented by Hamaker in his *Miscellanea Phœnicia*, Plate I. No. 1.; to another discovered by Falbe, the Danish Consul, and described in his *Emplacement de Carthage;* and to four published by Hamaker, *Diatribe Monumentorum Punicorum nuper in Africâ repertorum interpretationem exhibens.* Leyden, 1822.

The second class of these African inscriptions consists of those which have been found in provinces at some distance from Carthage, partly belonging to the kingdom of Numidia. They are written in a more loose and negligent manner than the others. The letters consist of fewer strokes, so that those which are similar become undistinguishable; just as five of the Estrangelo-Syriac letters become undistinguishable in the Cufic. This less-distinctly characterized writing, is called by Gesenius *Scriptura Rustica*, or *Numidica*. The Spanish coins show the same negligence in the manner of inscribing certain letters of the alphabet: the peculiarity of the Numidian writing, which is found even on the coins of Juba I. and II., consists in the prevalence of the same negligent manner in *all* the letters. These inscriptions, whether

* The Journ. of the Asiatic Society preserves (alas!) the vulgar tale.

from the provinces of Carthage, or from Numidia, belong to the time when those countries were under the dominion of Rome.*

The first example of the Scriptura Rustica, produced by the Professor, is that of a stone from Leptis, formerly in the British Museum, now at Virginia-Water. It formed part of a triumphal arch, and exhibits the Latin letters AVG. SVFF. for AUGUSTALIS SUFFECTUS, the officer of honour to the Imperial House. Under these letters is a Punic inscription, which Gesenius explains to signify, "THE IMPERIAL HOUSE OF ROME STANDS FOR EVER.

The general result is to show a general identity of language, writing, and religion, between the Numidians and Carthaginians, by the evidence of proper names, &c.: thus connecting all with the Phœnicians, and proving the extension of this people along a large part of the north coast of Africa lying westward of Carthage.

We shall be pardoned a few words on the general subject of letters—making Gesenius the basis of our remarks.

The question has often been asked, whether the square Hebrew characters or those upon coins is the oldest?

An alphabet, reputed to have been formed from pictures, originally existed, but all trace of it is perhaps hopeless now. The Hebrews, however, have preserved two simplified forms; the coin-inscriptive, and the square.

The former is discovered on the coins of the Maccabees, and may fairly be deemed the earliest known Jewish alphabet, modified necessarily by time and circumstances in Palestine. We need not refer to the Samaritan. The Palestine-Hebrew writing closely resembles the Phœnician; and it may be observed that from their near relation to each other, or perhaps absolute identity, if these are not original characters, there is little evidence of the existence of this last. Both bear a strong affinity to the Greek alphabet.

The Hebrew square characters, bearing traces of the older form, are Assyrian. Both this and the coin-inscriptive character are obviously connected with the Greek.

If we glance, however slightly, at these alphabets we shall be satisfied that there is no real difference between the ancient Greek, Phœnician, or Pelasgian. The singular idea of Müller, therefore, that because the Greek alphabet did not contain a regular series of characters from one other older alphabet, it could not have been derived from any, we have examined in a former Number.† On the contrary, we do not hesitate to affirm, that so far as appearances sustain an opinion, there is not a single alphabet in the world that may not be traced with more or less of probability, if not of certainty, to a single source. There can be no dif-

* Journ. of As. Soc. † October, 1835.

ficulty in reconciling testimonies differing only in appearance, as to the source of the art of writing, by examining the real denomination and composition of the nation contesting the claim. The fantastic sources attributed to the Hebrew alphabet do not deserve serious consideration; for how is *beth* like a house, and *daleth* like a door? Two parts wanting out of the four in the latter case to complete the similarity; and *resh* approaching to render the assertion farther questionable.

The difficulties that have arisen from the want of proper arrangement and examination of the alphabetic systems of various nations, arising partly doubtless from their number, but still more from an unfortunate and idle prepossession of opinion that each nation was best able to afford the soundest authorities for the relics of its antiquity, may be now altogether or almost entirely dissipated, by what might long since have been attempted; viz. a comparison of the several systems with due reference to their chronological connection, so far as practicable.

We must be understood distinctly to affirm, that ample evidence exists of the progressive changes of alphabetic form amongst nations the widest separated, as deduced from one common source; and that this progression is distinctly traceable as a connected series with very few interruptions. We admit there are exceptions at present: it is possible there may be really such; but we feel satisfied in declaring further our fullest and most deliberate conviction, that these exceptions are not such in fact, but simply proofs of the general rule. The variation of letters, and application of one shape to another sound are all, or nearly all, to be accounted for by what is now a series of ascertainable facts; and that those which we cannot absolutely explain are fairly presumable as coming under the same principle, and that any doubt left can exist only so long as our ignorance of the state and changes of pronunciation amongst certain nations exists, and no longer.

The Greek Boustrophedon has served to obscure, it may now be brought to assist the philologist; for by this we find that, whether written dextrally or sinistrally, characters were read with equal fluency. And hence words that exhibit precisely converse arrangements of letters, whether in Asia or Europe, may be fairly presumed identical. The Rünic inscription was read only by adopting a portion of the Boustrophedon principle.

To pass all the rest, as being unquestionably preserved and authentic, we need only refer to the one most in doubt, the Zend. However suspicious its history, the value of the written characters are recognized and established by comparison with other systems of sound, as with the Japanese digamma, the Quichua, the ancient and modern Celtic; to say nothing of the systematic pro-

cess of the Cuneiform. That it can be subsequent to the Greek of Alexander's invasion, and borrowed thence, is impossible, since it contains sounds not used by the Greeks, and the Greek writing of that time is the square character; the smaller alphabetic forms not existing then: so far as we can judge, therefore, it could not have been borrowed from them. On the contrary, this smaller kind might well have been borrowed from that, which it so strongly resembles; and an additional presumption in favour of the Oriental origin is derivable from the fact that many of the Zend letters seem but cursive varieties of the Cuneiform. This we have undoubted evidence now was of the age of Darius AT LATEST. If indeed, as we have already remarked, we compare the two, we shall find that the Greek small character is merely an improvement of the Zend, and turned the other way.

We cannot attempt, in the few lines that are left us, to dwell upon the analogies that offer themselves spontaneously to our mind; but we conceive every difficulty will approach as nearly as possible to an elucidation if we doubt the generally received opinions regarding the earliest introduction of letters and their inventors. The question now left us is most important—

WHO WERE THE PHŒNICIANS?

A new Translation of the Tales of a Thousand and One Nights; known in England as The Arabian Nights Entertainments; with copious Notes. By Edward William Lane. London. 1838.

THE vulgar scorn that delighted to exhibit its own ignorance in an outcry against the most delightfully varied, wild, and fascinating display of human fancy in the world, has passed with the ignorance that engendered it. It is not in fancy alone that the Arabian Nights exceed everything previously known to Europe in the shape of imaginative flights. The truth of the delineations of situation and feeling, of catastrophes wrought by love and tyranny, the tremendous influences of servility and despotism, are brought in these, the most glorious of fictions, to our bosoms, and insensibly impress the best of moral lessons on the infant mind by displaying the effects of the worst institutions.

In the midst of unparalleled gorgeousness or overwhelming might, the wealth of natural and the spells of preternatural powers, a tone of truth and simplicity pervades every page, and amidst all the remote or the impossible, awakes in us the glow of sympathy not less than of admiration. It was to these tales that the brilliant intellect of Canning turned frequently, to relieve the heavier labours of the state, and he quitted them, according to his own account, always with renewed admiration and regret.

> Tales of enchantment! though the world may fling
> Its weight of cares upon the weary heart;
> Though baleful passions poison in their spring
> The sources of our being, and impart
> To the galled bosom their envenomed smart;

How sweet to turn awhile from these, and reign
Lord of each change of wonder-working art;
Nor ask the beam of truth—nor feel how vain
That long, long, polar day, whose very light is pain!

Much of the nightmare that oppressed our judgment as to the supposed extravagance and impossibility of this collection has vanished with the darkness of past hours; the fidelity of the descriptions has been recognized as giving the very best picture possible of Eastern manners: and this adherence to truth on one, and so material a point, gives earnest of accuracy on others upon which we cannot be so well informed. Much of this information however, Mr. Lane has undertaken to supply, and no one who is acquainted with his unrivalled and delightful volumes on Egypt, can doubt that he was absolutely the fittest of writers for the task he has undertaken. The doubtful and obscure becomes truth and elucidation in his hands; we are improved, in spite of ourselves, and even by the very means we seek to avoid it; and customs, and manners, and habits of thought, become familiarized to us, even as amongst the chosen playthings of indolent recreation.

The grossness too of eastern manners is entirely avoided in this beautiful and useful edition of a work which must have readers so long as the heart is human. The parent need no longer fear, the maiden no longer blush, to take up the work or place it in the hands of a child. Were this the only praise, it would be no ordinary recommendation; but the beauty of type, correct pictorial embellishment, and faithful expression, render this one of the most delightful of works:—a waking dream, to sooth and wile the listless and vacant hours that creep along during "the long siesta of a summer's day!"

Die Sprüche des Bhartriharis. Aus dem Sanskrit metrisch übertragen. (The Proverbs of Bhartriharis: rendered into verse from the Sanscrit.) Von P. von Bohlen, Professor der Orientalischen Sprachen, Konigsberg. Hamburg, 1835.

The Indian proverbs and sayings known under this title, were, about 200 years since, loosely translated into Dutch by the Missionary Abraham Roger, who obtained them from the mouth of a Brahmin on the Coromandel coast. They were paraphrased by Herder in his "Gedanken eines Brahminen." This interesting collection, which from its refined and ethical tendency assumes a high place in morals, and is singularly characteristic of its origin, is now placed before Europeans in an authentic and accurate shape: the slight and requisite changes of form and metre that have been introduced no way lessening the fidelity of the translator. We take from the Book of Love one single specimen.

"Beauty, like the full moon fair;
Eyes, that match the lily's beaming;
Dark, as clustering bees, the hair,
Hues, more bright than golden gleaming
Flowing lines for hips and breast,
Like the front of elephants;
Speech, as odours sweet confest;
These are charms a maiden wants."

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4thly. To give two Indexes; Latin and Arabic.

5thly. To add a treatise on Arabian Proverbs, and on the writers who have collected and commented upon them.

An edition of Schiller's Works is just published in small pocket volumes, printed on a very fine paper, and exceedingly cheap; the price not being more than the commonest edition has hitherto been sold for.

Dr. Görres and Dr. Phillips, in Munich, have published a new periodical entitled Historisch-Politische Blatter für das Katolische Deutschland, with contributions from Bayer, Döllinger, Baron Freyberg, Professor Görres, Möhler, and Von Moy. It is to appear twice a month, and will contain a short chronicle of the most interesting events; a second part will be devoted to articles on Politics, Political Economy and History, also to Theology, so far as this is interesting to the public at large; a third part will contain short Notices of the most interesting Literary Novelties, with Miscellaneous Remarks, Historical and Literary.

The third Volume of Niehbuhr's Travels in Arabia was destroyed by fire in tho printing-office at Copenhagen. It is in the press now at Hamburgh, and will appear at the close of the present year.

We may notice, though somewhat out of our usual course, that the recent work of Mr. Hawkins, Travels in Germany, contains details usually omitted in books of travels, such as the actual condition of the several German states, their institutions, regulations, and all those particulars, statistical and other, which are so necessary for every reader, but for which he has to search in vain, except in works expressly devoted to scientific details, and which are not often found in the libraries of light readers.

FRANCE.

Milton et la Poésie Epique. Cours professé à l'Athénée Royal de Paris par M. Raymond de Véricour. 8vo. Paris, 1838.

This work may fairly be called a phenomenon in the literary world, for it exhibits the rare appearance of a Frenchman writing on English poetry with knowledge, discrimination, and taste. The genius and character, indeed, of Milton, have been so fully discussed by his countrymen, that any further remarks by a foreign writer might, if we could overlook the extraordinary discovery of Guizot, be supposed to possess little interest; but such is the love and veneration entertained by M. de Vericour for his subject, that it becomes, under his hands, replete with interest, and to us, at least, invested with all the charm of novelty. Much of this, no doubt, arises from the gratifying and unexpected style in which the work is written. Hitherto such a subject was considered forbidden ground for a Frenchman, above all others; but such has been the rapid course of events since the peace, and so great the change produced by the free intercourse of nations, that the literature and intellectual character of each have been studied and appreciated free from

the prejudices of bygone days, and in a spirit of philosophic contemplation and impartiality. The results, on the literature of Europe and of the world, are manifest. Every day we see the common domain enriched with the intellectual fertility of different lands, and yielding a return of increased knowledge and happiness. Every hour adds to the possessions and enjoyments of all—in rich argosies, wafted from the shores of nations; not hurling at each other, as of yore, the thunderbolts of war, but the welcome missives of books and book-projects. May the friends of man, in all nations, labour to prolong such a state of things, and avert the demon of discord from his unwearied task. Ours is done when we thus briefly, but conscientiously, recommend to our readers the work of M. de Vericour, so honourable to his study and just appreciation of Milton.

A splendid work is now in course of publication at Paris, on Ancient Tapestry. The object is to give, by means of first-rate copperplate engravings, such representations of the most remarkable specimens extant, as will convey to the lovers of the fine arts a correct and elegant picture of these curious products of the most unwearied industry and taste. The work will be completed in 4 vols. folio, each consisting of ten livraisons, price 15 francs, plain; 40 on India paper, and 70 coloured. Engravings on wood will also be given, consisting of portraits, head and tail pieces, &c. serving to embellish and illustrate the work.

Since the Révue Encyclopédique was given up, we have seen no work that fills its place so well as the Révue Universelle, which is conducted on the same plan as the former; and to those who subscribed to it and regret its loss, will prove a welcome substitute.

A new edition of Brunet's Manuel du Libraire is announced as nearly ready for the press, with the supplement incorporated, and the whole so revised and improved as to form nearly a new work. The appearance of this edition has been accelerated by a Belgian reprint of the whole, which is said to be a sad jumble, and utterly unfitted for its object.

The learned society of the Benedictines had published, in 1778, the first volume of the works of Gregory Nazianzen, and were about to publish the second, when the French Revolution broke out, and put an end to the society and its labours. The MS. of the second volume having lately been discovered, it is now in the press, and will be published in eight livraisons.

De Lamartine has just published a new poem, entitled, *La Chute d'un Ange.*

M. de Tocqueville has a new work on America in the press; and his friend and fellow-traveller, M. de Beaumont's long-expected work on Ireland is also announced.

M. Salvador, a Jewish writer, the author of some interesting works, has just published a work on Jesus Christ and his doctrines, with the History of the Church during the first century; of which we hope shortly to give an account.

A collection of the principal Architectural Monuments in France, in the Byzantine and Gothic styles, is now in course of publication, in 10 livraisons, at 6 francs 50 centimes each. The appearance of such a work, and of a little volume which we have lately read with great pleasure, "Les Eglises Gothiques," of which we are happy to see a translation announced, is a proof of the advances now making in France towards a better appreciation and care of her valuable remains in Gothic architecture.

Mignet, the author of the History of the French Revolution, is now writing a History of the French Reformation, and has for this purpose applied to the Grand Duke of Weimar for the use of the Ernestine and Saxon Annals, through the French ambassador, Count Larochefoucault.

J. J. Porchat, Professor of Roman Literature at Lausanne, has by his "Glamires d'Esope" proved himself a singularly successful fabulist. Even French critics allow that he comes nearest of any writer to Lafontaine; and this praise from a Frenchman must be highly flattering to M. Porchat. His ideas and expressions are both novel and well chosen. In the free country in which the author resides, he is at liberty to state his political opinions, which saves much circumlocution.

Colonel Mitchell, (author of the Life of Wallenstein,) is engaged on a Life of Napoleon, in which he intends directly to combat the received opinions of the high genius of the French Emperor.

The French government are about sending a scientific expedition to the Scandinavian peninsula and Spitzbergen, the leader of which is M. Gaimard, the naturalist, who conducted the recent expedition to Iceland. It is said that Louis Philippe, who travelled through Sweden and Norway, Lapland and Finland in 1795, takes a particular interest in the expedition, and has himself pointed out the objects most worthy of attention. The Swedish government lends its cordial assistance, and a body of Norwegian and Swedish naturalists and engineers are to join the French *savans*. Some of the party are to winter in Hammerfest, near North Cape. The vessel destined for Spitzbergen is to attempt the passage northwards to the North Pole. Thus, as M. d'Urville, who sailed last year in command of the *Zelée* and *Astrolabe*, had orders to approach the south pole as near as possible, the French government will have to boast that its efforts in behalf of science extended at the same time from pole to pole.

SPAIN.

The lovers of the Spanish drama have been put in possession of a valuable selection of the best pieces, from its origin to the present time, by the publication, in 5 vols. 8vo. of the Tesoro del Teatro Espanol, por Don Eugenio de Ochoa. The first volume contains Moratins' excellent work on the Origin of the Spanish Theatre, and biographical notices and notes are interspersed, which add greatly to the value and interest of the publication. The work is printed at Paris, by Baudry.

The theatres of Madrid were of late overflowing nightly to see a dramatic curiosity, namely, a play written by an uneducated and wholly illiterate man, a serjeant in the Spanish army. The singularity of the circumstances under

which it is produced is said to be the least merit of El Trovador, so the piece is called, which is admitted by competent judges, and there are few so severe as the Spaniards, to develope dramatic talent of a very high order.

Another dramatic effort of even higher, but more cultivated, powers, is a production entitled El Amante, or The Lover, the author of which, however, is the son of a German settled in Spain, and, like the preceding, in rather humble life.

The success of these two dramas has been prodigious.

ITALY.

There has lately been found in the Vatican library a manuscript containing songs written and composed by Abelard, with the original musical notation. The Abbé Baini is employed in rendering them into the modern notes, and a German *savant*, to whom this curious and valuable discovery is owing, hopes shortly to be able to publish it.

The Trieste bookseller, Marenigh, has undertaken the publication of a splendid edition of Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," which is said to excel every thing that has been lately published in Italy. It will appear in about twenty-one parts, each embellished with a splendid engraving, by the famous Raphael Morghen. Tasso's Life, his Funeral Speech, the parallel of Metastasio between Goffredo and Orlando, and Tasso's Portrait, engraved by one of the first masters, will unite to render this a most splendid and valuable edition.

RUSSIA.

The *Commercial Gazette* of St. Petersburg contains a detailed statement of the produce of gold and platina from the mines of the Ural, during 1837; from which it appears that the quantity of gold from the government mines was 131 poods: and from those belonging to individuals, 178 poods 23 lbs.

The platina obtained from the government mines was only 16 lbs., and that from those belonging to individuals 118 poods 12 lbs. The aggregate quantity of gold from the Ural mines, including fractions, was therefore 309 poods 23 lbs.; and of platina, 118 poods 28 lbs. The same journal also states that the gold mines of Siberia produced 130 poods, and that 30 poods more were extracted from the silver mines of Altai and Nertchinsk, which, added to the produce of the Ural mines, made the total amount of gold obtained during the year, in Russia, 470 poods, being 48 poods more than in 1836. The pood is equal to about 40 lbs.

SERVIA.

The following works, original and translated, have been printed in the Servian language, at Belgrade and Kragujevaty:

Life and Adventures of Demetrius Obradovitch.
Letters of Dositheus Obradovitch; i.e. a continuation of the Life and Adventures of Demetrius Obradovitch.
Fables of Esop and others.
Moral Tales.

Ethics from Soave.
Moral Tales.
Moral Tales.
The Garland of the Alphabet.
The Omega.
Advice to Married Persons. Belgrade.
Pizarro, from Sheridan.
Gil Blas, 5 vols.
Moral Tales, by Anne Obrenovitch. Belgrade.
National Proverbs. Cettigne.

UNITED STATES.

Gold Mines.—The return embraces a period of thirteen years. The highest amount of gold raised was in 1834, when there were obtained 898,000 dollars. Last year only 282,000 in gold were obtained from the mines of the United States. The mines of Georgia, North and South Carolina, and Virginia, have produced the greater portion of gold. The total quantity raised in the period stated is 5,126,500. The official return states, the production of the mines went on increasing from 1824, when the first gold was collected in North Carolina, to 1834, when it had reached its maximum, namely, 898,000. From this time it has declined, so as to have been reduced in the last year to 282,000.

A human skeleton has been brought to Baltimore from the Rocky Mountains. It is perfect, and 3 feet 9 inches high. "There were giants in the earth in those days!" Antiquarians have been of opinion that this continent was inhabited by a gigantic race of men, antecedently to the Indians, who were the ancestors of the present so-called "Aborigines;" and the circumstance of colossal skeletons and human bones being found in the ancient mounds of the far-west would seem to favour the supposition. It is clear that the ancient animals of North America were of immense size, the Mastodon (Mammoth), to wit, the bones of which are quite common; and the Indian tribes have traditions of the great beast that crushed the pine trees in his walk, and fed upon the tall branches of the forest, or devoured men and cattle.

MEXICO.

Don Manuel de Naxera, a learned native of Mexico, and well known for his researches in the Ottomi language of that country, has in the attempt to decipher the old Mexican character succeeded, he considers, so far as to discover the distinctive signs of verbs and substantives. A report of his labours hitherto may be expected shortly.

A work has lately appeared calculated to vindicate the character of our historian Robertson, from the charges of perversion and exaggeration, heaped upon him by the Spaniards, in his account of the conquest of Mexico. It is entitled "Crueldades de los Espanoles," and is compiled from native authorities.

PERU-BOLIVIA.

There has lately been published in Spanish at Lima, the account of a voyage on the Amazons River from Lima, by Sen. Ascarate. It is singularly illustrative of the narrative of Smythe.

EGYPT.

THE EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.—An Egyptian Society has been formed at (Cairo) Kahira, of which Alfred S. Walne, Esq. her Majesty's Vice-Consul, is honorary secretary. The first annual Report has appeared.

It states that a literary union is now formed where nothing of the kind existed before, and will only require time to render it eminently serviceable to antiquarian, literary or scientific research.

The number of members (twenty) is complete, and twenty-three honorary or associate members have joined the society already.

Many interesting volumes on the East have been contributed by various persons.

The funds are—

RECEIPTS.	P		DISBURSEMENTS.	P.	
Donations	3,599		Fitting up the temporary rooms of the Society	1,359	23
Subscriptions	9,028	10	Printing Prospectus	405	
			Purchase of Books	2,517	
			Stationary and Binding	298	10
			Incidental Expenses	34	20
	12,627	10		4,614	15

The balance P. 8,012 : 35 is available for the purchase of standard works for the library.

The society invite communications.

The objects of the association are:—1st. To form a rendezvous for travellers, with the view of associating literary and scientific men who may from time to time visit Egypt. 2d. To collect and record information relative to Egypt and to those parts of Africa and Asia, which are connected with, or tributary to this country. 3d. To facilitate research, by enabling travellers to avail themselves of such information as it may be in the power of the society to obtain, and by offering them the advantage of a library of reference containing the most valuable works on the East. The Egyptian Society is open to gentlemen of all nations, and is composed of Members, Honorary Members, and Associate Members. The members (the number of whom is at present limited to twenty) are the trustees of the institution, direct the disposal of the funds, and have the general government of the society. To be eligible as a member, a gentleman must have been at least one year an associate member, and be recommended in writing by three members. The election must take place at a general meeting, and be by ballot, one black ball to exclude. Members pay an annual subscription of one guinea, but those elected after the 25th March, 1837, will pay in addition an admittance fee of one guinea. The contribution of ten guineas at once constitutes a life-member. Honorary members will be elected only from literary and scientific men, who have particularly distinguished themselves in relation to Egypt, or from gentlemen who have especially promoted the objects and interests of the society. With the exception of taking a part in the government of the society, associate members enjoy the same privileges as the members. To be eligible as an associate member, a gentleman,

if not usually resident in, must at least have visited Egypt, and have passed two months either in this country, or in those parts of Africa and Asia which are immediately connected with, or tributary to it. It is necessary that he be recommended in writing by two members; the election must take place at a general meeting and be by ballot, two black balls to exclude. Associate members pay an annual subscription of one guinea. The contribution of five guineas at once constitutes a life associate member. The president, treasurer, secretary and council of management, are annually elected from the members.

Honorary Members, The Right Honourable Lord Prudhoe; J. G. Wilkinson, Esq.—*President*, A. C. Harris, Esq.—*Treasurer*, P. Taylor, Esq.—*Honorary Secretary*, A. Walne, Esq.—*Members*, H. C. Agnew, Esq.; T. Bell, Esq.; M. Bonfort; Lieut.-Colonel Campbell; M. Laurin; M. Fresnel: G. Gliddon, Esq.; J. Hanny, Esq.; Hikekvan Effendi; J. Laidlaw, Esq.; Rev. R. T. Leider; M. Linant; W. Peel, Esq.; M. Piozin, Esq.; A. Thurburn, Esq.; R. Thurburn, Esq.; M. Tippel; J. Traill, Esq.—*Non-resident Associate Members*, R. Corden, Esq.; Dr. W. F. Cumming; R. Goff, Esq.; M. A. De Holynsky; M. E. De Holynski; Sir F. Hopkins, Bart.; E. K. A. Hume, Esq.; Lord Lindsay; W. W. Ramsay, Esq.; Hon. M. Rowley; Lieut. Wellsted, R. J. N.; Dr. Wilsone; Rev. J. Wolffe.—*Resident Associate Members*, M. le Chevalier D'Anastasy; M. Caviglia; M. Dumreicher; M. De Lesseps; M. Lubbert; M. Matthieu; Dr. Pruner.

Remarkable Antiquities obtained by Dr. Löwe.—Since our last Dr. Löwe writes from Thebes, under date of January 21st, that he has been as far as Darr and Samneh in Ethiopia, and might have gone farther, but found, after eight days spent in the Ethiopian desert, that for whatever he wanted he could get nothing from his servants but the words *rach, maksour, matt*—stolen, broken, dead! He met Dr. Bowring at Esneh, in his way from Essouan to Kahira, and says that that gentleman had obtained from the pacha letters to abolish the slave-trade entirely, and expected similar success regarding the Abyssinian war.

The learned Doctor further states, that could he read hieroglyphics as freely as his mother tongue, there are enough inscriptions to employ him for six months at Thebes, which city he very happily designates, "a forest of monuments"—"the London of Egypt." He has also picked up much information respecting the Karaites (lately in London), and trusted to learn something of their literati in Kahira.

Among the antiquities in Dr. Löwe's possession are, he writes, a ring at least 1253 years old, with the cufic inscription, to him is the religion of Ibrahim. The impression of this ring is on the wax of the Doctor's letter. The Arabs, he observes, called themselves so before the introduction of Islam. (See also Foreign Quarterly Review, Oct. 1836, Art. "Arabia.") He has also, he states, "a beautiful polished case, belonging to Rameses the Great, 3338 years old." Likewise, "a ring to which all the instruments of masonry are attached;" it is "cleverly executed," and is intended by Dr. Löwe as a present to his royal highness the Duke of Sussex.

The German traveller, Albo von Katte, who, from Arabia, passed over to Abyssinia in July, 1836, returned in December last to Cairo, where he is engaged in writing the history of his adventures. He is said to be a man of some science, and to have been well provided with instruments: yet, as we know that he was soon robbed of these, that he was a long time afflicted with ophthalmia, and never penetrated beyond Tigré, we do not expect to find much that is valuable or novel in his narrative. His losses and sufferings, however, have by no means damped his courage. Incited, we are told, by the

accounts which he has received from the black merchants and pilgrims in Egypt and Nubia, respecting the facility of penetrating into the heart of Africa from the east, by the way of Darfúr, Beghirmé, Bornú, &c. to Timbuctú, he has determined to make the attempt. There is no doubt that the portion of this route which was once most formidable, is now become safe and easy under the sway of Mohammed Ali.

Singular Discovery by Colonel Vyse.—Colonel Vyse, who is carrying on excavations at the Pyramids of Ghizeh on a magnificent scale, has already been rewarded for his labours as they best deserve. He has discovered no less than three chambers over the king's chamber in the Great Pyramid: they are, however, mere entre-sols to take off the superincumbent weight, and contain nothing. Colonel Vyse has designated two of these chambers by the names of Nelson and Wellington; the third he has devoted to a lady of rank. The last is remarkable as containing this cartouch; vide "e" of the unplaced kings in Wilkinson's plates. Rosellini, who found the name in one of the tombs, reads Seamphis.

This curious discovery establishes that the Pyramids were not built anterior to the use of hieroglyphics, and that Sephis was the builder, as stated by Manetho.

Many other highly interesting things are also brought to light, but cannot be enumerated here.

NUBIA.

The language of this country is at last likely to come under the notice of learned Europeans, Dr. Löwe having, during his residence there, completed a Nubian Grammar and Vocabulary, the first ever compiled, as the language has never before been reduced to writing, and which will be published immediately on the learned author's return to England.

This tongue bears no resemblance to the Berber dialects of Algiers or Dongola, or any other known to Dr. Löwe.

The Doctor has also procured some specimens of Nubian poetry.

HINDOOSTAN.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Dr. Marshman, the Chinese scholar and missionary, at Serampore on the 5th December, 1837, in his seventieth year.

He was born in April, 1768, at Westbury Leigh, in Wilts, of an obscure parentage, but traced his descent back to an officer in Oliver Cromwell's army, and who, at the restoration, abandoned the service.

The father of Dr. Marshman was originally a tailor, but settled at Westbury as a weaver, and married there. At the age of eight, young Marshman displayed an extreme propensity to reading; his studies, though from his circumstances necessarily desultory, were unremitting. He would often travel ten or twelve miles to borrow a book. At the age of twelve his memory and accurate knowledge of history were astonishing. This faculty he retained to the last. At fifteen he was placed with a bookseller in London; at seventeen he returned to the country, and by the time he was eighteen years of age he had perused more than 500 volumes.

He now studied Latin, and applied himself to reading works on divinity, without any distinction of sect. At twenty three he married Miss Clarke, the daughter of a Baptist minister, and at twenty-five succeeded in obtaining a mastership in a school at Bristol, with a salary of 40*l.* per annum. His leisure hours were occupied by a school of his own, and Mr. Rich, the late learned and assiduous British Consul at Bagdad, was one of his pupils. Marshman subsequently entered as a student at Dr. Ryland's Baptist Seminary, where he applied himself to Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic.

In 1799 he went out as a missionary to join Dr. Carey in India, and landed at Serampore in October of that year. The mischiefs created by excess of missionary zeal in various places, were however a subject of just apprehension to Lord Wellesley at that time: and the more, as several French priests were acting as emissaries of their government in India, and an invasion of the English dominions there was expected. A whimsical error added to those suspicions: the arrival of Marshman was announced as that of a Papist, instead of a Baptist missionary, and the vigilance of Lord Wellesley refused the ship a port-clearance, unless the captain would engage to take back the obnoxious Papist. The mistake was explained; but Marshman, with his companions, found it more eligible to remain under the shelter of the Danish authorities. Dr. Carey soon after joined them, and hence originated the Serampore mission.

The difficulties experienced previous to obtaining the charter of 1813, which granted free access for missionaries to India, had probably the salutary effect of restraining the superabundant zeal of that class generally, and which has led to such disastrous results in places where the vigilance of the authorities has unhappily slumbered. The conduct of the joint-labourers, Ward, Marshman, and Carey, was, however, above all praise; and, in addition to his sacred duties, the subject of this notice undertook in 1806 the study of Chinese, and published subsequently a translation of the Scriptures into that tongue and also a grammar. He principally contributed to the efficacy of the Loll-Bazar Chapel in Calcutta, by going from house to house to solicit contributions, for which he was personated "as a pious missionary begging subscriptions" at a masqued ball given to Lord Minto. The jest was extremely successful, and the pious representative was said to have reaped an ample harvest by his ingenuity. Marshman, who appears to have viewed the matter in a serious light, and was probably ignorant that similar freaks in England have had equal success, endeavoured idly, but with honest simplicity, to discover his rival of an hour,* and render him a fellow-labourer of the vineyard in earnest, by inducing him to refund his acquisitions. Dr. Leyden, however, though acquainted with the name of the pseudo-missionary, would never disclose it, and seems to have considered the affair in its real light. This appears to have offended Dr. Marshman.

The establishment of the admirable Benevolent Institution at Calcutta was the joint work of Leyden, Hare, and Marshman; the latter became secretary, and retained the office during his life. He also assisted Dr. Carey in translating the three volumes of the Ramayuna, published in English.

In 1826 he returned to England, and urged every where in public addresses while travelling throughout the United Kingdom the cause of missions. He thence proceeded to Denmark, and received from Frederick VI. a Charter of Incorporation for the College of Serampore, to which he returned in May, 1829. His exertions in the sacred cause of religion were unremitting to the last, though his mind was deeply affected by the demise of Dr. Carey in June, 1834, after a close co-operation of thirty-five years; and the painful death of

* Asiatic Journal, May.

his daughter, Mrs. Haveland, in October last, gave a final blow to his system, from the effects of which he never thoroughly rallied.

Tall, strong, and of an iron constitution, Dr. Marshman braved the climate of India without any ill effects. He rose at four to commence the business of the day. His knowledge and amiability rendered him a delightful companion; to his inferiors he conducted himself with gentleness and humility; and as a husband and a parent, he was unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Mrs. Marshman, who died, we believe, about ten years before her husband, bore him twelve children; five of whom have survived their father.

Piety, firmness, energy, and perseverance, were the characteristics of Dr. Marshman. To the labours of the mission he was a devotee without bigotry; and evinced singular personal disinterestedness in all pecuniary matters.

Thuggees.—The readers of our last number (XLI.) will be surprised to learn that a notorious Thug has arrived at Madras, where, it is stated, two hundred of the same craft are to be found "practising their vocation!"

The wild Khonds of the Ghoomsoor country bring up children expressly for sacrifice; above 100 have lately been rescued by a recent expedition under Col. Campbell.

Near Madras children are stolen for a regularly established traffic by the natives.

An Anglo-Persian Map of India, by Mr. Tassin, has been recently published at Calcutta, in six sheets.

The Bishop of Calcutta is collecting materials for the Early History of Christianity in India, and has procured various documents, it is said, of considerable importance, as throwing a light upon the difficult and obscure question of the antiquities of the Nestorian and Armenian churches.

Bombay.—The last dawk (or post) from Bombay to Calcutta weighs about two maunds or 160 lb., containing 1500 covers, including newspapers. An extraordinary increase of communication.

In the Chamber of Commerce at Calcutta, it was proposed to petition government for continuing the commerce by the Red Sea, even if steamers should be despatched to the Persian Gulf.

A petition has been signed by thousands of natives praying the government to institute Sanscrit schools, in order that one general language may supersede the many dialects of Bengal.

FARTHER INDIA.

Black tea is now manufactured in our recent possession of Suddiya, in Upper Assam, by Chinamen, under precisely the same process as in China, and which, though simple, requires the utmost skill and delicacy. The tea grown on the sunny sides of mountains is the best, but must be kept twelve months before it is drank, as new tea produces unpleasant symptoms even in China.

Shade is not absolutely necessary for the plant unless it is brought out of the

jungle, but those planted in the shade succeed better than when exposed to the sun.—*Asiatic Journal.*

So far as can be judged from appearances the Assam tea is considered equal to that of China, and has been officially pronounced marketable. The principal difficulty now is the lead for packing, of which the Chinese use a peculiar quality.

Burmah.—The "schoolmaster abroad" has arrived lately at Burmah, for a periodical paper has recently been undertaken at Moulmein. Forty of the natives have subscribed to it, and it gains ground considerably amongst them.

The present king of Burmah, talking with Col. Burney on the articles commenting upon his conduct in the Bengal newspapers, and which have been both frequent and severe in their strictures, declared that he did not care what they said of him, as he meant to establish a paper in his own behalf.

CHINA.

The importation of opium into China, which was formerly allowed as a medicine, but ever since 1799 has been strictly prohibited, is now, according to the latest accounts from Canton, permitted, on payment of an impost duty of 3 teals, 3 maies, and 8 cardarym, per pical, besides over and above the payment (to be hereafter fixed) to be made to the office of the Hoppo; the trade in opium is to be carried on by means of the Hong merchants; and lastly, the trade shall be by barter for other goods, and every purchase made for silver in base or in foreign coin, shall be punished by the destruction of the opium and confiscation of the silver paid for it. The motives for this important resolution of the Chinese government are, that notwithstanding the heavy penalties, smuggling has increased, because it is so profitable.—*Times*, May, 1838.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Abyssynia.—It had long been desired by oriental scholars, that the Ethiopic MS. of the Apocryphal Book of Enoch, brought by Bruce from Abyssinia, and deposited in the Bodleian Library, should be published in the original. No one, however, seemed disposed for such a task, until the present Archbishop of Cashel, formerly Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, and well known by his many valuable and learned writings, has set about the work, which is now in the press. By a singular coincidence, it happens that Dr. Hoffmann, of Jena, has also just announced a similar publication of the text of Enoch, from a MS. brought to Europe by Rüppell, the traveller.

A map of the world, equally interesting to native and foreign readers of our Journal, has just been published, in two sheets, by Mr. Wyld, of Charing Cross. It marks in different colours, over the extent of countries, the great predominating classes of religions, with the language spoken in each, and into which a translation of the Bible has been made by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Also the number of inhabitants and the proportion of Christians, &c. &c. It is equally curious and interesting.

UNIVERSAL LITERARY CABINET.—Our readers will be glad to learn that the difficulty of procuring foreign newspapers in London no longer exists. An institution, entitled as above, is opened in St. James's Street, and is intended to receive all foreign newspapers and light reading, with which the tables are absolutely heaped. The English newspapers also, provincial and of the capital, are to be seen there. It is also an Agency Office for advertisements for all the Journals of Europe, &c.

The subscription is trifling.

We are happy to find that the scheme set on foot by M. Alexander Vattemara for instituting a regular exchange of duplicates of books, MS., collections of natural history, &c. &c. in the public libraries and institutions of Europe, meets such general patronage, as removing one great obstacle to the labours of learning in every country, and facilitating also the literary intercourse of nations. The importance of M. Vattemara's undertaking may be gathered from the simple fact, that in a single library, that of Munich, there are not less than 200,000 duplicates of books; that a large number of books, printed between 1457 and 1520, are included in the duplicates of the library at Vienna, and 25,000 duplicates in the entomological portion of the Brazilian museum alone in that city, while St. Petersburg possesses even a duplicate mammoth.

Not less curious, though less important, is the extraordinary collection made by M. Vattemara, of drawings by the first artists of every country in Europe, verses by its first poets, Moore, Scott and Byron included, in their own writing; and the autographs of all remarkable personages, including our youthful and beloved Queen, the King of France, the Emperor of Russia, &c. Six numbers of this work, the Album Cosmopolite, which numbers her gracious majesty and several of the royal and imperial families of Europe amongst its subscribers, have already appeared.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM APRIL TO JUNE, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE.

156 Acta SS. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, graece. Parts I. & II. 4to. *Hal. Sax.* 4s. 6d.
157 Acta historico-ecclesiastica seculi XIX., herausgegeben von G. F. H. Rheinwald. 1ster Jahrgang, 1835. 8vo. *Hamburg.* 10s.
158 Anti-Athanasius, oder Görres und Gossler. 8vo. *Leipzig.* 1s. 6d.
159 Bauer, L. B., Kritik der Geschichte der Offenbarung. Vol. I. Part I. 8vo. *Berlin.* 8s. 6s.
160 Baumgarten, M., Doctrina Jesu Christi de Lege Mosaica. 8vo. *Berlin.* 1s. 6d.
161 Beck, J. T., Einleitung in das System der Christlichen Lehre. 8vo. *Stuttgart.* 8s.
162 Bernhard, F. J., Bibliographia theologica, ein Verzeichniss der theologischen Schriften Deutschlands und des Auslandes. Part II. 8vo. *Leipzig.* 2s. 6d.
163 Biblica hebraica, ex recensione A. Hahnii, cum vulgata interpretatione latina denuo edita. Vols. I. & II. 8vo. *Lips.* 17s. 6d.
164 Neue Bibliothek der katholischen Kanzelberedsamkeit, herausgegeben von Räss und Weis. Vol. VI. 8vo. *Frankf.* 4s. 6d.
165 Carové, Dr. F. W., Papismus und Humanität. Parts I. & II. 8vo. *Leipzig.* 3s. 6d.
166 Chateaubriand, Vicomte de, Génie du Christianisme. 3 vols. *Paris.* 10s. 6d.
167 Corpus scriptorum hist. Byzantinae. Theophanes continuatus. 8vo. *Bonn.* Common paper, 1*l.* 1s.; fine paper, 1*l.* 10s.; vellum paper, 1*l.* 17s. 6d.
168 Daub's, Dr. Carl, philosophische und theologische Vorlesungen, herausgegeben von Marheineke und Dittenberger. 8vo. *Berlin.* 14s.
169 Deutsche Volks- und Schul-Bibel für Israeliten, herausgegeben von G. Solomon. 2 Parts. 8vo. *Altona.* 9s.
170 Erigena, Joh. Scoti, de Divisione Naturae libri quinque, editia nova recognita et emendata. 8vo. *Monast. Zuestphal.* 16s. 6d.
171 Ewald, H., Grammatik der hebräischen Sprache des alten Testaments. 3d Edition. 8vo. *Leipzig.* 4s. 6d.
172 Görres und Athanasius. 8vo. *Leipzig.* 1s. 6d.
173 Görres, J., Athanasius. 8vo. *Regensburg.* 3s.
174 Gregorii Nysseni, S., oratio catechetica, Graece et Latine, ad cod. Monae fidem recens. et cum F. Ducaei, suisque annotat. edidit J. G. Krabinger. Editio nova. 8vo. *Monach.* 4s. 6d.
175 Hagel, M., Handbuch der katholischen Glaubenslehre für denkende Christen. 8vo. *Augsburg.* 4s. 6d.

176 Hendewerk, C. L., des Propheten Jesaias Weissagungen. Vol. I. 8vo. *Königsb.* 17s. 6d.
177 Hering, C. W., Geschichte der kirchlichen Unionsversuche seit der Reformation bis auf unserer Zeit. 2 Vols. 8vo. *Leipzig.* 1*l.* 2s. 6d.
178 Hoffmann, das Buch Henoch. Vol. III. 8vo. *Jena.* 10s. 6d.
179 Krummacher's, G. D., tägliches Manna für Pilger durch die Wüste. 12mo. *Elberf.* 3s.
180 Lavater's, J. C., sämmtliche Werke. Vol. V. 8vo. *Augsburg.* 2s. 6d.
181 Leo, H., Sendschreiben an J. Görres. 8vo. *Halle.* 3s.
182 Marheineke, P., Beleuchtung des Athanasius von J. Görres. 8vo. *Berl.* 1s. 6d.
183 Muralt, Dr. E. von, Lexidion der morgenländischen Kirche. With 5 Plates. 8vo. *Leipz.* 2s. 6d.
184 Pausaniae Descriptio Graeciae, apparatu critico, interpretatione latina et indicibus instruxerunt J. H. C. Schubart et Chr. Walz. Vol. I. Royal 8vo. *Lips.* 13s. 6d.
185 Platon's Apologie des Sokrates, übersetzt und erläutert für gebildete Leser von F. A. Nüsslin. 8vo. *Mannheim.* 3s.
186 Sack's, K. H., christliche Polemik. 8vo. *Hamburg.* 7s.
187 Sharling, C. E., de Paulo Apostolo ejusque adversariis commentatio. 8vo. *Copenhagen.* 5s.
188 Schmidt, Max., Commentatio de Tempore, quo ab Aristotele libri de Arte Rhetorica conscripti et editi sint. 4to. *Halæ.* 1s. 6d.
189 Seidel, C., das Kreuz in der Mark, &c. 12mo. *Berlin.* 7s.
190 Spitta, C. J. P., Psalter und Harfe, eine Sammlung christlicher Lieder zur häuslichen Erbauung. 5th Edition. 8vo. *Leipzig.* 3s.
191 Stegmann, C. T., Dicta Classica Vet. Test. post G. L. Baueri curav. Pars I. 8vo. *Lips.* 4s.
192 Sydon's, Ad., Sammlung geistlicher Vorträge. 8vo. *Berlin.* 8s.
193 Tübinger Zeitschrift für Theologie, für 1838. 4 Parts. 8vo. 16s.

LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.

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